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SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

[WHITE.]

—

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOLUME IV.

—

COMEDIES.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.
AS YOU LIKE IT.
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE PLAYS EDITED FROM THE FOLIO OF MDCXXIII, WITH VARIOUS READINGS FROM ALL THE EDITIONS AND ALL THE COMMENTATORS, NOTES, INTRODUCTORY REMARKS, A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE TEXT, AN ACCOUNT OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA, A MEMOIR OF THE POET, AND AN ESSAY UPON HIS GENIUS

By RICHARD GRANT WHITE

VOL. IV.

BOSTON
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1872

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A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

INTRODUCTION.

DR. JOHNSON, doling out scarce half a dozen lines of cold approval to this play, devotes two of them to saying, "Fairies in his [Shakespeare's] time were much in fashion: common tradition had made them familiar, and Spenser's poem had made them great." But, unfortunately for Shakespeare's reputation, the ignorance and misapprehension displayed in this sentence sadly impair the value of that approbation of which it forms so large a part. An editor of Shakespeare should have known that the fairies of *The Faerie Queen* and those of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* are not the same. A reader capable of appreciating either poem, on reading both, must see, untold, that they have nothing in common. The personages of Spenser's allegory are the supernatural beings of stately romance, endowed with traits typical of the moral virtues: the freakful atomies of Shakespeare's dream are the 'good people' in whose actual existence every rustic in England had full faith — a faith shared by no small proportion of his superiors in rank and education, until the poet's hand transplanted elf and fay from the byways of tradition and the dim retreats of superstition into the bright and open realms of fancy and imagination.

For there seems to be no ground on which to rest a doubt that Shakespeare was the first to give the fairy of the fireside tale either an embodiment upon the stage or a place in literature, however humble. Evidence abounds that the *Oberon*, the *Titania*, and, above all, the *Puck* of this play are ideals, the prototypes of which figured in countless tales familiar as household words to English folk of Shakespeare's day and their immediate progenitors; and yet there is great lack of contemporary illustration of this subject, because, until attention had been directed

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to it by the success of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, no collection or examination of popular English fairy lore appears to have been made, except of the briefest and most unpretending character and that quite incidentally. Mr. Halliwell seems to have done all that can be done to throw light upon the origin of this unique comedy; * and it is not his fault that his labors, though evincing great research and judgment, fail of their chief object; but it is too plain to admit of doubt, that, except a few barren allusions, nothing has been discovered upon this subject which does not start from Shakespeare's work instead of leading to it.

The earliest allusion to Robin Goodfellow known hitherto was first quoted by Steevens from Reginald Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, published in 1584. There are several brief passages in that curious work which show that in his *Puck* Shakespeare faithfully reproduced the characteristic traits of a supernatural being who was the hero of tales often told, and commonly believed.† Mr. Halliwell has quoted a passage from Whetstone's *Honourable Reputation of a Souldier*, published in 1586, in which Robin Goodfellow is mentioned; ‡ and Mr. Collier notices, in his *History of English Dramatic Poetry*, &c., the occurrence of the name in Anthony Munday's comedy, *The Two Italian Gentlemen*, printed in 1584; and in his edition of *Robin Goodfellow's Mad Pranks*, &c., published by the Percy Society, he also cites some

* In *An Introduction to Shakespeare's Midsummer-Night's Dream*, 8vo., London, 1841, and *Illustrations of the Fairy Mythology of Shakespeare*, 8vo., published by the Shakespeare Society. London. 1845.

† "There goe as manie tales upon Hudgin in some parts of Germanie, as there did in England of Robin Goodfellowe." *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, p. 521.

"And know you this by the waie, that heretofore Robin Good-fellow and Hobgobblin were as terrible and also as credible to the people as hags and witches be now. . . . And, in truth, they that mainteine walking spirits have no reason to denie Robin Good-fellow, upon whom there have gone as manie, and as credible, tales, as upon witches, saving that it hath not pleased the translators of the bible to call spirits by the name of Robin Good-fellow." *Ibid.*, p. 153.

"Your grandames maids were woont to set a boll of milke before Incubus and his cousin Robin Good-fellow, for grinding of malt or mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight; and you have also heard that he would chafe exceedingly if the maid or good wife of the house, having compassion of his nakednes, laid anie clothes for him beesides his messe of white bread and milke, which was his standing fee. For in that case he saith, What have we here?

Hemton hamten

Here will I never more tread nor stampen." *Ibid.*, p. 85.

‡ "The Frenchmen, to scarre their children, as we doe by Robyn Goodfellow, have to this day a by-word — *Garde le Talbot.*"

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verses from *Skialethia or a Shadow of Truth*, printed in 1598, in which Opinion is called

"The Proteus, Robin-good-fellow of change."

No other allusion of the kind which has been adduced in illustration of the play (except one in *Tarleton's Newes out of Purgatorie*, which will be particularly noticed hereafter) was made before its publication.* But to these I am able to add another of yet earlier date than either, though its seniority is but little. In Guazzo's *Civile Conversation*, a translation from the Italian, first published in 1581, three years before the appearance of Scot's book, there is this sentence: "And thereof wee may gather the great wrong that fathers, mothers, and nurces doe to young children when they will make it a sport to put their children in feare with tales of Robin goodfellow, and such like, whereby they offend God, and make their children feareful and dastardlie." † We see by this passage, not only that the fashions of the nursery have changed but little in three centuries, but that Robin Goodfellow was something more than a mischievous "merry wanderer of the night," stories about whom would rather amuse children than make them fearful and dastardly, and that Shakespeare has shorn him of some horrors which it is safe to say were incongruous with the typical traits of his nature. This use of his name to awaken fear is quite consistent with a wood-cut representation of him which

* Sir Francis Madden has pointed out a story in a Latin MS. of the thirteenth century, in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, of which, as some "writers well qualified to judge" have thought that it introduces Robin Goodfellow, Mr. Halliwell has thought it worth while to give the following translation: —

"Once Robinet was in a certain house in which soldiers were resting for the night, and after having made a great clamour during the better part of the night, to their no small annoyance, he was suddenly quiet. Then said the soldiers to each other, 'Let us now sleep, for Robinet himself is asleep.' To which Robinet made reply, 'I am not asleep, but am resting me, in order to shout louder after.' And the soldiers said, 'It seems, then, we shall have no sleep to-night.' So sinners sometimes abstain for a while from their wicked ways, in order that they may sin the more vigorously afterwards. The soldiers are the angels about Christ's body; Robin is the devil or sinner."

† As I have not access to the Italian original of this book, I cannot determine how far this passage conforms to that of which it professes to be a translation. Probably, however, it is rather a paraphrase; for it was quite common with our early translators to substitute allusions to their own time and country for the national traits of such foreign books as they undertook to introduce to English readers. This passage will be found on fol. 159 b. of the second edition of Guazzo. 4to. 1586. I do not possess that of 1581.

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accompanied the little pamphlet, before alluded to, entitled *Robin Goodfellow, his mad Prankes and merry Jests*, &c., the earliest known copy of which was printed in 1628. The artist has there represented him with a beard, horns, long ears, the shaggy thighs and the hoofs of a satyr, carrying in one hand a candle, and over his shoulder a broom: in brief, he appears to differ nothing in outward semblance from the popular notions of him whom Burns calls "Horny, Satan, Nick, or Clootie."

This same spirit is described as performing the very tricks which are attributed to him by Scot and Shakespeare, in Nashe's *Terrors of the Night*, published in 1594, the year when this comedy was probably written,* and also in a passage quoted by Warton from Harsnet's *Declaration of Egregious Popish Impostures*, &c.† But as Harsnet's book was not published until 1603, three years after Shakespeare's play was printed, and nine after it was written, it is possible, if not probable, that the bishop was indebted to the playwright; while it is certain that the playwright owed nothing to the bishop in this matter, whatever may have been his obligations to his lordship for the goblin nomenclature of another play.‡ There is a fairy scene in *The Maydes Metamorphosis*, an anonymous play attributed to John Lilly; but this was not published until 1600; and whoever chooses can read the scene in Halliwell's *Fairy Mythology of Shakespeare*, and see how palpably and how weakly it imitates *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and the last Scene of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. These are all the allusions to the domestic fairy and to Robin Goodfellow which have been discovered in literature antecedent to the production of this comedy, or strictly contemporaneous with it. It has been conjectured, however, that *Robin Goodfellow, his mad Prankes*, &c., had been published many

* "The Robin Goodfellowes, elves, fairies, hobgoblins of our latter age, which idolatrous former daies, and the phantastical world of Greece, ycleped fawnes, satyres, dryades, and hamadryades, did most of their merry prankes in the night. Then ground they malt, and had hempen shirts for their labours, daunst in greene meadows, pincht maids in their sleep that swept not their houses cleane, and led poor travellers out of their way notoriously."

† "And if that the bowl of curds and creame were not duly set out for Robin Good-fellow, the frier, and Sisse the dairy-maid, why then either the pottage was burnt-to next day in the pot, or the cheeses would not curdle, or the butter would not come, or the ale in the fat never would have good head." Chapter xx. p. 134.

‡ The names of the spirits spoken of by *Edgar* in *King Lear* are found in Harsnet's *Declaration*. See the *Introduction* to that tragedy.

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years before the date of the earliest copy now known — 1628; and Mr. Collier, who, in his Introduction to this play published in 1843, said "there is little doubt that it came out forty years earlier," in an introductory note to *The Devil and the Scold*, one of the ballads in his very interesting Roxburghe Collection, which was published four years afterward, uses more decided language, to wit, that the "'Mad Pranks' *had been* published before 1588." Mr. Collier's reasons for this decision, which has not been questioned hitherto, are to be found only in the following passage in his Introduction to the edition of the *Mad Pranks*, published by the Percy Society: —

"There is no doubt that 'Robin Goodfellow his mad Prankes and merry Jests' was first printed before 1588. Tarlton, the celebrated comic actor, died late in that year, and just after his decease (as is abundantly established by internal evidence, though the work has no date) came out in [*sic*] a tract called 'Tarltons Newes out of Purgatorie, &c., Published by an old companion of his Robin Goodfellow;' and on sign. A 3 we find it asserted that Robin Goodfellow was 'famozed in every old wives chronicle for his mad merrye prankes,' as if at that time the incidents detailed in the succeeding pages were all known, and had been frequently related. Four years earlier, Robin Goodfellow had been mentioned by Anthony Munday in his comedy of 'The Two Italian Gentlemen,' printed in 1584, and there his other familiar name of Hobgoblin is also assigned to him."

Here is even a greater misapprehension than Mr. Collier has before exhibited, of the significance of the interesting contributions which his industry, his enthusiasm, and his good fortune have enabled him to make to Shakespearian letters. The assertion in the *Newes out of Purgatorie*, that Robin Goodfellow and his tricks were told of in every old wife's chronicle, certainly does show that the incidents related in the *Merry Pranks* were, at least in a measure, "known, and had been frequently related" previous to the appearance of the former publication; but it neither establishes any sort of connection between the two works, nor has the slightest bearing upon the question of the order in which they were written. To conclude that the latter preceded the former because they both allude to the mad pranks of Robin Goodfellow is to beg the very point in question; and to suppose that the old wives derived their stories of Robin from the author of the *Mad Pranks*, is just to reverse that order of events which results from the very nature of things: it is the author who records and puts into shape the old wives' stories. That

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the occurrence of the phrase "*mad* merry *prankes*" in the *Newes out of Purgatorie* had any influence in producing the judgment that the *Mad Pranks* had preceded it, it is difficult to believe; for the word 'mad' was of old the accepted and almost stereotyped expression of the idea for which we now use 'wild' — as, for instance, in Shakespeare's own works, "Do you hear, my mad wenches?" (*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act II. Sc. 1,) "Farewell, mad wenches," (*Ib.*, Act V. Sc. 2,) "Away, away, mad ass!" (*Taming of the Shrew*, Act V. Sc. 1,) "How now, mad wag!" (1 *Henry IV.*, Act I. Sc. 2;) and 'pranks' was and is used no less generally in the sense which it has in both the cases in question. Beside, if the occurrence of the words in the two publications establish any relation between them, (which it does not,) it can only be that the words were copied from the book of the earlier into that of the later date. Nor is there warrant in Anthony Munday's lines for the assertion that Hobgoblin was Robin Goodfellow's "other familiar name," or even that they assigned it to him. The lines are, as quoted by Mr. Collier; —

> "Ottomanus, Sophye, Turke and the great Cham,
> Robin-goodfellow, Hobgoblin, the devill and his dam."

Now, we have here but a succession of names of different personages, natural and supernatural; and it might as well be supposed that Munday calls Ottomanus the Sophy of Persia, the Turke the Cham of Tartary, or Robin Goodfellow the Devil and his dam, as that he calls Robin Hobgoblin. The truth is, that Shakespeare was the first to name Robin either Puck or Hobgoblin, as we shall soon see.

There is, then, no reason for believing that the *Merry Pranks* is an older composition than the *Newes out of Purgatorie*, but there are reasons which lead to the conclusion that it was written after *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. We learn from the testimony of Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, that the comedy was well known before 1598; and certain passages in it were quite surely written in 1594 — the play having most probably been produced some years before, and at that time augmented and partly rewritten. Now, the style of the *Merry Pranks* is not that of a time previous to the latter date. Its simplicity and directness, and its comparative freedom from the multitude of compound prepositions and adverbs which deform the sentences and obscure the thoughts of earlier writers, point to a period not antecedent to that of the translation of our Bible for its production.

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and show, indeed, that it was probably written by a man young enough to have escaped almost entirely the influences of an antiquated phraseology, traits of which are not wanting in the work of the mature scholars to whom that task was committed. Let any one familiar with English books published before 1594 say whether a work, the style of which is fairly represented by such sentences as the following, was written then: —

"After Robin had travailed a good dayes journey from his master's house, hee sat downe, and being weary hee fell asleepe. No sooner had slumber tooken full possession of him and closed his long opened eye-lids but hee thought he saw many goodly proper personages in anticke measures tripping about him, and withall he heard such musicke, as he thought that Orpheus, that famous Greek fidler (had he beene alive), compared to any one of these had beene as infamous as a Welsh-harper that playes for cheese and onions."

Save for the occurrence of 'tooken' and 'withall,' words which continued in use among the best writers during the seventeenth century, this might have been written yesterday by any one who has command of a pure and simple idiomatic English style. Compare it with the following extracts, fair representatives of the style of a translation of *Huon of Bourdeaux*, published in 1601. The translation was first published between 1570 and 1575, it having been in 1601 "the third time imprinted, and the rude English corrected and amended" — this edition being the earliest now known.*

"Then the ancient man lifted up his eyes and beheld Huon, and had great marvaile, for of a long season before he had seen no man that spake of God. Then he beheld Huon in the face, and began sore to weep, and stepping unto Huon, tooke him by the leg and kissed it more then twentie times."

"—— and when I was borne, there were with my mother many ladies of the fairye, and by them I had many gifts, and among other there was one that gave mee the gift to be such a one as you see I am; whereof I am sory, but I cannot be none otherwise, for when I came to the age of three yeeres I grew no more."

This translation is particularly useful for our present purpose, because it shows that between 1575 and 1600 there was so great a change in style that at the latter date it was thought necessary

* See Halliwell's *Fairy Mythology of Shakespeare*, p. 91.

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to amend the rude English of a Fairy-tale published at the former, and because, as we have seen, with all the correction, the tale is still rude and antiquated when compared with the earliest known edition of the *Merry Pranks*.

To this evidence, afforded by the style of the narrative, the songs embodied in the book add some of another kind, and perhaps more generally appreciable. One, for instance, beginning, "When Virtue was a country maide," contains these lines: —

> "She whift her pipe, she drunke her can,
> The pot was nere out of her span,
> She married a tobacco man,
> A stranger, a stranger."

But tobacco had never been seen in England until 1586, only two years before the publication of the *Newes out of Purgatorie*; and Aubrey, writing at least after 1650, says in his Ashmolean MSS. that "within a period of thirty-five years it was sold for its weight in silver." But it is not necessary to go to the gossiping antiquary for evidence that before 1594 or 1598 a "country maide" could not command the luxury of a pipe, or that, rapidly as the noxious weed came into use, she could not then marry "a tobacco man."

In the narrative we are told that Robin sung another of the songs "to the tune of *What care I how faire she be?*" But the writer of the song to which this is the burthen, George Wither, was not born until 1588, the very year in which the *Newes out of Purgatorie* was published; and this song, although written a short time (we know not how long) before, was first published in 1619 in Wither's *Fidelia*. It became very popular, and several imitations of it were written — one of which was attributed, until a few years since, to Sir Walter Raleigh.* As bearing upon the question of date, the following lines, in one of the songs, are also important: —

> "O give the poore some bread, cheese, or butter,
> Bacon, hempe, or *flaxe*.
> Some pudding bring, or other thing:
> My need doth make me *aske*."

Here the last word should plainly be, and originally was, 'axe,

* See Brydges' *British Bibliographer*, Vol. I. p. 185, and Wotton and Raleigh's *Poems*, Ed. John Hannay.

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(the early form of 'ask,') which is demanded by the rhyme, and which would have been given had the edition of 1628 been printed from one much earlier; for 'axe' was in common use in the first years of the seventeenth century. The song, which is clearly many years older than the volume in which it appears, was written out for the press by some one who used the new orthography even at the cost of the old rhyme.

But perhaps the most important passage in the *Mad Pranks*, with regard to its relation to *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, is the last sentence of the First Part: — "The second part shall shew many incredible things done by Robin Goodfellow, or otherwise called Hob-goblin, and his companions, by turning himself into diverse sundry shapes." For the evidence that Robin Goodfellow was not called Hobgoblin until Shakespeare gave him that name, which before had pertained to another spirit, even if not to one of another sort, is both clear and cogent. Scot, in the passage which has been quoted from his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, says "that heretofore Robin Goodfellow *and* Hobgobblin *were* as terrible," &c.; and in another he enumerates, amid a throng of "other bugs," — i. e., objects of fear, — "Incubus, *Robin-Goodfellow*, the spoorne, the mare, the man in the oke, the hell wain, the fier drake, the puckle [perhaps an error for puck] Tom Thombe, *Hob gobblin*, Tom Tumbler and boneles." This was in 1584, only four years before the publication of the *Newes out of Purgatorie*, which Mr. Collier would have refer to the *Mad Pranks*, in which Robin Goodfellow and Hobgoblin are made one. Again, in the passage already quoted from Nashe's *Terrors of the Night*, published in 1594, the very year in which a part, at least, of the fairy poetry of this play was written, Robin Goodfellows, elves, fairies, hobgoblins, are enumerated as distinct classes of spirits; and Spenser, just before, had thus distinguished the Puck from the Hobgoblin in his *Epithalamion*: —

> "Ne let housefires nor lightenings helpless harms,
> Ne let the pouke nor other evil sprites,
> Ne let mischievous witches with their charms,
> Ne let hobgoblins, names whose sense we see not,
> Fray us with things that be not."

Shakespeare was the first to make Robin a Puck and a Hobgoblin when he wrote the lines in Act I. Sc. 2 of this play, —

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"Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck," —

and since that time the merry knave has borne the alias.*

We are thus led to the conclusion not only that this interesting tract, the *Mad Pranks*, was written after the publication of the *Newes out of Purgatorie* in 1588, and after the performance of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, but that it was in a measure founded upon this very play, — an order which antiquarian zeal would blindly have reversed. It seems that the writer of the *Mad Pranks* was incited to his task by the popularity of this comedy, which is well established by contemporary testimony, and that he did his best to gather all the old wives' tales about Robin Goodfellow into a clumsily-designed story, which he interspersed, to make it more popular, with such songs, old or new, as were in vogue at the time. For it must be noticed that although the author has written some lame rhyming speeches, suited to Robin Goodfellow and his father Oberon, there is not the slightest allusion to him or to the fairies in either of the songs, all of which are evidently favorite ballads of the day, written at various dates, by various authors, and on various subjects. This was probably done about 1625, as the foregoing considerations show; but there may have been an edition a few years earlier in the century. Mr. Collier and, it would seem, other distinguished Shakespearian scholars hold another opinion; but only, I believe, because they have not sufficiently examined the subject. They may be right, and the present editor wrong; but other grounds for their belief than those we have just found untenable do not appear; and *de non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio*.

It has been worth our while to examine with some care the relations between the comedy and the narrative, of both of which Robin Goodfellow is the hero; for a knowledge of the

* Mr. Keightley in his *Fairy Mythology* — a work full of interest and curious information — remarks, after having shown that the Pucks were not originally Hobgoblins, "The truth perhaps is, that the poets, led by the inviting conciseness of the term, applied it to the house-spirit or hob-goblin. Shakespeare appears to have been the original offender." (Vol. II. p. 120.) Is it not probable that 'hob,' about the derivation of which the lexicographers seem at a loss, became a term to express heavy rusticity because it was originally, and, I believe, still is, a diminutive commonly used in the rural districts of England for 'Robin'? This, perhaps, led Shakespeare to give the name Hob-goblin to Robin Goodfellow.

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nature of those relations is important to the just appreciation of Shakespeare's labors in the production of this play, and must be welcome to all who would give him the tribute of intelligent admiration. It seems, then, that he was indebted only to popular tradition for the more important part of the rude material which he worked into a structure of such fanciful and surpassing beauty — for the mere existence of *Theseus* and *Hippolyta* in Grecian poetry is a fact of no moment; and as to the rest, it is all his own. The plot of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* has no prototype in ancient or modern story.*

The date of the original production of this Comedy is not determinable with accuracy. It was first printed in 1600; but that it was well known three years before, the citation of it by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, published in 1598, is decisive proof. A part of it — *Titania's* description to *Oberon* of the effects of their conjugal disagreement, Act II. Sc. 1, — was quite surely written in 1594. The very singular and disastrous season there described found a chronicler in Dr. Simon Forman, the astrologer, from whose MS. Diary, under the date 1594, Mr. Halliwell has made the following important quotation in his Introduction to *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*: —

"Ther was moch sicknes but lyttle death, moch fruit, and many plombs of all sorts this yeare and small nuts, but fewe walnuts: this monethes of June and July wer very wet and wonderfull cold like winter, that the 10 dae of Julii many did syt by the fyer, yt was so cold; and soe was yt in Maye and June; and scant too fair dais together all that tyme, but yt rayned every day more or lesse: yf yt did not raine, then was yt cold and cloudye: mani murders were done this quarter: there were many gret fludes this sommer, and about Michelmas, thorowe the abundaunce of raine that fell sodeinly, the brige of Ware was broken downe, and at Stratford Bowe, the water was never sine so byg as yt was: and in the lattere end of October, the waters burst downe the bridg at Cambridge, and in Barkshire were many gret waters, wherewith was moch harm done sodenly." MS. Ashm. 384, fol. 105.

There is also a similar record in Stowe's *Chronicle;* and other writers of the time have alluded to the untimely severity of the weather in that year; so that, as to the date of the passage in

* But has not the designation of Helena as "Nedar's daughter," and again as "old Nedar's daughter," somewhat the air of a reminiscence?

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question there is no room for reasonable doubt.* But the reliance which some editors are inclined to place upon another piece of internal evidence does not seem to be so well founded. *Philostrato's* "abridgment" of the sports which are ripe for *Theseus'* enjoyment has been supposed to contain a contemporary allusion in the lines, —

> "The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
> Of learning late deceased in beggary."

It was once thought that Shakespeare had in mind the sad end of Edmund Spenser's life. But Spenser died in 1599, and Meres mentions this play in a book published in the previous year; and, besides, learning was not Spenser's characteristic trait. Malone accepted Warton's suggestion, that the allusion was to Spenser's *Tears of the Muses on the Neglect and Contempt of Learning*, which appeared in 1591. But, as Mr. Knight has pointed out, this, although "a satire keen and critical," does not in any way lament "the *death* of learning *late deceased in beggary*." Mr. Knight himself conjectures that the allusion is to Greene, a poet who was remarkable for his learning, who did die in beggary in 1592, and who was satirized after his death by his opponent in life, Gabriel Harvey. The conjecture is of far more value than Mr. Knight seems to think it; for although Greene was the man who had attacked Shakespeare as "an upstart crow beautified with our feathers," "a Johannes Factotum," the gentle and generous nature of Sweet Will would cause him both to forgive and to forget such a petty wrong when its perpetrator was in the grave, if not long before, and to remember only that he was a fellow laborer in the field of letters, and an unhappy one.

It seems, however, that *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* was produced, in part at least, at an earlier period of Shakespeare's life than his twenty-ninth year. Although as a whole it is the most exquisite, the daintiest and most fanciful creation that exists in poetry, and abounds in passages worthy even of Shakespeare in his full maturity, it also contains whole Scenes which are hardly worthy of his 'prentice hand, that wrought *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *The Comedy of Errors*,

* It is just worth mentioning that Chetwood — a very unreliable person — cites in *The British Theatre*, Dublin, 1750, an edition of this play with the date of 1595, that no one else ever heard of.

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and which yet seem to bear the unmistakable marks of his unmistakable pen. These Scenes are the various interviews between *Demetrius* and *Lysander*, *Hermia* and *Helena*, in Acts II. and III. It is difficult to believe that such lines as,

"Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.
What though he love your Hermia? *Lord what though?*"

"When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, *young man*,
That I did never, no, nor never can," &c. Act II. Sc. 1.

— it is difficult to believe that these, and many others of a like character which accompany them, were written by Shakespeare after he had produced even *Venus and Adonis* and the plays mentioned above, and when he could write the poetry of the other parts of this very comedy. There seems, therefore, warrant for the opinion that this Dream was one of the very first conceptions of the young poet; that, living in a rural district where tales of household fairies were rife among his neighbors, memories of these were blended in his youthful reveries with images of the classic heroes that he found in the books which we know he read so eagerly; that perhaps on some midsummer's night he, in very deed, did dream a dream and see a vision of this comedy, and went from Stratford up to London with it partly written; that, when there, he found it necessary at first to forego the completion of it for labor that would find readier acceptance at the theatre; and that afterward, when he had more freedom of choice, he reverted to his early production, and in 1594 worked it up into the form in which it was produced. It seems to me that, in spite of the silence of the quarto title-pages on the subject, this might have been done, or at least that some additions might have been made to the play, for a performance at Court. The famous allusion to Queen Elizabeth as "a fair vestal throned by the west," tends to confirm me in that opinion. Shakespeare never worked for nothing; and besides, could he, could any man, have the heart to waste so exquisite a compliment as that is, and to such a woman as Queen Elizabeth, by uttering it behind her back? Except in the play itself I have no support for this opinion; but I am willing to be alone in it.

Two quarto editions of this play were printed before the date

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of the first folio, and both in the same year, 1600. James Roberts, a printer, issued one; Thomas Fisher, a publisher, the other. Although they both bear the same date, it is safe to presume that Roberts' edition was first in the field, because as late as October 8, 1600, Fisher entered his copy at Stationers' Hall.* The folio was printed from a copy of Roberts' edition, as we know by the exact repetition of certain errors of the press and arrangements of lines; but that this copy had been used at the theatre for stage purposes and corrected with some care, the folio affords internal evidence in many passages and of various nature, all of which is carefully pointed out in the Notes to this edition. Neither quarto, therefore, is to be regarded in any other light than as an assistant in eliminating such corruptions as may have crept into the folio itself; though Fisher's enables us to correct some errors which were passed over in the copy of the quarto furnished to the printers by Heminge and Condell. The quartos sometimes concur in a reading different from that in the folio; but this is of little moment: it merely shows (unless in the case of a palpable corruption of the press) that in the copy from which the folio was printed, an error was corrected which had appeared in both the previous editions. The presumption is especially in favor of the authorized edition, when we know that it was printed from a copy which had been corrected in Shakespeare's theatre, and probably under his own eye, if not by his own hand. Fortunately all of these editions were printed quite carefully for books of their class at that day; and the cases in which there is admissible doubt as to the reading are comparatively few, and with one or two exceptions, unimportant.

The period of the action of this play is exactly that when the slayer of the Minotaur and the Queen of the Amazons narrowly escaped meeting Robin Goodfellow and some other fairies in a wood near Athens; which happened on the night before they saw five Greek clowns play the lamentable comedy of *Pyramus and Thisbe* in the style of an English Interlude. For the costume that *Theseus* and *Hippolyta* and their attendants wore on that occasion the Elgin Marbles are authority, and the woodcut which accompanies the edition of the *Merry Pranks* already mentioned gives, doubtless, a very accurate representation of

* See Extracts of Entries on the Books of the Stationers' Company. *Variorum Shakespeare*, Vol. II. p. 638.

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the dress worn by Robin. It consists chiefly, nay entirely, of a broom.

When the reader has satisfactorily determined this period and the corresponding costume of all the personages, he will be able, without assistance, to account for or to reconcile various anachronisms and discrepancies as to time which close observation may detect in the play; and he will then, too, be in a proper frame of mind to undertake the task.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THESEUS, *Duke of* Athens.
EGEUS, *Father to* Hermia.
LYSANDER, *betrothed to* Hermia.
DEMETRIUS, *once suitor to* Helena, *now in love with* Hermia.
PHILOSTRATE, *Master of the Revels to* Theseus.

QUINCE, *a Carpenter*,	Performing in the Interlude the parts of	Prologue,
BOTTOM, *a Weaver*,		Pyramus,
FLUTE, *a Bellows-mender*,		Thisbe,
SNOUT, *a Tinker*,		Wall,
SNUG, *a Joiner*,		Lion,
STARVELING, *a Tailor*,		Moonshine.

Presenter *of the Interlude.*

HIPPOLYTA, *Queen of the* Amazons, *betrothed to* Theseus.
HERMIA, *betrothed to* Lysander.
HELENA, *in love with* Demetrius.

OBERON, *King of the* Fairies.
TITANIA, *Queen of the* Fairies.
PUCK, *or* Robin Goodfellow, *a* Fairy.

PEAS-BLOSSOM,	Fairies.
COBWEB,	
MOTE,	
MUSTARD-SEED,	

Other Fairies *attending the* King *and* Queen.
Attendants *on* Theseus *and* Hippolyta.

SCENE: Athens, *and a* Wood *not far from it.*

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A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

ACT I.

SCENE I. — Athens. A Room in the Palace of THESEUS.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *and* Attendants.

THESEUS.

NOW, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace: four happy days bring in
Another moon; but, oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hippolyta. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth:

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Turn melancholy forth to funerals;
The pale companion is not for our pomp. —
Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, *and* DEMETRIUS.

Egeus. Happy be Theseus, our renowned Duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I; with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia. —
Stand forth, Demetrius. — My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her. —
Stand forth, Lysander: — and, my gracious Duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats, — messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth;
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness. — And, my gracious Duke,
Be it so, she will not here, before your Grace,
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her,
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.

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The. What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid.
To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Hermia. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is;
But, in this kind — wanting your father's voice —
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would, my father look'd but with my eyes!

The. Rather, your eyes must with his judgment look.

Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts;
But I beseech your Grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun,
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

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Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause: and by the next new moon,
(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me
For everlasting bond of fellowship,)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would,
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

Demetrius. Relent, sweet Hermia; — and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lysander. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,
And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine; and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
(If not with vantage,) as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia.
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,

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And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it. — But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus: you shall go with me:
I have some private schooling for you both. —
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will,
Or else the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life. —
Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love? —
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial, and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty, and desire, we follow you.

[*Exeunt* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, DEMETRIUS, *and Train.*

Lys. How now, my love? Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike, for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. [Hermia,] for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood, —

Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low!

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years; —

Her. O spite! too old to be engaged to young!

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of merit: —

Her. O Hell! to choose love by another's eyes!

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary as a sound,

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Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say, — 'Behold!'
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If, then, true lovers have been ever crossed,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then, let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lys. A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue; and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remov'd seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee,
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night,
And in the wood, a league without the town,
(Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance for a morn of May,)
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queen
When the false Trojan under sail was seen,
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke,

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In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves you, fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars, and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching; O! were favour so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice; my eye your eye;
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
O! teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O, that my prayers could such affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty: would that fault were mine!

Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.—
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens like a paradise to me:

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O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a Heaven into a Hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold.
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,)
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius! —
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

[*Exit* HERMIA.

Lys. I will, my Hermia. — Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!

[*Exit* LYSANDER.

Hel. How happy some, o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she;
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he doth know;
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,

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Because in choice he often is beguil'd.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every-where;
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight;
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Same. A Room in a Cottage.

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Quince. Is all our company here?

Bottom. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the Duke and the Duchess on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors, and so grow on to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is — *The most lamentable Comedy, and most cruel Death of Pyramus and Thisby.*

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you,

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and a merry. — Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you. — Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms; I will condole in some measure. To the rest. — Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

"The raging rocks,
And shivering shocks,
Shall break the locks
Of prison-gates:
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish Fates."

This was lofty! — Now name the rest of the players. — This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flute. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

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Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman: I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one. You shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice: — "Thisne, Thisne — Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!"

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus, and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Starveling. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. — Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus' father; myself, Thisby's father. — Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part; — and, I hope, there is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? Pray you, if it be, give it me; for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore; for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too. I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me: I will roar, that I will make the Duke say, 'Let him roar again: let him roar again.'

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my

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voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove: I will roar an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-fac'd man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day, a most lovely, gentlemanlike man; therefore, you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour'd beard — your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. — But, Masters, here are your parts; and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night, and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light: there we will rehearse; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the Duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings.

[*Exeunt.*

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ACT II.

SCENE I. — A Wood near Athens.

Enter a Fairy *and* PUCK *from opposite sides.*

PUCK.

HOW now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fairy. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moony sphere;
And I serve the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see.
Those be rubies, fairy favours;
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits: I'll be gone
Our Queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The King doth keep his revels here to-night.
Take heed the Queen come not within his sight;
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king:
She never had so sweet a changeling;
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,

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Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
But they do square, that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrew'd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not he,
That fright the maidens of the villagery,
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck.
Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum; down topples she,
And 'tailor' cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and laugh,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there. —
But room, Fairy: here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress. — Would that he were gone!

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Enter OBERON, *from one side, with his Train, and* TITANIA, *from the other, with hers.*

Oberon. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

Titania. What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence:
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy lord?

Tita. Then, I must be thy lady; but I know
When thou hast stol'n away from Fairy-land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India,
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded? and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigouna, whom he ravished?
And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle Summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,

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Have every petty river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents:
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field;
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock:
The Nine Men's Morris is fill'd up with mud;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread are undistinguishable:
The human mortals want their Winter here,
No night is now with hymn or carol bless'd:—
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And thorough this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hyems' thin and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set. The Spring, the Summer,
The childing Autumn, angry Winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which.
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension:
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then; it lies in you.
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.

Tita. Set your heart at rest:
The Fairy-land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a vot'ress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,

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Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking th' embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind:
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait
Following her womb, (then rich with my young squire,)
Would imitate, and sail upon the land
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake I do rear up her boy;
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Tita. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom. — Fairies, away!
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[*Exit* TITANIA, *with her Train.*

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury. —
My gentle Puck, come hither: thou rememb'rest
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw (but thou could'st not),
Flying between the cold moon and the Earth,

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Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the West,
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound;
And maidens call it, love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once:
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle [round] about the Earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit* PUCK.

Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
The next thing, then, she waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love;
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
(As I can take it with another herb)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible,
And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA *following him.*

Dem. I love thee not; therefore pursue me not.

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Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stol'n into this wood;
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence! get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron; for my heart
Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love thee the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love
(And yet a place of high respect with me)
Than to be used as you do your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the City, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that:
It is not night, when I do see your face;
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;

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For you, in my respect, are all the world.
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger. Bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions: let me go;
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town and field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a Heaven of Hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

[*Exeunt* DEMETRIUS *and* HELENA.

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love. —

Enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopi'd with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:

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There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these bowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her than she upon her love.
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord: your servant shall do so.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Wood.

Enter TITANIA, *with her Train.*

Tita. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence:
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

Song.

1 Fai. *You spotted snakes with double tongue,*
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen,

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Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our Fairy Queen.

Chorus. *Philomel, with melody,*
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

2 Fai. *Weaving spiders, come not here;*
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

Chorus. *Philomel, with melody,* &c.

1 *Fai.* Hence, away! now all is well.
One, aloof stand sentinel.
[*Exeunt* Fairies. TITANIA *sleeps.*

Enter OBERON.

Obe. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
[*Squeezes the flower on* TITANIA'S *eye-lids.*
Do it for thy true love take;
Love, and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
Wake when some vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

Enter LYSANDER *and* HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way:

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We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet: do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart can you make of it:
Two bosoms interchanged with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny,
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily.
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off: in human modesty,
Such separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid—
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend.
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed! sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd! [*They sleep.*

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian find I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.

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O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should, of another, therefore, be abus'd! [*Exit.*

Lys. She sees not Hermia. — Hermia, sleep thou there;
And never may'st thou come Lysander near;
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me.
And, all my powers, address your love and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her knight. [*Exit.*

Her. [*Starting.*] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best,
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast.
Ay me, for pity! — what a dream was here!
Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear.
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey. —
Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack! where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.
No? — then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*

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ACT III.

SCENE I. — The Same. The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

BOTTOM.

ARE we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. Peter Quince, —

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisby*, that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself, which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r lakin, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not kill'd indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom, the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

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Bot. No, make it two more: let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afear'd of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect: — 'Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing: I am a man as other men are;' and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug, the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things: that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say, he comes to dis-

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figure, or to present, the person of Moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby (says the story) did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall. — What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present Wall; and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall: and let him hold his fingers thus; and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin. When you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK *behind.*

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the Fairy Queen?
What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus. — Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. "Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet," —

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. — "odours savours sweet:
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby, dear. —
But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a while,
And by and by I will to thee appear." [*Exit.*

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here! [*Exit.*

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must un-

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derstand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. "Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb."

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man. Why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus. You speak all your part at once, cues and all. — Pyramus, enter: your cue is past; it is, "never tire."

Enter PUCK, *and* BOTTOM *with an ass's head.*

This. O! — "As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire."

Pyr. "If I were fair Thisby, I were only thine:" —

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, Masters! fly, Masters! help! [*Exeunt* Clowns.

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier:
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.
[*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afear'd.

Enter SNOUT.

Snout. O Bottom! thou art chang'd: what do I see on thee? [*Exit.*

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you?

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Enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [*Exit.*

Bot. I see their knavery. This is to make an ass of me, to fright me, if they could; but I will not stir from this place, do what they can. I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*

The oosel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.

Tita. [*Waking.*] What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed?

Bot. *The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,*
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay;

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry 'cuckoo' never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force, perforce, doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, Mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days. The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

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Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither; but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate;
The Summer still doth tend upon my state;
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go. —
Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Mote! and Mustard-seed!

Enter the four Fairies.

Peas-blossom. Ready.

Cobweb. And I.

Mote. And I.

Mustard-seed. And I.

All. Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman:
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries.
The honey bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes.
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

Peas. Hail, mortal!

Cob. Hail!

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Mote. Hail!

Mus. Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily. — I beseech, your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb. If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. — Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. — Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good Master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Mustard-seed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him: lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye,
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Another Part of the Wood.

Enter Oberon.

Obe. I wonder if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

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Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger. — How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?
Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented in their sport,
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake,
When I did him at this advantage take;
An ass's nowl I fixed on his head:
Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky,
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly,
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls:
He murther cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch,
Some, sleeves, some, hats; — from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there;
When in that moment (so it came to pass,)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

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Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?
Puck. I took him sleeping, (that is finish'd too,)
And the Athenian woman by his side,
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HERMIA.

Obe. Stand close: this is the same Athenian.
Puck. This is the woman; but not this the man.
Dem. O! why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.
Her. Now, I but chide; but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,
This whole Earth may be bor'd, and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide with th' Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murther'd him;
So should a murtherer look, so dead, so grim.
Dem. So should the murther'd look, and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty;
Yet you, the murtherer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.
Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?
Dem. I'd rather give his carcass to my hounds.
Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds

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Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O! once tell true; tell true, e'en for my sake;
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood,
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me, then, that he is well.

Dem. And, if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege, never to see me more. —
And from thy hated presence part I [so];
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.
[*Lies down.*

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight;
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then Fate o'errules; that one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer

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With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear.
By some illusion see thou bring her here:
I'll charm his eyes against she doth appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*

Obe. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye.
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky,—
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Obe. Stand aside; the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER *and* HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow I weep, and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.

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How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?
Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O, devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.
Lys. I had no judgment when to her I swore.
Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
Dem. [*Awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O! how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand. O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!
Hel. O spite! O Hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment:
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in shew,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia,
And now both rivals, to mock Helena.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes

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With your derision! none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.
Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part:
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do till my death.
Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.
Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia: I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to Helen is it home return'd,
There to remain.
Lys. [Helen,] it is not so.
Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest to thy peril thou aby it dear. —
Look, where thy love comes: yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?
Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?
Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?
Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide;

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Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think: it cannot be.

Hel. Lo! she is one of this confederacy.
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us, — O! is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry
Due but to one and crowned with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words.
I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.

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Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face,
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most, to love unlov'd,
This you should pity rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault,
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena! hear my excuse:
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers. —
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

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Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.
Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.
Dem. Quick, come, —
Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?
Lys. Away, you Ethiop!
Dem. No, no, sir;
Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;
But yet come not. You are a tame man, go!
Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.
Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this,
Sweet love?
Lys. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! O hated poison, hence!
Her. Do you not jest?
Hel. Yes, 'sooth; and so do you.
Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
Dem. I would I had your bond; for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you: I'll not trust your word.
Lys. What! should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.
Her. What! can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love!
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you lov'd me; yet, since night you left me:
Why, then you left me (O, the gods forbid!)
In earnest, shall I say?
Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.

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Therefore, be out of hope, of question, of doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer: 'tis no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O me! — you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i' faith
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet you!

Her. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures: she hath urg'd her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him. —
And are you grown so high in his esteem
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not strike me. You, perhaps, may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,

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I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him:
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too;
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone. Who is't that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem. No, sir: she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O! when she is angry, she is keen and shrewd.
She was a vixen when she went to school;
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again! nothing but low and little!—
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part; for if thou dost intend
Never so little shew of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holds me not,

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Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl. [*Exeunt* LYSANDER *and* DEMETRIUS.

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you.
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away.
[*Exit, followed by* HERMIA.

Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else commit'st thy knaveries willingly.

Puck. Believe me, King of Shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie, therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep,
With leaden legs and batty wings, doth creep:
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,

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To take from thence all error with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league, whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my Queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste;
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger,
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to church-yards: damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort.
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day.

[*Exit* OBERON.

Puck. Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

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Enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain! drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground.

[*Exit* LYSANDER, *as following the voice.*

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander! speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward! art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defil'd
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea; art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood here.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on:
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!

[*Lies down.*

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For if but once thou shew me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps.*

Enter PUCK *and* DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho! ho! ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot,
Thou run'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou [now]?

Puck. Come hither: I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by day-light see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited.
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night! O long and tedious night!
Abate thy hours: shine, comforts, from the East,
That I may back to Athens, by day-light,
From these that my poor company detest.
And sleep, that sometime shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company. [*Sleeps.*

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad.
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers:

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I can no farther crawl, no farther go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!
[*Lies down.*

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound:
I'll apply
[To] your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
When thou wak'st,
Thou 'tak'st
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shewn:
'Jack shall have Jill;
Naught shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again,
And all shall be well.'
[*Exit* PUCK. — DEM., HEL., *&c., sleep.*

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ACT IV.

SCENE I. — The Same.

Enter TITANIA *and* BOTTOM; Fairies *attending*: OBERON *behind, unseen.*

TITANIA.

COME, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peas-blossom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom. — Where's Mounsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Mounsieur Cobweb; good Mounsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipp'd humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good Mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, Mounsieur; and, good Mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not: I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior. — Where's Mounsieur Mustard-seed?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif, Mounsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good Mounsieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good Mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, Mounsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy

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about the face, and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music: let's have the tongs and the bones. [*Rustic music.*

Tita. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be a while away.
So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist; the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[*They sleep.*

Enter PUCK.

Obe. [*Advancing.*] Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity;
For meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her.
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flow'rets' eyes,

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Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child,
Which straight she gave me; and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in Fairy-land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain,
That he, awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the Fairy Queen.
[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*
Be as thou wast wont to be;
See as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania! wake you, my sweet Queen.

Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loath this visage now!

Obe. Silence, a while. — Robin, take off his head. —
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep, of all these five, the sense.

Tita. Music, ho! music! such as charmeth sleep.

Puck. [Now,] when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

Obe. Sound, music! [*Still music.*] Come, my Queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

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Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair posterity.
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy King, attend, and mark:
I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my Queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade;
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground. [*Exeunt.*

[*Horns sound within.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and Train.*

The. Go, one of you, find out the Forester;
For now our observation is perform'd:
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds. —
Uncouple in the western valley: let them go! —
Dispatch, I say, and find the Forester. —
We will, fair Queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

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The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind;
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed, and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge, when you hear. — But, soft! what nymphs are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May: and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity. —
But speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

[*Horns, and shout within.* DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER, HERMIA, *and* HELENA, *wake and start up.*

Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord. [*All kneel.*

The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know, you two are rival enemies:
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear
I cannot truly say how I came here;

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But, as I think, (for truly would I speak, —
And now I do bethink me, so it is)
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might
Without the peril of the Athenian law —

Ege. Enough, enough! my lord, you have enough.
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.
They would have stol'n away; they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me;
You, of your wife, and me, of my consent,
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them:
Fair Helena in fancy follow'd me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,
Melted as [doth] the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon;
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:
But, like in sickness, did I loath this food;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met.
Of this discourse we shall hear more anon. —
Egeus, I will overbear your will,
For in the Temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.

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Away, with us, to Athens: three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity. —
Come, Hippolyta. [*Exeunt* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and Train.*

Dem. These things seem small, and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius, like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream. — Do not you think
The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the Temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake. Let's follow him;
And by the way let us recount our dreams.
[*Exeunt.* BOTTOM *wakes.*

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer: — my next is, "Most fair Pyramus." — Hey, ho! — Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! stol'n hence, and left me asleep. I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, — past the wit of man to say what dream it was; man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was — there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had — but man is but a patch'd fool if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive

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nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Athens. A Room in QUINCE's House.

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marr'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say paragon: a paramour is, God bless us! a thing of nought.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is coming from the Temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married. If our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O, sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have

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'scaped sixpence a-day: an the Duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hang'd: he would have deserved it: sixpence a-day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom! — O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, [right] as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps: meet presently at the Palace: every man look o'er his part; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen, and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails; for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go; away! [*Exeunt.*

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ACT V.

SCENE I. — The Same. An Apartment in the Palace of THESEUS.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, *and* Attendants.

HIPPOLYTA.

'TIS strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true: I never may believe
These antic fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast Hell can hold;
That is the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy.
[Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!]

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Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy,
But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, *and* HELENA.

Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now; what masks, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.

Philostrate. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?
What mask? what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philost. There is a brief how many sports are ripe;
Make choice of which your highness will see first.
[*Giving a paper.*

Lys. [*Reads.*] "*The Battle with the Centaurs, to be sung*
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp."

The. We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

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Lys. "*The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,*
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage."
The. That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
Lys. "*The thrice three Muses mourning for the death*
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary."
The. That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
Lys. "*A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,*
And his love Thisbe: very tragical mirth."
The. Merry and tragical! Tedious and brief!
That is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?
Philost. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious; for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself:
Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.
The. What are they that do play it?
Philost. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.
The. And we will hear it.
Philost. No, my noble lord;
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world,

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Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play;
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in; — and take your places, ladies.
[*Exit* PHILOSTRATE.

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome: — trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence, yet I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

Philost. So please your Grace, the Prologue is address'd.

The. Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets.*

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Enter QUINCE *as the* Prologue.

Prol. "If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good-will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in despite.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their shew,
You shall know all, that you are like to know."

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed, he hath play'd on his prologue like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain,
Nothing impair'd, but all disordered.
Who is next?

Enter, with a Trumpet and the Presenter *before them,* PYRAMUS *and* THISBE, Wall, Moonshine, *and* Lion, *as in dumb show.*

Presenter. "Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers sunder;

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And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright:
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,
Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
And Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,
At large discourse, while here they do remain."

[*Exeunt* Prologue, Presenter, PYRAMUS, THISBE, Lion, *and* Moonshine.

The. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord:
One lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. "In this same interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a cranni'd hole, or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This lime, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show
That I am that same wall: the truth is so;
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper."

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The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. "O, grim-look'd night! O, night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art, when day is not!
O night! O night! alack, alack, alack!
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot. —
And thou, O wall! thou sweet and lovely wall!
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine;
Thou wall, O wall! O sweet and lovely wall!
Show me thy chink to blink through with mine eyne. [Wall *holds up his fingers.*
Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall! through whom I see no bliss;
Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!"

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. — "Deceiving me," is Thisby's cue: she is to enter [now], and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you. — Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBE.

This. "O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me:
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee."

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Pyr. "I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby!"

This. "My love! thou art my love, I think."

Pyr. "Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And like Limander am I trusty still."

This. "And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill."

Pyr. "Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true."

This. "As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you."

Pyr. "O! kiss me through the hole of this vile wall."

This. "I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all."

Pyr. "Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?"

This. "'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay."

Wall. "Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go."

[*Exeunt* Wall, PYRAMUS, *and* THISBE.

The. Now is the moral down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them, than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

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Enter Lion *and* Moonshine.

Lion. "You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion-fell, nor else no lion's dam:
For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity of my life."

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion, and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour, for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us hearken to the moon.

Moonshine. "This lanthorn doth the horned moon present."

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. "This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;
Myself the Man-i'-th'-moon doth seem to be."

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest. The

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man should be put into the lanthorn: how is it else the Man-i'-th'-moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am aweary of this moon: would he would change!

The. It appears by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the Man-in-the-moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lanthorn; for they are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

This. "This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?"

Lion. "Oh—."

[*The* Lion *roars.* — THISBE *runs off.*

Dem. Well roar'd, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon. — Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

[*The* Lion *tears* THISBE'S *mantle, and exit.*

The. Well mous'd, lion.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lys. And so the lion vanish'd.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. "Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright;

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For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.
But stay; — O spite!
But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here!
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What! stain'd with blood?
Approach, you Furies fell!
O Fates! come, come;
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!"

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. "O, wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame,
Since lion vild hath here deflour'd my dear?
Which is — no, no — which was the fairest dame,
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.
Come, tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus:
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop: —
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus!
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light!
Moon, take thy flight!
Now die, die, die, die, die."

[*Dies.* — *Exit* Moonshine.

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Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man, for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and yet prove an ass.

Hip. How chance Moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by starlight. — Here she comes, and her passion ends the play.

Enter THISBE.

Hip. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better; [he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us.]

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, *videlicet.* —

This. "Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus! arise:
Speak, speak! Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These lily lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone.
Lovers, make moan!
His eyes were green as leeks.
O! sisters three,
Come, come to me,

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With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word: —
Come, trusty sword;
Come, blade, my breast imbrue;
And farewell, friends. —
Thus Thisby ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu." [*Dies.*

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company?

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse, for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had play'd Pyramus, and hung himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy; and so it is, truly, and very notably discharg'd. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

[*A dance by two of the Clowns.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve. —
Lovers, to bed: 'tis almost fairy-time.
I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable gross play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gait of night. — Sweet friends, to bed. —
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one let's forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter OBERON *and* TITANIA, *with all their Train.*

Obe. Though the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire,
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty after me
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse this song by rote,
To each word a warbling note:

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Hand in hand with fairy grace
Will we sing, and bless this place.

[*Here a Song and Dance.*]

Obe. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand:
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait,
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace;
And the owner of it, blest,
Ever shall in safety rest.
Trip away;
Make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt* OBERON, TITANIA, *and Train.*

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear;
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend:
If you pardon, we will mend.

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And, as I'm an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call:
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. [*Exit.*

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NOTES ON A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

p. 21. "*New* bent in heaven": — Folio and quartos have "*Now* bent." An *o* for an *e* was the easiest of all misprints; and it is plain that *Hippolyta* speaks of the moon as it will be, not as it is. Rowe made the correction.

" "Go, Philostrate": — At the end of *Theseus*' address to *Philostrate*, it has been the practice in modern editions to mark his exit. But such literalism is almost puerile. *Theseus* surely did not mean that *Philostrate* should then rush out incontinent, and begin on the moment to "awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth" in the Athenian youth.

p. 22. "—— with *triumph*": — This word, as we learn from many contemporary allusions, and especially from an account of *The Duke of Anjou's Entertainment*, 1581, first pointed out by Steevens, was "applied to all high, great, and statelie dooings." *Falstaff* tells *Bardolph*, *Henry IV.* Part I. Act III. Sc. 3, that his face is "a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light."

" "—— our renowned *Duke*": — 'Duke' means leader, and so, any chief or ruler. Dante calls Thèseus "*Duca d' Atene*," *Inf.* C. XII. 17; and Chaucer has "a duk highte Theseus," in his *Knightes Tale*. See also 1 *Chronicles*, v. 51–54.

" "Stand forth, Demetrius": — Folio and quartos exhibit this and the corresponding address to *Lysander* as stage directions, — accidentally, as the context and the fact that each completes an otherwise imperfect line, plainly show.

p. 23. "But *earthlier* happy": — In almost all modern editions this, the text of the folio and both quartos, is altered, on Capell's suggestion, to "earth*ly* happ*ier*;" — a change

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which substitutes a comparison of degree for one of kind, which impairs the rhythm of the line, which gives a weak thought for a strong one, which is based on a limitation of the flexibility of the language even in the hands of Shakespeare, and which, in short, is little less than barbarous. There is no better adjective than 'earthly,' and none which can be better made comparative or superlative. Even the poor support for the change which has been sought in the orthography of the folio, "earthl*ier* happ*ie*," (which, it is urged, might have led to the misplacing of the *r*,) does not exist; for Roberts' quarto, from which the folio was printed, has "earthl*ier* happ*y*."

p. 25. "*Beteem* them": — This word seems to mean 'afford,' 'yield,' 'allow;' though the sense in which it was used cannot be very exactly defined.

" "[*Hermia,*] for aught," &c.: — The folio has no word in the place of '*Hermia,*' where the quartos have "*Eigh* [ay] *me,*" for which '*Hermia*' is substituted in the second folio. The exclamation is unsuited to *Lysander* and to his speech; and I believe that it was an error of the press, or of the transcribers, for the proper name, and that its absence in the folio is the result of its erasure in the quarto stage copy, the interlineation of the correct word having been omitted by accident.

" "—— to be enthralled to *low*": — Folio and quartos have "*to loue.*" Theobald corrected the error, which is of the easiest.

" "—— the choice of *merit*": — Thus the folio: the quartos have "*friends,*" for which no accident could have substituted 'merit,' and which, as it gives a clear meaning, we must accept as an alteration in the copy furnished to the printers by Heminge and Condell. The sense of the line is also made subtler and less common place by the introduction of the new word, while its relation to the next is not changed; for "the choice of *merit*" is, plainly enough, not the spontaneous, and at first unconscious, preference of the lover.

p. 26. "—— *remov'd* seven leagues": — The quartos, and all modern editions hitherto, have "*remote.*"

" "—— observance *for* a morn": — The quartos, which have thus far been universally followed, have "*to* a morn;" and so also has Chaucer in his *Knightes Tale,* in which Shakespeare probably found the expression, — a reason why he would not have repeated it letter for letter.

p. 27. "Demetrius loves *you,* fair": — So the folio and Fisher's quarto: Roberts' quarto, which has been hitherto

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followed, has "your fair," a reading which is not at variance with a certain phraseology of the time, by which 'fair' was used for 'fairness,' but which the line taken together shows to be incorrect: —

"Demetrius loves you, *fair*: O, *happy fair!*"

p. 27. "*Yours would* I catch": — Folio and quartos have, "*Your words* I catch," which the context, "O, were favour [i. e., personal appearance] so," shows to be a misprint for the text, which we owe to Hanmer.

" "—— is *no fault* of mine": — The folio fails here to correct an error of Roberts' quarto, which has, "is *none* of mine." The text is that of Fisher's quarto.

" "—— *like* a paradise": — Fisher's quarto has "*as* a paradise." Just below it has "a Heaven *unto* a Hell," '*un*to' being plainly a misprint for '*in*to,' which is found in the folio, where, however, the second article is accidentally omitted, the text there being "a Heaven into Hell."

p. 28. "—— of their counsel *sweet*": — Folio and quartos have "*sweld*," an easy misprint. Just below, the same copies have "strange companions" for "stran*ger* compa*nies*." Both corrections, made by Theobald, and found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, are justified by sense and rhyme.

" "—— what all but he *doth* know": — So the original, in conformity with the usage of the time, as could be shown by many instances of unquestionable authority. Here and in similar constructions elsewhere, modern editions have hitherto changed 'doth' to 'do.'

" "Things base and *vile*": — The original has "*vild*," which some editors have retained. But the orthography '*vile*' was in use in Shakespeare's day, and had been for hundreds of years. It is found in this very instance, in Fisher's quarto, published twenty-three years before the folio.

p. 29. "—— he *often is* beguiled": — The folio has "he *is often* beguil'd." This is plainly an accidental transposition, made in correcting the text of the quartos — "he is *so oft* beguiled" — by putting the caret for 'often' after 'is,' instead of before it. The change appears to have been made to avoid, for the sake of euphony, the juxtaposition of 'is' and 'so,' 'oft' and 'beguiled;' yet the quarto text has hitherto been followed.

SCENE II.

"—— the Duke and *the* Duchess": — So the folio and both quartos; and yet all modern editions hitherto, except Capell's, omit the last article.

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p. 29. "—— and so grow on to a point" : — The quartos omit 'on.' Warner suggested, "and so *go* on to *appoint*," which plausible reading was also found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. But the speech as it stands is good colloquial Bottom-ese.

"*The most lamentable Comedy*" : — Both title and piece are burlesques of some of the dramatic productions of the age preceding Shakespeare's; such, for instance, as the following, pointed out by Steevens: *A Lamentable Tragedie mixed full of plesaunt Mirth, containing The Life of Cambises, King of Percia.* B. L. (no date). Some of these lingered probably upon the stage, and certainly in the memories of the majority of his audience, in Shakespeare's earlier days.

p. 30. "—— most gallantly for love" : — The quartos have "most *gallant*," which some editors have adopted, because it makes the expression "more characteristic." But on the contrary it makes the speech quite unsuited to good *Peter Quince*, who always speaks correctly; for "the Duke and the Duchess on *his* wedding day," just above, is in conformity to the usage of educated persons in Shakespeare's day. Indeed, it should be observed that purely grammatical blunders are rarely or never put into the mouths of Shakespeare's characters; probably because grammatical forms, in minute points, at least, were not so fixed and so universally observed in his day as to make violations of them very ridiculous to a general audience. He depends for burlesque effect upon errors more radically nonsensical and ludicrous.

/ "—— to *tear a cat* in" : — Steevens first quoted from *The Roaring Girl*, 1611, the speech of a character called *Tear-Cat*, "I am called by those who have seen my valour, *Tear-Cat*:" also one from *Histriomastix*, in which a soldier says to a player, "Sirrah, this is you that would rend and tear a cat upon the stage;" and again from *The Isle of Gulls*, 1606, "I had rather hear two such jests, than a whole play of such *Tear-cat* thunderclaps." The expression is so strange that it needs all this support. Its origin has never been remarked upon. May it not be a whimsical stage corruption of 'tear-*coat*'? We still call a blustering, roaring fellow, who makes all split (including his garments) 'a tear-coat.'

/ "The raging rocks" : — These lines appear as prose in folio and quartos. It has been conjectured that they are a quotation; but does not *Bottom's* expression, "This *was* lofty," make it certain that they are?

/ "Francis Flute, *the bellows-mender*" : — *Flute* did not

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devote himself to the mending of ordinary bellows, which could hardly be a trade by itself; but, as his name hints, he was a repairer of the bellows and pipes of organs, and other like wind instruments.

p. 31. "—— let me not play a woman": — Until the Restoration, women's parts were always played by young men or boys. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, the conquered Queen says,

> "the quick comedians
> Extemporally will stage us, and present
> Our Alexandrian revels: Antony
> Shall be brought drunken forth; and I shall see
> Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
> I' th' posture of a whore." Act V. Sc. 2.

If there were no fit actor without a beard, a mask was so commonly worn by ladies that the manly honors of the face could be hidden behind it without any appearance of singularity.

p. 32. "I will roar an 'twere any nightingale": — The quartos have "I will roar *you*," &c. This form of the expression having occurred immediately before, its modification gives a colloquial ease to the dialogue which could hardly be the result of accident.

" "—— a *proper* man": — The English editors think it necessary to define 'proper' as an obsolete word. It is in common use in New England in the same sense that it has here, which is clearly enough indicated by the context.

" "—— hold, or *cut bow-strings*": — At a time when, even after the introduction of fire-arms, the famous English long-bow was yet in use among the people, the phrases which archery had furnished to the language were still preserved in ordinary conversation. *Bottom* means that they were to meet except in case of some accident as disabling as the cutting of his bow-string would be to an archer. The phrase was, doubtless, a popular one.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

p. 33. "*Thorough* bush, *thorough* brier": — The folio and Roberts' quarto have '*through*' in both cases. In Shakespeare's time, and before and after, the two orthographies were used without discrimination; both being frequently found on the same page, and even in the same line. This being the case, and the rhythm of the longer form being

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more musical, that is given in the text, from Fisher's quarto. In the folio the first eight lines are printed as four.

p. 33. "Swifter than the *moony* sphere": — From the time of Steevens to that of Collier this passage was printed "the moone*s* sphere." Folio and quartos have "the moon*s* sphere." Whether Steevens was justifiable in giving the old genitive form, for the sake of a syllable otherwise wanting, I will not undertake to say; but I am sure, that in this line Shakespeare did not write, could not have written, 'moons sphere;' and I will do no reader, with other ears than those of Midas, the wrong to doubt what his opinion will be, after he has pronounced 'moon*s sph*ere,' having had his attention directed to this point. It is, beside, almost as improbable that after changing the measure, Shakespeare, in so exquisitely musical a passage as this, would write a defective, or irregular line, as the second of the new measure, before the ear could become clearly impressed with the new rhythm. This consideration tends to justify the dissyllable possessive introduced into the current text by Steevens; but the euphonical objection against 'moone*s sph*ere' is hardly less than that against 'moo*ns sph*ere.' This being the case, I cannot but believe that "moons" is a misprint for 'moony;' because in most MS. of the date of this play it is nearly impossible to tell whether a final *s* is an *s*, a *g*, a *y*, an *h*, or a *d*, — in fact, I have seen numberless examples in which it might represent any one character, or any one thing, as well as another; and also because 'moony sphere' was a poetical phrase, known in Shakespeare's day. This Steevens himself has pointed out, in the following lines, from Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book III.

"what mov'd me to invite
Your presence, (sister deare,) first to my moony sphere."

'Where' and 'sphere' are not rhymes now; but in Shakespeare's time the vowel in the former seems to have had its pure sound, as now it has in the latter.

"To dew her *orbs*": — 'Orbs' is here used for 'circles,' — meaning those circles in the grass which, in England (I believe they are unknown here), are called 'fairy rings.' They are thus alluded to in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act V. Sc. 5: —

"And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
Th' expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile fresh than all the field to see."

Their origin is yet unknown to science. Steevens remarked, that as from a passage in Olaus Magnus *De Gen-*

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tibus Septentrionalibus, it appears that these dancers [the fairies] were supposed always to parch up the grass, it was properly made the office of *Titania's* attendant to refresh the circle with dew. The pensioners to which the fairy likens the gay cowslips are Queen Elizabeth's sumptuously arrayed band of Gentlemen Pensioners, of which Mrs. *Quickly* speaks in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II. Sc. 2.

p. 33. "—— thou *lob* of spirits": — 'Lob' is identical in origin with 'lubber.' It is here used by the fairy as descriptive of the contrast between *Puck's* squat figure and the airy shapes of the other fays.

" "—— so sweet a *changeling*": — 'Changeling' is here a trisyllable — the second requiring to be touched as delicately as a French *e*, final or in a similar position.

p. 34. "Call'd *Robin Good-fellow*": — Tradition had made this mischievous but good-natured sprite well known to the people of Shakespeare's day and their ancestors as the perpetrator of the deeds here attributed to him. See *Introduction*.

" "—— and sweet *Puck*": — Until after Shakespeare wrote this play, 'puck' was the generic name for a minor order of evil spirits. The name exists in all the Teutonic and Scandinavian dialects; and in New York the Dutch have left it in a form — 'spook,' meaning a ghost or spirit — known to all who are Knickerbockers by blood or birth. The name was not pronounced in Shakespeare's time with the *u* short. Indeed, he seems to have been the first to spell it *puck*, all other previous or contemporary English writers in whose works it has been discovered spelling it either *powke*, *pooke*, or *pouke*. There seems to be no reason to doubt that Shakespeare and his contemporaneous readers pronounced it *pook*. The fact that it is made a rhyme to 'luck' is not at all at variance with this opinion, because it appears equally certain that the *u* in that word, and in all of similar orthography, had the sound of *oo*. My own observation had convinced me of this long before I met with the following passages in Butler's *English Grammar*, 1633: "... for as *i* short hath the sound of *ee* short, so hath *u* short of *oo* short." P. 8. "The Saxon *u* wee have in sundry woords turned into *oo*, and not onely *u* short into *oo* short (*which sound is all one*,)" &c. P. 9.

"That *fright* the maidens": — Folio and quartos have "That frights;" but as in such sentences colloquial custom gave and gives a sanction to the agreement of the verb with the first pronoun; and as in folio and quartos

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'skim,' 'labour,' and, in both cases, 'make' conform to this custom, the presence of the final *s* in this instance appears to be due to accident, — it may be a mere meaningless slip of the pen, which half the final *s*'s of the day seem to have been.

In neither "some*times* labour" nor "some*time* make" (in which folio and quartos agree) is there evidence of carelessness, or typographical error. Both forms of the word were used indifferently; and in the present case the instinctive perception of euphony, which was so constant a guide of Shakespeare's pen, and in this play, perhaps, more so than in any other, seems to have determined the choice.

A quern was a hand-mill; and barm, yeast.

p. 34. "Thou speak'st aright": — This line lacks two syllables; and it is quite probable that Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 is correct in reading "*Fairy*, thou speak'st aright." But as the pause naturally made before the reply to the fairy's question may have been intended to take the place of the missing foot, no addition is here made to the text as found in folio and quartos.

"—— a *filly* foal": — The folio has "a *jilly* foal" — a variation hardly worth notice.

"—— the wisest *aunt*": — In New England villages good-natured old people are still called 'aunt' and 'uncle' by the whole community; and at the South old slaves are uncled and aunty'd by all the 'white-folks,' except, perhaps, the 'pore white-trash.'

"And '*tailor*' cries": — The origin and meaning of this exclamation are unknown; but Dr. Johnson says, "The custom of crying *tailor* at a sudden fall backwards, *I think I remember* to have observed. He that slips beside his chair falls as a tailor squats upon his board." This is not very satisfactory. Hanmer and Warburton read, "And *rails or* cries."

" "And *waxen* in their mirth": — 'Waxen' is the old plural of 'wax' — to increase. Farmer proposed 'yexen' — to hiccough; which was in use in Shakespeare's time, and more than a century after.

p. 35. "*Enter* OBERON . . . *and* TITANIA": — *Oberon* and *Titania* were almost as well known as *Robin Goodfellow* to Shakespeare's contemporaries, although he seems to have been the first to make *Robin* an attendant upon *Oberon*. *Oberon's* name is of continental origin. He is the mighty Elfin Dwarf Elberich, whose name became Auberich in French, and then — the French *on* taking the place of

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the German *ich*, as the *u* had that of the *i* — Auberon or Oberon. *Titania* received her name from the supposition that the Fairies were modern representatives of the classic nymphs attendant upon Diana, whom Ovid calls Titania. These derivations are pointed out in Keightly's *Fairy Mythology*, which is mentioned in a Note to the *Introduction* to this play.

p. 35. "*Fairies* skip hence" : — Folio and quartos have "fairy," which is plainly a misprint for 'fair*ies*,' and one easily made when the singular was written *fairie*. *Titania* is evidently about to retire with her whole train.

" "When thou *hast* stolen" : — The folio has "*wast*" — a misprint, doubtless, for 'hast,' which appears in both quartos. Just below, Fisher's quarto has "the farthest *steppe* of India," which is but a strange accident; for the word was not known in Shakespeare's day.

"From *Perigouna*, whom he ravished" : — The original has "Perig*enia*," and, in the next line, "fair *Eagles*;" but although the latter has been properly changed to 'Ægle,' the former, although as plainly a misprint, and an easy one, for 'Perigouna,' has hitherto been retained in the text. Shakespeare found both names in North's *Plutarch*, where they are respectively *Perigouna* and *Ægles*. With regard to the latter it may be remarked that in the loose orthography of Shakespeare's day an *s* was frequently added to proper names ending in a vowel. The spelling of the former (as in the text) represented quite accurately, to English eyes and ears in Shakespeare's time, the proper pronunciation of Περιγουνη, the daughter of the robber Sinnis, who was one of the many female prizes of the fabulous hero-duke of this play. As to the pronunciation of the final *a* in proper names, see the Note on "what news from *Genoa?*" *Merchant of Venice*, Act III. Sc. 1.

" "—— the *middle Summer's spring*" : — that is, the beginning, or spring, of midsummer; but Henley says, "the season when trees put forth their second, or, as they are frequently called, their midsummer shoots."

p. 36. "—— every *petty* river" : — The quartos have "pelting," and have hitherto been followed. The words have the same meaning.

" "—— their *continents*" : — that is, 'their containing banks.'

" "The *Nine Men's Morris* is fill'd up with mud" : — It appears that the game of 'nine men morris,' which we play upon a board with counters, used to be played on

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the turf. The lines were made by little trenches cut into the surface, and stones were used for counters.

p. 36. "The human mortals want," &c. : — This line, unless it is greatly corrupted, is one of the most obscure and unsatisfactory in all Shakespeare's works. In the original the passage stands, —

"The humane mortals want their winter heere,
No night is now with hymne or caroll blest."

As the rest of the speech shows that Winter is effectually present, 'want' cannot, with this reading, be used in the sense of 'desire;' unless we suppose the desire to be for Winter actually, with all its seasonable enjoyments accompanying its discomforts and deprivations. It is plain also that 'want' cannot have the sense of 'lack' or 'need;' unless we adopt the plausible emendation of Theobald, who read, —

"The human mortals want their winter *cheer*," &c. —

'cheer' referring to the hymns, carols, and other festive enjoyments of Winter, which did not accompany the unseasonable severity of the time referred to. The author of an anonymous pamphlet published in Edinburgh in 1814, proposed to remove the obscurity by the following punctuation of the passage — taking 'want' in the sense of 'are in need' : —

"The humane mortals want; their winter here
No night is now with hymn or carol blest."

Mr. Knight was the first to adopt this reading, with the following comment in support of it: "The swollen rivers have rotted the corn, the fold stands empty, the flocks are murrain, the sports of summer are at an end, the human mortals *want*. This is the climax. Their winter is *here* — is come — although the season is the latter Summer, or Autumn; and, in consequence, the hymns which gladdened the nights of a seasonable winter are wanting to this premature one." This is also plausible; and, in spite of the un-Shakespearian style of its thought and rhythm, it has been accepted by Mr. Verplanck and Mr. Hudson. It is barely possible that 'want' is a misprint for 'chant,' and that *Titania*, wishing to contrast the gloom of the spurious with the merriment of the real Winter, says, 'when their Winter is here, the human mortals chant; but *now* no night is blessed with hymn or carol;' and that we should read, —

"The human mortals *chant*, — their Winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest."

Of these emendations, that of Theobald most nearly conforms to the sense of the passage and the style of the

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author; but as even that is unsatisfactory, the line is given as it stands in the original, with only a modernization of the spelling.

p. 36. "And on old Hyems' *thin* and icy crown": — Folio and quartos have "*chin*," and, strangely enough, it was left for Tyrwhitt to point out that this is a misprint for 'thin.' What was a chaplet doing on old Hyems' '*chin*'? How did it get there? and when it got there, how did it stay? Mr. Stephen Weston thought that "this peculiar image of Hyems' *chin*" came from the following passage in the *Æneid*: —

> "—— tum flumina mento
> Præcipitant senis, et glacie riget horrida barba."
> IV. 250.

And Malone thought that it was suggested by these lines from Golding's translation of Ovid: —

> "And lastly, quaking for the colde, stood Winter all forlorne,
> With rugged head as white as dove, and garments all to-torne,
> Forladen with the isycles, that dangled up and downe
> Upon his gray and hoarie beard, and snowie frozen crown."

What shadow of similarity is there between the two pictures? Both Virgil and Ovid mention Winter's chin, or beard, it is true; but they show us icicles hanging from it: neither says any thing of a chaplet; and it is solely in the juxtaposition of a chin and a chaplet that the absurdity of the corrupted reading consists. A commentator might as well attempt to support that reading by a passage in which Winter is represented as shaving his chin, if one could be found. Controversy is eschewed in these Notes; and this attempt to defend the old misprint would not be noticed, had not Mr. Verplanck and Mr. Hudson given it countenance, and were it not an exemplary instance of an utterly futile mode of illustration, too common among the editors. This is the quoting, as illustrative of one passage, another in which the word or phrase under examination occurs, but connected with an idea totally unlike that in the text, and which is in all essential respects entirely from the purpose. Thus Monck Mason finds confirmation of Theobald's reading, 'winter cheer,' in the passage last noticed, in these lines from Fletcher's *Prophetess*, —

> "Our evening dances on the green, our songs,
> Our *holiday good cheer*,"

where the time is seasonable Summer instead of unsea-

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sonable Winter, and where the only similarity to the passage to be illustrated is the occurrence of the word 'cheer' in the sense of 'festivity,' which is as common as 'bread' in the sense of 'food.' Readers of Shakespeare should scrutinize carefully these passages quoted in illustration by editors and commentators.

p. 36. "The *childing* Autumn": — There is no doubt that 'child' was used as a verb, meaning 'produce,' and that therefore this passage, as it stands, means 'the fruitful Autumn.' But I am so sure that 'childing' is a misprint for 'chiding,' (in allusion to the lowering skies and harsh winds of Autumn, as the next epithet figures the increased inclemency of Winter,) and that Shakespeare wrote, —

> "The Spring, the Summer,
> The *chiding* Autumn, *angry* Winter, change
> Their wonted liveries,"

that I wonder that the suggestion has not been made before. 'Childing,' too, as it is synonymous with 'fruitful,' is directly at variance with the intent of the passage; whereas 'chiding' is as directly in accordance with it.

p. 37. "And heard *a mermaid, on a dolphin's back*": — One of the commentators of the last century sneered at this as not a very happy image. It is charitable to believe that he had forgotten, if he ever knew, that 'mermaid' in Shakespeare's time meant 'siren.' Thus Florio: "Siréna, *a Syren, a Mermaide;*" and also, "A marmayden, *Syren.*" Withal's *Shorte Dictionarie.* 4to. 1568. fol. 9 a.

p. 38. "—— love in idleness": — This flower is the tricolored violet. It is called, also, pansies, heart's-ease, Johnny-jump-up, cuddle-me-to-you, two-faces-under-a-hood, herb trinity, kiss-at-the-garden-gate, and, of old, wall gilliflower.

" "—— a girdle [*round*] about the Earth": — 'Round,' omitted in the folio and in Roberts' quarto, is found in Fisher's.

p. 39. "The one I'll *slay*, the other *slayeth* me": — Folio and quartos have "*stay*" and "*stayeth.*" Dr. Thirlby first thought that these were errors for 'slay' and 'slayeth;' and Theobald, who read in accordance with his suggestion, has been followed by all subsequent editors, with a very few exceptions. Mr. Knight says, in support of the old text, which he gives, "He is pursuing her [Hermia] when he exclaims, —

> 'The one I'll *stay*, the other *stayeth* me.'

He will *stay* — stop — Hermia; Lysander *stayeth* — hin-

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dereth — him." His example is followed and his explanation adopted by Mr. Verplanck and Mr. Hudson. But, setting aside the tameness of such a declaration from a high-spirited lover, who is "wood [i. e., mad — beside himself] within this wood," the exegesis cannot be received; for in such a sentence 'the one' must refer to the person or thing first named, — *Lysander*, here, — and 'the other' to the last named — *Hermia*. Heath saw this, and, attempting to defend the old reading in his *Revisal*, paraphrased it thus: "I will arrest *Lysander*, and disappoint his scheme of carrying off *Hermia*; for 'tis upon the account of this latter that I am wasting away the night in this wood." This is the best that can be done for the old text; but is there any risk in denying that Shakespeare made *Lysander* talk thus under the circumstances? In the old fonts of type, *st* and *sl* were cast together, thus — ſl, ſt; and the ease with which 'stay' might have been printed for 'slay,' even were the MS. read correctly by the printer, is a further justification for the placing the latter word in the text. The advocates for the old reading, in beginning their plea, by the postulate that it is quite unnecessary to attribute murderous or blood-thirsty designs to *Demetrius*, (as they all do, with noteworthy identity of thought and language,) forget that, in Act III. Sc. 2, he expresses a wish to give *Lysander's* carcase to his hounds, and that when *Lysander* wakes and loves *Helena*, almost his first words are,

> "Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
> Is that vile name to perish on my sword!"

p. 39. "—— as you *do* your dog": — The quartos have "*use*;" and, a few lines above, "do I love *you* the more," is found in Fisher's.

p. 40. "—— in the town *and* field": — Thus the folio and Roberts' quarto: Fisher's quarto, "the town, *the* field." Five lines below, the folio, by a mere typographical error, has "*I* follow thee."

" "I know a bank *where* the wild thyme blows": — Malone reasonably supposed 'where' to be used as a dissyllable here. It may, at least, very properly have a dissyllabic quantity. Steevens needlessly introduced the reading 'where*on*.' 'Oxlip' is the name whimsically enough given to the greater cowslip.

p. 41. "Lull'd in these *bowers*": — The old copies have "*flowers*," a probable misprint for the word in the text, which was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632; and that it is a misprint, the context plainly shows. "A *bank*" "*overcanopied*" with woodbine, musk-roses and eglan-

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tine is certainly a bower; and, says *Oberon*, "*there* sleeps Titania," and "*there* the snake throws her enamell'd skin." Finally, *Puck* says, Act III. Sc. 2,

"My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated *bower*,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour," &c.

SCENE II.

l. 41. "Some war with *rear-mice*": — Bats were called rear-mice. In Anglo-Saxon, *Hrere-mus*; from *hreran*, to flutter.

p. 42. "Sing in *our* sweet lullaby": — The folio has "*your*," by a palpable error.

" "1 *Fai.* Hence, away!" — These lines are printed in the old copies in italic letter as part of the Song; but plainly they are a speech, and the Song closes with the chorus.

p. 43. "So that but one heart can *you* make of it": — Both quartos have "*we*." The reading of the folio is not only authoritative in this essential change, but far more significant than that of the quartos. *Lysander*, in his attempt to meet the objections which *Hermia* makes to his proposition, may, with much more propriety and effect, attribute to his mistress alone the desire of separating him from her, than to make himself a party to such an endeavor. So in the next line, "interchanged" appears in the folio, instead of the weaker "*inter-chained*," of the quartos; — the latter conveying the comparatively common place thought, that the lovers' hearts were bound together; the former representing them as having been given each to the other as the most solemn instruments are made, interchangeably. But hitherto all modern editions, to the disregard of the authority of the folio and of these considerations, have followed what is queerly enough called 'the older *authority*.'

" "—— Athenian *find* I none": — Fisher's quarto has "*found*."

p. 45. "—— Nature *shews her* art": — The folio has "Nature *her shews* art," which is plainly but an accidental transposition. The second folio changes 'her' to 'here,' and thus furnishes the poorer reading found in all editions until Mr. Knight's appeared.

" "—— lord of more true *gentleness*": — 'Gentleness' here means 'graciousness,' 'courtesy.' *Helena*, in a common modern phrase, means to say, that she thought *Lysander* 'more of a gentleman' than to behave as he

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had behaved to her. The very general misapprehension of the meaning of the first element of 'gentle-man' — the thing, perhaps, no less than the word — is the excuse for comment upon a plain passage.

p. 46. "—— those *they* did deceive" : — The folio misprints "*that.*"

" "*Ay* me, for pity" : — Modern editions hitherto have given "*Ah* me;" but the old copies have 'Eigh,' or 'Aye;' — a different exclamation.

"—— a serpent *eat* my heart," &c. : — The original has "*eate* my heart," and gives the same form of the verb and the same orthography elsewhere, which not only forbids us to read 'ate,' but accords with the supposition that the present and preterite tenses were not distinguished even in pronunciation, but both had the pure sound of *e*. And yet the strong preterite, 'ate,' is, of course, the older form.

"And *you* sat smiling" : — The folio misprints "And *yet.*"

" "Speak, *of all loves*" : — A pretty adjuration common on feminine lips in Shakespeare's day. See Notes on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II. Sc. 2.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

p. 47. "*By'r lakin*, a *parlous* fear" : — 'By'r lakin' is a corruption of 'by our ladykin,' or little lady, as 'parlous' is of 'perilous.'

" "—— in *eight and six*" : — In lines alternately of eight and six syllables.

p. 49. "—— a play *toward*" : — That is, a play in progress.

" "A stranger Pyramus" : — This is given to *Quince*, in both quartos: the correction of the error in the folio is noteworthy.

p. 51. "The *oosel-cock*" : — It is plain that the English black-bird — which differs from its American namesake — is meant here. Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*, Song 13, has

"The woosel near at hand, that hath a golden bill;"

and, in a note, remarks, "Of all birds the black-bird only whisleth." The true ousel has not an orange-tawny bill. See also Withal's *Shorte Dictionary*, 1568. "An owsil, called a blackbirde, *merula*." The folio misprints "*The wren* and *little quill.*"

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p. 51. "The *plain-song* cuckoo": — The cuckoo has this designation on account of the simple and unvarying character of its note, which is likened to the plain song upon which a descant was written. See Note on "too harsh a descant," *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act I. Sc. 2.

" "I pray thee, gentle mortal," &c.: — The last line of this speech is misplaced in the folio and Roberts' quarto, in both of which it is printed as the third. This accident — of a kind by no means uncommon even now-a-days — is much exaggerated by those editors who wish to free themselves from the authority of the folio.

" "—— I can *gleek*": — 'Gleek' is the old English for 'jeer.'

p. 52. "Peas-blossom! Cobweb! *Mote!* and Mustard-seed!" — The old copies spell the name of the third fairy, *Moth*, which, as we have seen before, is their invariable spelling of 'mote;' as, for instance, in this play, Act V. Sc. 1, "A *Moth* [mote] wil turne the ballance," &c. The editors not having noticed this orthography, or that 'moth' was pronounced *mote* in Shakespeare's day, Fairy *Mote* has been hitherto presented as Fairy *Moth*. The point is more fully discussed in the *Introduction* to *Much Ado About Nothing*, Vol. II. p. 226, and in the Note on "*Enter* ARMADO *and* MOTH," in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. Sc. 2. In addition, however, to the remarks and citations to be found there, note the following from Withal's *Shorte* [Latin] *Dictionarie for Young Beginners*. London. 4to. 1568. "A moth or motte that eateth clothes, *tinea*." fol. 7 a. — "A barell or greate bolle, *Tina, næ. Sed tinea, cum e, vermiculus est, anglicè*, A mought." fol. 43 a; and this from Lodge's *Wits Miserie or the World's Madnesse*, "They are in the aire like *atomi in sole*, mothes in the sun;" also this passage from Randolph's *Amyntas, or the Impossible Dowry*, Oxford, 1640; which shows, too, the application of the word to a fairy: —

"*Jocastus*. . . . Go, love *some fairy lady!* Princely Oberon shall stand thy friend, and beauteous Mab, his queen, give thee a Maid of Honour.

Mopsus. How, Jocastus? Marry a puppet? Wed *a mote* i' th' sun?"

The orthography of the page's name in *Love's Labour's Lost* is left undisturbed, for reasons given in the Note referred to; but as in this case there cannot be a shadow of doubt that the more diminutive appellation is the correct one, and as, from the occurrence of the name but once in the text, the restoration of Shakespeare's word will cause none of that disturbance of old associations

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which is to be avoided upon points so comparatively unimportant, the moth o' the candle gives place to the mote i' th' sun.

p. 52. "*Mustard-seed.* And I": — The replies of the fairies are printed thus in the old copies: "*Fai.* Ready; and I, and I, and I, Where shall we go?" But it is plain that the replies in the singular are to be distributed among the four, and that the question is put by all. Some editors have unwarrantably struck out the last "and I," and have given the question to the fourth Fairy. In Roberts' quarto *Titania's* summons is separated from the foregoing part of her speech, and placed just above the stage direction, *Enter foure fairies.* This misled the printer of the folio, and he printed the whole as a stage direction: "*Enter* Pease-blossome, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-seede, *and* foure Fairies." It has been the practice hitherto to prefix these replies and the subsequent salutations to *Bottom*, 1*st Fai.*, 2*d Fai.*, &c., although immediately afterward the speeches of the same fairies are prefixed with their names, — a strange inconsistency. It is common enough in the old copies, as we have already seen, for the speeches of characters not very prominent to have sometimes numerical or generic prefixes, and at others their proper names.

p. 53. "Mistress *Squash*, your *mother*": — So *Malvolio* says, *Twelfth Night*, Act I. Sc. 5, "as a squash is before 'tis a peascod." How and when the name of an immature peascod came to be applied to the vegetable now called squash, does not appear.

" "Tie up my *love's* tongue": — Folio and quartos have "*louers*;" but the relative position of *Titania* and *Bottom*, the usages of Shakespeare's time, and the rhythm of the line combine to assure us that there was an easy misprint of 'lovers' for 'love's.'

Scene II.

p. 54. "A crew of *patches*": — Here 'patch' is a term of contempt.

" "—— that barren *sort*": — i. e., that barren company. So, a few lines below, "many in sort."

"An ass's *nowl*": — i. e., head. The word is the same as 'knoll,' a rounded elevation; and the pronunciation of both is *nole*, which is the spelling of the word in the old copies.

p. 55. "—— *latch'd* the Athenian's eyes": — To latch was to smear, to anoint, from the French '*lecher*,' 'to lick.'

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p. 55. "—— so *dead*, so grim": — It seems more than possible that 'dead' is a misprint for '*dread*,' which Dr. Johnson found written on the margin of his Shakespeare. Steevens justified 'dead,' because "our author uses it again in *King Henry IV.*: —

> 'Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
> So dull, so *dead* in look, so woe-begone.'"

The principle of this style of illustration seems to be that the two passages compared shall be as remote in sense as possible. So Shakespeare uses 'dead' in hundreds of other instances: but what of that? Does *Hermia* mean to say that murderers look "dull" and "woe-begone"? She has only in mind the terror which they inspire, their grimness. Malone quotes a passage from Greene's *Dorastus and Fawnia*, in which "*dead* thoughts" occurs; but this is doubtless a misprint for "*dread* thoughts." 'Dead,' in the text, must be taken in the sense of 'pallid.'

In the next line the folio misprints 'murtherer' for 'murthered.'

p. 56. "O! once tell true; *tell true*," &c.: — The second 'tell true' is omitted in the folio by accident, as the rhythm of the line, and, in a measure, the construction of the sentence show.

" "O, brave *touch*": — 'Touch' is used here in the sense of 'act,' 'deed.' The phrase is something akin to the French '*coup de maître*.'

' "—— part I [*so*]": — Folio and quartos have no word in the place of 'so,' which was interpolated by Pope for the sake of rhythm and rhyme, and has been universally accepted. The passage is printed in the old copies,

> "A priuiledge, neuer to see me more;
> And from thy hated presence part I: see me no more
> Whether he be dead or no."

" "—— that bankrupt *sleep*": — Folio and quartos misprint either "*slip*" or "*slippe*."

" "All *fancy*-sick she is, and pale of *cheer*": — In Shakespeare's time 'love' was called 'fancy;' as in his lines, "Tell me, where is fancy bred," "In maiden meditation fancy free." 'Cheer,' used even now for 'aspect,' though chiefly for that which was an effect upon the aspect, was originally used for the face itself. Wiclyff translates the passage in *James* i. 23, about a man's "beholding his natural face in a glass," — "that biholdith the *cheer of his byrthe* in a myrrour;" and Milton uses the word much in the same sense, in the lines,

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"He ended, and his words thir drooping chere
Enlightn'd, and thir languisht hope reviv'd."
Paradise Lost, VI. 496.

p. 57. "—— against she *doth* appear": — So folio and quartos, yet modern editors read "she *do*;" although 'doth' conforms to the usage of Shakespeare's time. It has been restored in this edition before, and will be often again without notice.

" "—— sport *alone*": — i. e., sheer sport, only [alone] sport; but Mr. Collier interprets it, 'excellent sport.'

p. 58. "This *princess* of pure white": — Plainly 'princess' is used here as a term of preëminence; and yet Hanmer read 'pureness,' and Mr. Collier, even in the present day, suggests 'impress.'

"If you *were* men": — The folio has "*are*," — a palpable misprint.

p. 59. "My heart *to* her . . . sojourned": — So folio and quartos. Malone read "*with* her," which accords with modern usage; but it does not appear sufficiently clear, that 'to' was not the old idiom.

" "[*Helen*,] it is not so": — 'Helen' is found only in Fisher's quarto. The address seems to be as much demanded by the relations of the parties and the nature of the reply as by the measure.

" "—— thou *aby* it dear": — The folio and Roberts' quarto have "abide;" and that seems to be the real word, of which 'aby' was an old form, that was going out of use when Shakespeare wrote: consequently the printers (who did not then feel bound to follow the orthography of their copy, even when it was printed) gave it sometimes 'aby,' and other times 'abide.' Further on, in this very Scene, Roberts' quarto has, "Thou shalt *aby* it;" while the folio which was printed from a copy of that edition has, "Thou shalt *abide* it." As a slightly different shade of meaning is connected with the form 'aby,' that is given in the text.

p. 60. "— O! is all forgot?" — The natural pause before 'O!' fills up the time of the missing unaccented syllable.

" "—— like two *artificial* gods": — i. e., two *artificing* gods, *dii artifices*.

" "Two of the first," &c.: — 'First,' 'second,' &c., are used in heraldry either to denote a house, or as referring to tints already mentioned in blazoning a coat. This has caused some editors to find obscurity in these lines. But

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here 'first' is used in its ordinary sense, as Douce pointed out. Such a sense well suits the literal and prosaic cast of parts of this Scene. *Helena* says that she and *Hermia* had two bodies, but one heart; and two of the first — that is, two bodies — due but to one — that is, one heart — like coats in heraldry, when the bearings of two families are united in the arms of one person and crowned with his crest.

p. 60. "—— at your *passionate* words": — Both quartos omit 'passionate.' This is one of those corrections which are important as showing the authority of the folio. Such an omission in the folio itself would be justly assignable to accident; but its restoration there when two editions had been printed without it, indicates a correction of the text before it left the hands of Heminge and Condell.

p. 61. "—— than her weak *prayers*": — Folio and quarto have "*praise*" — a palpable misprint, and an easy, when 'praise' was often written *prayse*.

" "—— such an *argument*": — The theme or story of a poem was called its argument; and *Helena* means that unless they were pitiless and graceless they would not make her the theme of such cruel ridicule.

p. 62. "No, no, *sir*": — It is not easy to understand the force of this exclamation. The quartos do not better the matter by reading, —

"No, no, heele
Seeme to break loose."

Malone read, —

"No, no, he'll — Sir,
Seem to break loose," &c.

" "O hated *poison*, hence": — Fisher's quarto has "*potion*."

" "O me! what *news*, my love!" — Mr. Collier's folio has "what *means* my love?" which, considering the aptness of the substituted word, and that that which it replaces is spelled *newes* in the old copies, is one of the most plausible readings found in that volume. But when we also consider that as this is *Hermia's* first interview with her lover since *Puck's* application of the flower to his eyes, she may well express surprise at the novelty of his declaration that he hates her; and when, besides, we find the same word 'newes' in the two quartos and in the folio, there does not seem to be sufficient warrant for a change in the authentic text.

p. 63. "Therefore, be out of hope, of *question*, *of* doubt": — This line is an alexandrine — 'question' being here used

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as a trisyllable. See Note on "spruce affection," *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. Sc. 2, p. 473. The editors not perceiving this, nearly all modern editions deviate from the text of both folio and quartos, and, dropping the second 'of,' read "of question, doubt."

p. 64. "—— *hind'ring* knot-grass": — Knot-grass, as we learn from contemporary allusions, was supposed to have the power of hindering the growth of children. It is defined in Withal's *Short Dictionarie*, 1568, as "the hearbe that stoppeth bloude. *Sanguinaria.*"

" "Thou shalt *aby* it": — The folio prints "*abide.*" See Note on "thou *aby* it dear," in this Scene, p. 113.

p. 65. "—— to try whose right, *of* thine or mine," &c.: — So the folio and quartos. Nearly all modern editions read, "*or* thine or mine;" but needlessly. We have the same construction in *The Tempest*, Act II. Sc. 1: "Which of he or Adrian for a good wager?" &c. See also the following from Guazzo's *Civile Conversation*, 1586: "I should be verie glad (if it might so please you) we might enter into argument, which is more available to mannes state, — of solitariness or conversation?" fol. 5 b. 'Conversation,' when this book was written, meant intercourse with the world.

" "My legs are longer," &c.: — After this line the quartos have a speech by *Hermia*. "I am amaz'd, and know not what to say." The omission by the folio of a line or a passage which is found in a quarto is to be attributed to design in all cases, except those in which a hiatus in the sense shows it to be accidental; but when the extent and the nature of the passage omitted gives reason for belief that it was struck out of the stage copy furnished by the players to the printer, to abbreviate the performance, it may properly be restored to the text as part of the author's work which he did not cancel, but sacrificed to convenience. This omission belongs to neither of these classes. The line is so unsuited to *Hermia's* quickness of temper and tongue, to the state of her mind and to the situation, and so uncalled for by *Helena's* speech which elicits it, that we should gladly accept the testimony of the authentic copy that it is either the interpolation of some player who did not want to leave the stage without a speech, or a piece of the author's work which he cancelled as unsatisfactory or superfluous.

"—— commit'st thy knaveries *willingly*": — Thus the folio; the quartos have "*wilfully.*"

"—— he *had* on": — The folio reads 'hath': *th* is not uncommonly given for *d*.

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p. 65. "—— this *virtuous* property": — 'Virtue' was used of old, and is sometimes now used, for 'power,' especially in the sense of healing, or corrective power; as in the gospel account of the woman who had an issue — "for I perceive that virtue is gone out of me." *Luke* viii. 46.

p. 66. "—— this *derision*": — Here 'derision' is a word of four syllables, and 'vision,' in the next line, one of three.

" "—— do thee *employ*": — So Fisher's quarto. The folio misprints "*imply*," and Roberts' quarto, "*apply*."

" "Goblin, lead them up and down": — Mr. Collier says, "These four lines are possibly a quotation from some lost ballad respecting *Puck* and his pranks. He would otherwise hardly address himself as 'Goblin.' The exit of *Oberon* is not marked in the old copies, and the last line might belong to him." But see what the *Fairy* says, Act II. Sc. 1: —

"Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work; and *they shall have good luck.*"

p. 67. "—— but faster did he fly": — Opposite this line the folio has "*shifting places*," in the form of a stage direction. It is, however, misplaced, as it plainly refers to *Puck*, *Lysander*, and *Demetrius*, and belongs several lines above. The quarto has no directions at all here.

p. 68. "Where art thou [*now*]": — The folio and Fisher's quarto omit 'now.'

" "Thou shalt *buy* this dear": — Thus the old copies. Modern editors have printed it 'by' — considering it an abbreviation of 'aby.' But this is quite needless. *Demetrius* means that Lysander shall "buy it dear."

p. 69. "[To] your eye": — Neither the folio nor the quartos have 'To,' which was supplied as a matter of course by Rowe — it being required both by sense and rhythm. Mr. Halliwell is of opinion that of old 'apply' did not absolutely require the preposition. But the single case which he cites in his support appears to be itself the result of typographical error.

" "[DEM., HEL., &c., *sleep*": — The stage direction in the folio, which does not appear in the quartos, is, "They sleepe all the Act;" meaning that they are to be found asleep at the rising of the curtain for the next Act. Another mark, this, of the use in Shakespeare's theatre of the copy from which the folio was printed.

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ACT FOURTH.

SCENE I.

p. 70. "*Enter* TITANIA *and* BOTTOM," &c. : — In the folio, "*Enter Queene of Fairies and Clowne,*" &c. : — *Bottom* is generally called the 'Clown' in the stage directions and prefixes of the old editions.

" "—— thy amiable cheeks do *coy*" : — To 'coy' means to caress. "I have neuer yet found man so fierce and sauage, which hath not suffered himself to be *coyed* and clawed with the tickling of flatterie." Guazzo's *Civile Conversation*. 1586. fol. 33 a. See Note on 'claw.' *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. Sc. 2, p. 461.

" "*Moun*sieur Cobweb" : — The folio and the quartos always carefully mark this characteristic corruption of the French *monsieur* — often as it occurs in this Scene; but all modern editors, except Capell, have disregarded this trait of the old text, if, indeed, they ever noted it.

"—— give me your *nief*" : — i. e., your fist.

" "—— help Cavalery *Cobweb* to scratch" : — Dr. Grey pointed out *Bottom's* forgetfulness of his having sent Cavalery *Cobweb* on a perilous expedition, and suggested that we should read "*Peas-blossom.*" But, under the embarrassing circumstances in which *Bottom* was placed, it will not do to be exacting in our demands upon his memory.

p. 71. "—— let's have the tongs and the bones. [*Rustic music*" : — The stage direction in the folio here is "*Musicke, Tongs, Rurall Musicke ;*" but the quarto from which the folio was printed has nothing of the kind.

" "—— a *bottle* of hay" : — i. e., a bundle of hay. "A botell of hey, *fasciculus fœni.*" Withal's *Short Dictionarie*. 1568. The word was used until a comparatively recent date in England, but has long been forgotten in America, where we read the old adage 'to seek a needle in a bottle of hay,' 'to seek a needle in a *hay-mow.*'

" "—— and be *a while* away" : — Folio and quartos have "*alwaies,*" which is not a form in which "*all ways*" — the universal reading hitherto — would probably have been printed; neither does 'always' or 'all ways' afford a sense at all consistent with the purport of the passage. For *Titania* did not wish her fairies to be always away, or care whether they went all ways or one way, so long

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as they left her and *Bottom* for a while. Therefore the reading of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, 'a while,' seems to have good claim to a place in the text.

p. 71. "So doth the *woodbine*, the sweet *honeysuckle*," &c. : — There are few readers of Shakespeare, in America at least, who have not seen the woodbine and the honeysuckle growing together, and twining round each other from their very roots to the top of the veranda on which they are trained; and to such persons this passage is simple and clear. Yet there are two pages of comment upon it in the *Variorum* edition; the occasion of which is, the discovery of various passages in the early poets and lexicographers, some of which imply that the woodbine and the honeysuckle are the same plant, others that the honeysuckle is the flower of the woodbine. The commentators went not to Shakespeare's teacher — Nature, but to books; and hence the mystification about so simple a matter, which, strange to say, has not been explained till now. That others had erred before any of the authors whom they quote, here is evidence: "Woodbine *or* hony succle. *Perea climenon.*" Withal's *Short Dictionarie.* 1568. fol. 26 b. The confusion was caused to less observant eyes than Shakespeare's, by the very fact that the two plants are frequently trained so closely together as to seem one; especially as they are similar — almost identical — in many points, though no less unlike in others. The latter are found chiefly in the form and color of the flowers; those of the honeysuckle being long unbroken tubes of deep scarlet, somewhat formally grouped; those of the woodbine shorter, deeply indented from the edge, of a pale-buff color, and irregularly disposed. The woodbine, though perhaps not sweeter than "the sweet honeysuckle," diffuses its fragrance farther.

" "Seeking sweet *favours*": — This is the reading of Fisher's quarto: the folio has "favours," which is hardly distinguishable from 'favours.' *Bottom* has asked for a honey-bag, which seems to support 'sweet *savours*;' but as *Titania* has stuck musk roses in his head, and *Oberon* now refers to a previous garlanding of his donkeyship, 'favours' is quite surely right.

p. 72. "—— when the *other* do": — See Note on "Some other," &c. *Comedy of Errors*, Act IV. Sc. 3, p. 216.

' "Be as thou wast wont to be": — Thus the quartos; but the folio has "Be *thou*," &c. — a difference hitherto unnoticed. This is one of the few instances in which it seems proper to allow strong probability and the testimony of other editions to outweigh the dictum of the authen-

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tic folio. There is a change of rhythm for this little incantation; and that Shakespeare should have vitiated it in the very first line is improbable to the verge of impossibility; whereas the insertion of 'thou' in such a place by a transcriber or printer is an accident of a sort that frequently happens.

p. 72. "—— mine eyes do loath *this* visage": — Fisher's quarto has "*his* visage." Either may be Shakespeare's word. In the next line both quartos have "take off *his* head;" and here the indicative force of the word in the folio makes it preferable.

"Sound, music! [*Still music*]": — This stage direction, lacking in the quartos, is placed in the folio immediately after *Titania's* command, in these words, "*Musick still.*" The meaning of the term is obvious enough — soft music, "such as charmeth sleep."

p. 73. "To all fair *posterity*": — Fisher's quarto has "*prosperity*" — a tame word here, especially as coming after 'fair;' but it has been universally preferred, hitherto, merely because, at their first meeting, *Oberon* tells *Titania* that she has come to the wedding of *Theseus* and *Hippolyta* "to give their bed joy and prosperity." But surely the best way to do that, and the most appropriate on this occasion, was to bless the house to all fair posterity. Warburton announced that "we should read '*far* posterity.'" As a suggestion the reading is plausible.

" "With these mortals on the ground": — Immediately before this line the folio only has the direction, *Sleepers lie still.* This is another of the many prompter's guides which show that the folio edition of this play was printed from the stage copy. The meaning is, that the sleepers are not to awake at that sounding of the horns, but were to sleep until the next.

"—— they bay'd the *bear*": — Passages in Chaucer's *Knightes Tale*, Holinshed's *Chronicles*, Pliny, and Plutarch, so justify this text that it must remain undisturbed; but I believe that the easiest of all misprints in Shakespeare's time was made, and that we should read that Hercules and Cadmus "bayed the *boar*" in a wood of Crete. This is also Mr. Dyce's opinion.

" "The skies, the *fountains*": — Warburton and Heath suggested "*mountains*," which might well have been Shakespeare's word. But Theobald showed, that Virgil and other classic poets have made the waters responsive to sound: —

"Tum vero exoritur clamor, ripæque *lacusque*
Responsat circa, et cœlum tonat omne tumultu."

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It should, however, be remembered, that mountains are rarely or never mentioned in the landscape poetry of Greece and Rome. Had it been otherwise they doubtless would have taken the place of lakes in such passages.

p. 73. "*Seem'd* all one mutual cry": — Folio and quartos have "*seeme*," which was corrected in the second folio.

p. 74. "So *flew'd*, so *sanded*": — The hanging chaps of a hound were called 'flews.' Steevens says that "'sanded' means 'of a sandy colour,' which is one of the true denotements of a bloodhound." Tawny sand is meant, of course.

" "I wonder *of* their being here": — 'I wonder of' is the old idiom for 'I wonder at.'

p. 75. "Was to be gone from Athens, where we might," &c.: — Thus Fisher's quarto; Roberts', which is followed by the folio, reads "where we might *be*," and completes the sense at "Athenian law." But this is fatal to the rhythm of the line; and not only so, but to the sense of the passage. For, as others have remarked, it is plain that *Egeus* interrupts *Lysander* with great impetuosity; and, beside, he adds the explanation, "They would have stolen away," &c., which would have been entirely superfluous, had *Lysander* completed the expression of his intent.

" "Fair Helena *in fancy follow'd* me": — "In fancy" means 'for love.' Fisher's quarto has "*following*."

" "Melted as [*doth*] the snow": — The folio and Roberts' quarto print this passage thus irregularly: —

"I wot not by what power
(But by some power it is) my loue
To Hermia (melted as the snow)
Seemes to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude."

'Doth' was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, and had, almost a hundred years before, been given a place in the text by Capell. Without it, the line is prose, and there can hardly be a doubt that the confusion of the lines in the MS., or by the printer, caused it to be omitted.

" "—— we *shall hear more* anon": — Fisher's quarto has "*more will hear*," and Roberts', "*will* hear more."

p. 76. "Mine own and not mine own.
Dem. It seems to me."

The quartos give this passage thus: —

"Mine own and not mine own.
Dem. *Are you sure*
That we are awake? It seemes to me," &c.

Every reader, with an ear and common sense, must be

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glad that words so superfluous and so fatal to the rhythm of two lines do not appear in the authentic copy. But although there omitted, they have been industriously recovered from the quartos by those who consider that antiquity, not authenticity, gives authority.

p. 76. "And he *did* bid us follow": — The folio and Roberts' quarto omit 'did.' The accident was doubtless caused by the similarity of 'did' and 'bid.'

Scene II.

p. 77. "Yea, and the best person too": — Mr. Halliwell assigns this speech to *Snout;* and, I am inclined to think, with reason. *Snout* otherwise is left without a word to say; and *Peter Quince* is not the man to blunder between 'paramour' and 'paragon.' He is able to correct the cacology of his fellows, as we see in the first rehearsal.

" "—— *sixpence* a day": — This seems like a jest, but is not one. Sixpence sterling, in Shakespeare's time, was equal to about eighty-seven and a half cents now; — no mean gratuitous addition to the daily wages of a weaver during life. See the following extract, from a very able little tract on political economy, often quoted in these Notes: —

"And ye know xii. d. a day now will not go so far as viii. pence would aforetime. . . . Also where xl. shillinges a yere was honest wages for a yeoman afore this time, and xx. *pence a week borde wages* was sufficient, now double as much will skante beare their charge." *A Conceipt of English Pollicy.* 4to. 1581. fol. 33 b.

p. 78. "—— [*right*] as it fell out": — 'Right' is found only in the quartos. As there seems to be no reason for excluding it, the omission of it in the folio was probably accidental.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

p. 79. "The poet's eye," &c.: — In the folio and the quartos this and the six following lines are printed as six.

" "[Or in the night," &c.: — Who can believe that the last two lines of this speech are genuine? Think of the descent from

"as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen

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Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name,"

to such smile-provoking common place, such "a lame and impotent conclusion," as,

"Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!"

The two preceding lines are doubtless genuine. They close the speech appropriately with a clear and conclusive distinction between the apprehensive and the comprehensive power of the imaginative mind. Where, indeed, in the whole range of metaphysical writing is the difference between the two so accurately stated and so forcibly illustrated? And would Shakespeare, after thus reaching the climax of his thought, fall a twaddling about bushes and bears? Note, too, the loss of dignity in the rhythm. I cannot even bring myself to doubt that these lines are interpolated.

p. 80. "—— strange, and *admirable*": — 'Admirable' is here used in its radical sense — to be wondered at — no approbation being implied.

" "Call *Philostrate*": — So the quartos; but the folio, "Call *Egeus*," which is wrong, as the rhythm and the position of the two personages make sure. At the commencement of the Scene, too, the folio marks the entrance of *Egeus* instead of *Philostrate*, and in it the speeches of the latter are assigned to the former. But these facts, instead of invalidating the authority of that edition, confirm it; for they are plainly due to the performance of the two characters by one actor. *Egeus* and *Philostrate* are never on the stage together, neither has much to say, and in a company smaller than those we are now accustomed to, an actor would very probably be required to 'double' in them — as the theatrical phrase is. The marks of the prompter's book thus follow us to the end of the play.

" "—— what *abridgment* have you": — Steevens supposed that 'abridgment' meant a dramatic performance which crowds the events of years into a few hours; Henley — whose explanation has been generally accepted, I must think, for want of a better — that it is another term for 'pastime,' something to abridge the hours. But does not *Theseus* merely ask the Master of the Revels for his programme for the evening — the "*brief* how many sports are ripe," which he immediately presents?

" "—— how many sports are *ripe*": — The folio copies the misprint "*rife*," from Roberts' quarto.

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p. 80. "Lys. *The Battle with the Centaurs*," &c.: — The folio makes *Lysander* read the schedule and *Theseus* comment; and it seems natural that, under the circumstances, a sovereign should hand such a paper to some one else to read aloud. The quartos give the whole to *Theseus*. The change is due to no accident; for in the folio *Lys.* and *The.* are alternately and correctly prefixed to every extract and comment.

p. 81. "That is, hot ice, and wondrous *strange* snow": — The failure of the latter clause of this line to supply the required antithesis to the corresponding clause of the preceding line was early noticed. Pope omitted the line; Hanmer read "wondrous *scorching* snow;" Warburton announced that "the nonsense should be corrected thus, 'That is, hot ice, *a* wonderous strange *show;*'" Upton suggested, "wondrous strange *black* snow;" Monck Mason, "wonderous *strong* snow;" Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 — the earliest emendation of all — has "wondrous *seething* snow." The last seems preferable to all the others; but there is hardly sufficient ground for making so great a change in a word which is found in the folio and in both quartos.

p. 82. "—— in their *intents*": — 'Intents' here, as the subject of the two verbs, 'stretch'd' and 'conn'd,' is used both for 'endeavor' and for 'the object of endeavor,' by a license, which other writers than Shakespeare have assumed.

" "—— takes it in *might*, not merit": — i. e., considers it with regard to the ability, or might, of the performers, not according to the merit of the performance. Two syllables have evidently been lost from the preceding line. Theobald supplied them by reading "poor *willing* duty," the only objection to the reception of which is, that 'simple,' 'eager,' 'struggling,' or one of many other dissyllabic words might be inserted with equal propriety.

" "—— dumbly *have* broke off": — As 'have' has no nominative except 'I,' three lines above, it may be a misprint for 'th'ave;' but it is far more probable that 'they' is understood; for such license was common in Shakespeare's day, or rather, it was hardly license then.

" "—— the Prologue is *address'd*": — i. e., prepared. We still say that a man addresses himself to work, or to sleep.

p. 83. "*Enter* QUINCE *as the* Prologue": — Folio and quartos have '*Enter the* Prologue;' but the folio adds *Quince*, there being a considerable space between that and the preceding word. The direction has not been followed, or

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even noticed before. *Peter Quince* is plainly the author of this interlude; and as he had no part in the performance, the assignment of the Prologue to him is highly appropriate. As to the origin and nature of the entertainment called by our ancestors an Interlude, see *The Rise and Progress of the English Drama*, Vol. I.

p. 83. "—— he hath play'd on *his* prologue": — The quartos have "*this* prologue."

" "*Enter, with a Trumpet, and the* Presenter *before them*," &c.: — The folio alone here has "*Tawyer, with a trumpet before them*," and then, in common with the quartos, "*Enter Pyramus and Thisby, Wall, Mooneshine, and Lyon.*" 'Tawyer' was supposed to be the name of the trumpeter, and hitherto only the latter direction has been given. But Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 discovers to us that Tawyer was the name, not of the trumpeter, but of the Presenter of the interlude, whose office it was to deliver the argument of the work. This has hitherto been assigned to the Prologue, most inconsistently; for the manner in which it is spoken shows a knowledge of "points," and a regard for them, quite beyond that functionary's ken. The error in the prefix arose from the similarity of *Pref.* and *Prol.*, which in old MS. could hardly be distinguished from each other. Here we have in the folio another transcript from the prompter's book.

p. 84 "—— there to *woo*": — It may be remarked here upon the rhyme of 'woo' with 'know,' that the former word seems to have had the pure vowel sound of *o*. It was spelled *wooe* or *woe*, and as often in the latter way as the former.

" "—— which lion hight by name": — There is no rhyme to this line, and it is probable that one has been lost after the next. Theobald saw this, and attempted to remedy the defect, by reading "which *by name lion hight*," making a treble rhyme.

" "*Exeunt* PROLOGUE, Presenter, PYRAMUS," &c.: — Here the folio has "*Exit all but Wall;*" and yet, excepting Capell's, every edition hitherto, issued within a hundred years, (each copying without examination its predecessor's error,) keeps *Pyramus* on the stage; although they all direct him, as the folio does, to enter, after *Wall* has made his speech. The quartos, which Capell follows, send out only "*Lyon, Thisbie, and Moonshine*," keeping not only *Bottom* on the stage at this time, but poor *Peter Quince* until the end of the interlude: Capell, however, sends him out, too; but, with them also, he consistently does not direct the entrance of *Pyramus*. *Theseus'* speech,

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"Pyramus *draws near* the wall," is but an apparent justification of this arrangement.

p. 84. "This *lime*, this rough-cast": — Folio and quartos have "*lome*," the mere misprint of a letter, as we see by the Presenter's speech, "This man with *lime* and rough-cast."

p. 85. "—— thou sweet and lovely wall": — The quartos have "*O* sweet, *O* lovely wall!"

" "—— she is to enter [*now*]": — The folio omits "now."

" "—— with lime and hair knit *up in thee*": — Both quartos have, in defiance of sense and rhyme, "knit *now again*." A variation of this kind is not worthy of notice save for the evidence it affords that the copy of Roberts' quarto, which Heminge and Condell furnished as copy to the printers of the folio, had been corrected either by Shakespeare or some one else in his theatre.

p. 86. "Now is the *moral* down," &c.: — This, the text of the folio, Theobald supposed to be a misprint for, "Now is the *mural* down;" and he has hitherto been universally followed. But the use of 'mural' for 'wall' is an anomaly in English, and is too infelicitous to be regarded as one of Shakespeare's daring feats of language. It would seem that a consideration of the reading of the quartos, and of the reply of *Demetrius*, should have prevented a change in the text of the folio. Both quartos have "Now is the *moon used* between the two neighbours." 'Moon used' could not be a misprint for 'moral down;' and especially could it not be a misprint in two rival editions, neither of which was printed from the other. It should be remembered, that the Moon figures in the interlude, as the spectators knew; and as to the use that the two neighbors were to make of the moon, the remark of *Demetrius* indicates it plainly enough, "*No remedy*, my lord, when walls are so wilful to *hear without warning*." But Shakespeare evidently thought that it would be plainer if the wall were represented both as the restraint upon the passions of the lovers, and as a pander to them; and so he changed 'moon used' to 'moral down.' He did this, I believe, with the more surety of attaining his point, because 'moral' was then pronounced *mo-ral* and 'mural,' as I am inclined to think, *moo-ral*. See Note on "sweet Puck," Act II. Sc. 1, p. 101.

p. 87. "A *lion-fell*": — i. e., a lion's skin. Folio and quartos have "a lion fell," without the hyphen. But it was *Snug's* great desire to assure the ladies that he was not a lion, fell or otherwise. Mr. Barron Field suggested the correction, which was afterwards found in Mr. Collier's

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folio of 1632. It is the minutest ever proposed for the solution of a real difficulty. Mr. Halliwell, however, thinks that the original text means "*neither* a lion fell, nor in any respect a lion's dam," which seems to me to be exactly what it does not mean.

p. 87. "The very *best* at a *beast*" : — From the nature of this speech, it is plain that 'best' and 'beast' were pronounced alike.

" —— let us *hearken* to the moon" : — Fisher's quarto has "*listen.*"

p. 88. " —— for *they* are in the moon" : — Fisher's quarto has "*all these* are in," &c.

p. 89. " —— glittering *gleams*" : — Folio and quartos repeat "beams" of the line but one above. The emendation is Mr. Knight's; and the alliteration of the line confirms it. Before the issue of Mr. Knight's edition, the correction of the second folio, "*streams,*" had been adopted.

" Since lion *vild*" : — This orthography of 'vile' appears frequently in the works of Shakespeare and his contemporaries, but no oftener than 'vile' itself; and therefore its preservation is not generally required. But as it seems to have been the more common, and, so to speak, vulgar form of the word, I have retained it here and in similar instances.

p. 90. "A *mote* will turn the balance" : — In the folio and quartos, "A *moth.*" See Note on "Peas-blossom, Cobweb, *Mote*, and Mustard-seed," Act III. Sc. 1.

" —— [he for a man," &c. : — This passage is omitted in the folio, doubtless, as Mr. Collier suggests, on account of the statute of 1 Jac. I., ch. 21, against the use of the Creator's name upon the stage.

"And thus she *moans*" : — Folio and quartos have "*means,*" — the easiest of misprints. Pinkerton and Ritson, it is true, showed that "mene" meant 'declare' or 'relate,' in very old Scotch; but Shakespeare did not write in that language.

" These lily *lips*" : — Thus folio and quartos. Theobald, for the sake of the missing rhyme to 'nose,' read "These lily *brows*;" but 'brows' is a very improbable misprint for 'lips.' Farmer suggested that a transposition had been made, and that we should read,

"These *lips lilly*
This *nose cherry*,"

which was ingenious, at least. But 'nip,' a term which is yet applied to the nose in the nursery, might be mis-

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taken for 'nose,' written with a long *s*; and it seems to me not improbable that it was so mistaken in this instance.

p. 91. "—— and *hung* himself": — The quartos have "*hang'd*."

Scene II.

p. 92. "And the wolf *behowls* the moon": — Folio and quartos have "*beholds*." The error, which Warburton corrected, is due to the pronunciation of 'behowls' in Shakespeare's time; *ow* then having the pure sound of *o*.

" "To sweep the dust behind the door": — This was one of the offices especially assigned to Robin Goodfellow by popular tradition. In a wood-cut illustration accompanying an old tract about Robin Goodfellow, he is represented in a fairy ring, with his broom on his shoulder. See *Introduction*.

' "*Though* the house give glimmering light": — Folio and quartos misprint "*Through* the house," &c.; and every edition hitherto has copied the error. Plainly *Oberon* does not intend to command his sprites to 'give glimmering light through the house *by the dead and drowsy fire*,' but to direct every elf and fairy sprite to hop as light as bird from brier, *though* the house give glimmering light by the dead and drowsy fire.

" "First, rehearse *your* song": — Fisher's quarto has "*this* song."

p. 93. "[*Here a Song and Dance*]": — In the folio *Oberon's* speech is printed in Italic letter without a prefix, and over it is "The Song." This is plainly wrong; for it is no song, but an address from *Oberon* to his attendants. In the quartos it is in Roman letter, and has the prefix *Ob.* — there being no stage direction with regard to a song. That there was a song and dance, however, the previous speeches of *Oberon* and *Titania* clearly show; and the observation of this probably led the printer of the folio to suppose that the verses next following were the song. It was quite customary in old plays to write, *Here a song*, and to leave the song to be supplied when occasion required, and, frequently, by another hand.

" "And the owner of it, blest," &c.: — In folio and quartos these two lines are transposed thus: —

> "Ever shall in safety rest,
> And the owner of it blest;"

and it was not until May, 1856, that the difficulty received its easy solution at the hands of a correspondent of the London *Illustrated News*, who signed his communi-

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cation C. R. W. Pope read, "*E'er* shall *it* in safety rest;" Warburton, "Ever shall *it safely* rest" — which was a very ingenious and acceptable correction, and it also had the support of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. Mr. Stanton is the author of a very happy suggestion which was made public through the *Illustrated News*: "*Every hall* in safety rest." But C. R. W.'s correction is at once the simplest and the most consistent with the form and spirit of the context.

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THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

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"THE EXCELLENT History of the Mer*chant of Venice*. With the extreme cruelty of *Shylocke* the Iew towards the saide Merchant, in cut*ting a iust pound of his flesh*. *And the obtaining* of *Portia*, by the choyse of *three caskets*. Written by W. SHAKESPEARE. Printed by *J. Roberts*, 1600." 4to. 40 leaves.

"The most excellent Historie of the *Merchant of Venice*. With the extreame crueltie of *Shylocke* the Iewe towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a iust pound of his flesh: and the obtayning of *Portia* by the choyse of three chests. *As it hath beene diuers times acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants*. Written by William Shakespeare. AT LONDON, Printed by I. R., for Thomas Heyes, and are to be sold in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Greene Dragon, 1600." 4to. 38 leaves.

The Merchant of Venice occupies twenty-two pages in the folio of 1623, viz., from p. 163 to p. 184, inclusive, in the division of Comedies. It is there divided into Acts, but not into Scenes, and has no list of Dramatis Personæ.

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THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

INTRODUCTION.

PLAGIARISM is a misdemeanor, of which the smaller order of critics — the detective police of the world of letters — are always ready to accuse an author who is either daring to rise into notice, or who is guilty of that other crime which is in their eyes the blackest of all — success. The charge is very easily made, and often can be as easily sustained to the satisfaction of the many who do not justly apprehend what constitutes originality. For the truth seems to be, that nearly all the stories that take hold on human sympathies are of indefinable antiquity. They come, we know not whence. We trace them back for centuries, and reach some great teller of tales who has had the credit of creating them; but we find that he took them from some one else who lived centuries before him, and that he only gave them another form and made them glow anew in the light of his genius. We go still farther back, and are obliged at last to give up the search as hopeless, and to believe that good stories are born of the great mother, and come up out of the earth; — and so they do, in so far that they are the fruit of our common nature. Thus brought forth, they not only live, but renew their life, by entering again into the womb which brought them forth, to be born again. A story, perhaps the relation of some actual occurrence, is told by friend to friend and passes from lip to lip. It does not follow, because it was in nature, that it was true to nature. An established possibility can do no more to open a way to the human heart than a seeming improbability can do to shut it. But if the story be truthful, as well as actual, it never dies. Generation hands it down to generation, casting into forgetfulness those parts of it the interest of which is temporary or

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incidental, and religiously preserving all that is true forever. The germs of stories that are told now-a-days as new, are to be found in the fables of Bidpai, the Brahmin Sage, who is said to have lived two thousand years before Christ. He could have traced them through an antiquity of only a few hundred years before he found them in the Ark, where he might have believed them to be invented to wile away the time, but that he was too wise not to have given its due weight to the fact that the race was preserved, not created, in that structure. There is a serious truth hidden in our jocose habit of saying, when we hear a good jest — a very good one — that it is an old Joe Miller; although Joseph is rather modern to be an originator, he having been a poor stupid actor, who lived in the early part of the last century, and died never having uttered one witty saying. But stories new and good are even rarer than good new jokes. It is but once in a century that such a one as *The Bride of Lammermoor* is written; and even then it is sure to be "an ower true tale."

The story of *The Merchant of Venice* is an example in point of all these axioms of literary criticism. It is in part, at least, of Eastern origin; and all of it is of great and undeterminable antiquity. It had been told again and again, by various authors and in various tongues, centuries before Shakespeare was born; and there is some reason to believe that it had even been put into a dramatic shape and played in London long before he left Stratford: yet in no one of his works has he exhibited his creative powers more lavishly, though in some the peculiar traits of his genius are more strikingly apparent. Three tales, one turning upon the giving of the bond, one upon the choice of the caskets, and one recounting the elopement of a daughter from an avaricious father, have been interwoven to form the plot of this play. That of the bond was written in Italian by Giovanni Fiorentino, as early as 1378,* but exists in England in a MS. of a still more ancient date, — 1320, or thereabout,† — and is also found in the Latin *Gesta Romanorum*, a translation of which version exists in a MS. of the time of Henry VI.‡ But even a mere enumera-

* See Mr. Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*, Vol. II.

† See Mr. Thomas Wright's *Collection of Latin Stories Illustrative of the History of Fiction during the Middle Ages*, published by the Percy Society.

‡ This very interesting translation was printed by Mr. Douce, in his *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, Vol. I. p. 281.

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tion of the various collections of tales, published and unpublished, which contain the one that turns upon this incident of the Bond, would be both tedious and needless; and we come at once to that which bears internal evidence of having been more or less directly the channel through which Shakespeare received it. This is *Il Pecorone* of Giovanni Fiorentino, first published at Milan, in 1558, though written, as we have seen, nearly two hundred years before. In the Fourth Day of that work the story of *Giannetto* is told, which is briefly this.*

Giannetto, the son of a wealthy Florentine merchant, is left by his father dependent entirely upon his own exertions and the good offices of *Ansaldo*, "the richest merchant of the day among the Christians" of Venice. Arrived in Venice, *Giannetto* finds his father's friend ready to place himself and his fortune at the disposal of his father's son. In *Ansaldo's* house he is treated like a favored child and heir expectant, and passes the time at tilts and tournaments and in giving entertainments. He is such a charming person and conducts himself so winningly that women and men alike yield to his fascination. *Ansaldo* is entirely devoted to him. A trading venture to Alexandria being proposed by two of his friends, *Giannetto* joins it, more to see the world, "and especially Damascus and those countries there," than from hope of profit. *Ansaldo* provides him with a richly laden argosy, and the little fleet sets sail. After they have been a few days at sea, *Giannetto* observes an inviting port, and learns from the Captain that it belongs to a beautiful widow who has been the ruin of many gentlemen. For she has made it absolute that every gentleman adventurer who arrives at the port shall be her companion through one night, during which if he can obtain from her a husband's privilege, she will on the morrow make him lord of herself and the fair country round; but if he fail he is to forfeit his ship and its cargo to his fair entertainer. *Giannetto* slips away from his companions in the night and makes sail for this port, the name of which is Belmont. He is received by the lady with great honor, informed of the custom of the place in regard to strangers like himself, accepts the conditions, and passes the day and evening in entertainments befitting the rank

* Mr. Collier has reprinted this story in the second volume of his *Shakespeare's Library*, accompanied by a not very faithful translation, originally published in 1755.

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and magnificent tastes of his fair hostess. He passes the night by her side, but in heavy slumber, and wakes only to learn from her that his argosy is forfeited. He makes his way back to Venice ashamed, and gives out that he was shipwrecked. He repeats the venture, but fails in the same manner to obtain the lady. Again he returns to Venice with the same story of shipwreck, and again *Ansaldo* wishes to gratify his desire to make another voyage — though with what purpose, the confiding merchant knows not. But *Ansaldo's* present means are nearly all exhausted; and, to provide a ship and cargo for the young friend on whom he dotes, he goes to a Jew at Mestri and borrows ten thousand ducats, on condition that if they are not repaid on St. John's day in next June, the Jew may cut off a pound of flesh from what part of his body pleases him. *Ansaldo* only begs *Giannetto*, who knows the condition of the bond, that if the issue should be untoward, he will return to Venice that he may see him and die content. *Giannetto* arrives at Belmont for the third time, and is received as he had been before. But on this occasion the lady's attendant maid, who confesses to her mistress that she had "never seen a more courteous or graceful man," gives him hasty and secret warning, as he is about to retire for the night, that he must not drink the last cup of wine that will be offered him. He, of course, takes the advice, and pretends to drink, but does not: his former drowsiness does not afflict him, and with the morning sun the lady salutes him as lord of her fair mansion, master of her servants, queen o'er herself. They are wedded, and in the delights of such a honey-moon, *Giannetto* forgets *Ansaldo's* bond to the Jew, until the festivities of St. John's day bring it to his mind. He is panic struck, and tells his wife his story. She dismisses him instantly for Venice, with attendants and gold to pay the debt ten times over. Many merchants, too, stand ready to advance the money to *Ansaldo*. But the bond is forfeit, and the Jew prefers a pound of Christian flesh to a hundred thousand ducats; and as the law is on his side and in Venice justice is rigidly administered, [*ma pure considerato Vinegia essere terra di ragione,*] the offer of ten-fold payment and the entreaties of the merchants are alike unavailing. The lady, however, follows *Giannetto* immediately in the dress of a judge, and arriving in Venice, proclaims that she is there to determine questions of law. *Ansaldo* and the Jew, on the proposal of *Giannetto*, come before her. She declares the bond

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forfeit, but offers the creditor the hundred thousand ducats for his ten: he refuses, and she then declares, to *Giannetto's* disgust and horror, that the pound of flesh must be cut off. The Jew prepares, but is told by the Judge that if he cuts more or less than a pound, or sheds one drop of blood, his head will be struck off upon the spot, because the bond makes mention of no drop of blood, and gives him a pound of flesh, no more, no less; and the axe and the block are brought in. The Jew sees that he is caught in his own toils, and offers to take the hundred thousand crowns, — ninety thousand, eighty, fifty, at last his own ten thousand; but he gets not a penny, only the offer of the penalty of his bond, which he tears to pieces as he leaves the Court in rage. *Giannetto* offers the Judge the hundred thousand ducats intended for the Jew; but the Judge refuses them, he needs no money, but he begs the ring on *Giannetto's* finger. It is refused; but finally, by taunts of base ingratitude, obtained. *Giannetto* sets out for Belmont, accompanied by *Ansaldo*, and on his arrival there is met by his wife, who, observing that he does not wear her ring, inquires for it, affects to disbelieve his story, upbraids him with unfaithfulness, and after teasing him for a while, shows the ring upon her own finger, and tells her adventure. Happiness is restored, and *Giannetto*, calling the damsel who warned him not to drink, gives her to *Ansaldo* for a wife.

These are the main incidents of the story of the Bond, as it is told by Giovanni Fiorentino. In all the other versions, with one exception, widely as they differ in other respects, we have the essential elements of a fatal bond incurred for the sake of obtaining a woman beautiful and wealthy, a forfeiture of the bond, and the salvation of the successful lover, or the friend who incurred the penalty in his behalf, by the special pleading of the lady, who appears at the trial disguised as a man. The exception is the Latin story before alluded to, which was discovered by Mr. Wright. In that, one brother obtains the bond from the necessities of another, and claims the penalty, of which he is defeated by the Prince; who, having obtained from the second brother a grant of his blood, threatens the creditor with death if in taking the flesh he spill a drop of what now belongs to his sovereign.

The story of the Caskets * exists in as many and as ancient

* It is found in the Greek Romance of *Barlaam and Josaphat*, written about the year 800. In that, however, the caskets are four in number.

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forms; but the tale of Anselme, the Emperor of Rome, who had wedded the King's daughter of Jerusalem, and who was at war with the King of Ampluy, is clearly that which was used by Shakespeare. It is the Thirty Second History of the English *Gesta Romanorum*, translated by Robinson, and published in 1577. The King of Ampluy has a fair daughter whom he proposes that the son of the Emperor of Rome shall marry, so that peace may be between their families and kingdoms. The offer is accepted, and the lady embarks for Rome. She is shipwrecked and swallowed by a whale, which is cast ashore and killed: thus she is rescued and is sent to the Emperor. He receives her graciously, and to test her worthiness of his son sets before her three caskets, one of which she is to choose.

"The first was made of pure gold, beset with precious stones without, and within full of dead men's bones; and thereupon was engraven this posey: *Whoso chooseth me shall find that he deserveth.*

"The second vessel was made of fine silver, filled with earth and wormes; and the superscription was thus: *Whoso chooseth me shall find that his nature desireth.*

"The third vessel was made of lead, full within of precious stones; and the superscription: *Whoso chooseth me shall find that God hath disposed to him.*"

The lady chooses the leaden casket, and is married to the Emperor's son "with great solempnitie and much honour, and they lived peaceably a long time together."

A similar incident to the elopement of *Jessica* from *Shylock* has been pointed out by Dunlop in the Fourteenth Novel of Massuccio di Salerno.* The daughter of a rich Neapolitan miser, who is rigidly confined by her father, manages to elope with her lover, and gilds herself for flight with her father's jewels. His grief on the discovery of her elopement is divided between the loss of his daughter and his ducats. Massuccio wrote about 1470.

In addition to these, there are two other supposed sources of the plot of this comedy, nearer to Shakespeare's time, and both in the English language. These are the *Ballad of Gernutus*, which is accessible to every body in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, and a play called *The Jew*, which is altogether lost, but which we know was performed at the Bull in London

* *History of Fiction.* Second Ed. Vol. II. p. 393.

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before 1579. That the ballad is older than *The Merchant of Venice*, has been reasonably supposed, from the reference in the first stanza to the Italian sources of the story, which would probably not have been made, had that story been already familiar to the public through the medium of the stage.

"In Venice towne not long agoe
A cruell Jew did dwell,
Which lived all on usurie
As Italian writers tell."

The following stanzas of this ballad are also of interest here; two on account of incidents, the other on account of an expression, all of which are common to the ballad and the play: —

"*No penny for the loane of it*
For one year you shall pay:
You may doe me as good a turne
Before my dying day."

"But we will have *a merry jeast*,
For to be talked long:
You shall make me a bond, quoth he,
That shall be large and strong:"

* * *

"The bloudie Jew now readie is,
With *whetted blade* in hand
To spoyle the bloud of innocent
By forfeit of his band."

It is not absolutely impossible that this ballad is of more recent date than the play; but the reference to Italian writers, the omission of many of even the more striking incidents of the play, and the introduction of others not necessary to the story, have been justly considered as arguments quite decisive of its earlier production.

Of the play of *The Jew* we know nothing, except what is told us by Stephen Gosson, a furious Puritan, who published, among other like productions, his *Schoole of Abuse*, in 1579. This contains, in the words of its title-page, "a plesaunt inuective against Poets, Pipers, Plaiers, Jesters, and such-like caterpillers of a Commonwelth." * But among the few plays which even this

* It has been reprinted by the Shakespeare Society.

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mild and "plesaunt" gentleman admitted to be "without rebuke," were "The Jew, and Ptolome, showne at the Bull; the one representing the greedinesse of worldly chusers, and the bloody mindes of usurers; the other very lively describing howe seditious estates with their owne devises, false friends with their owne swoords, and rebellious commons in their owne snares, are overthrowne; neither with amorous gesture wounding the eye, nor with slovenly talk hurting the ears of the chast hearers." It seems quite impossible that there should have been a play which showed the greediness of worldly choosers and the bloody minds of usurers; and the principal character in which was a Jew, the plot of which was not that of *The Merchant of Venice;* so that we at last arrive at the union of the two stories of the Bond and the Caskets before the production of Shakespeare's comedy.

It is, indeed, barely possible that the play spoken of by Gosson did not combine those stories; for this power to interweave the threads of narratives before distinct, so as to make of them an independent dramatic whole, was one of the great and peculiar attributes of Shakespeare, — one which was certainly not shared with him by any of the dramatists of his earlier years. And in this comedy it is manifested with surpassing skill, as others have, inevitably, remarked before; so that it is with great reluctance and determined scepticism that we even consider the claims of another and an unknown playwright, to divide the honor. But the way of escape does not seem clearly open. The probabilities against us are almost overwhelming. Yet certain hitherto unobserved or disregarded passages in the tale from *Il Pecorone* seem to me to prove, that, although the incidents of the bond and the caskets might have been embodied in one play before this was written, Shakespeare drew his main plot directly from that tale, and not from *The Jew.*

It is not upon his first venture that the lover succeeds in the Italian tale, and this is also the case in Shakespeare's play, — quite needlessly as far as the plot is concerned: in both the tale and the play the heroine's waiting gentlewoman is much captivated by the hero, and is interested in his success: in both tale and play the friend of the hero is the most eminent and highly honored of all Venetian merchants, and is hated by the Jew on that account: in both the pound of flesh is to be taken from what part of the Merchant's body the Jew pleases: in both the

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Merchant entreats his young friend to return to Venice, that he may see him and die content [*si ch'io possa vedere te innanzi ch'io moia, e androne contento.*" — "Pray God Bassanio come to see me pay this debt, and then I care not"]: in both the Jew is importuned by many merchants to receive his money instead of the penalty of the bond: in both the strict course of law in Venice is particularly alluded to: * in both the Jew is taunted and derided by the bystanders: in both the hero offers, and in like terms, to the pretended Judge the money which was to have been paid to the Jew, which the Judge refuses in almost the same words in both cases, asking and obtaining the betrothal ring instead, the consequences of this success being in both cases exactly the same: in both, too, the heroine's maid is married by a friend of the hero; in the tale, by the Merchant, for the want of a *Gratiano*, — a poor contrivance. Think of *Antonio's* marrying *Nerissa!* Now the improbability that all these minor and unessential points of likeness should exist between the tale and the play, unless the latter were copied directly from the former, amounts in my mind to a moral impossibility.

We find, then, that the story of this comedy, even to its episodic part and its minutest incidents, had been told again and again long before Shakespeare was born, — that even certain expressions in it occur in the works of preceding authors — in Giovanni Fiorentino's version of the story of the Bond, in the story of the Caskets, as told in the *Gesta Romanorum*, in the Ballad of Gernutus, and in Massuccio di Salerno's novel about the girl who eloped from and robbed her miserly father, — and that it is more than probable that even the combination of the first two of these had been made before *The Merchant of Venice* was written. What then remains to Shakespeare? and what is there to show that he is not a plagiarist? Every thing that makes *The Merchant of Venice* what it is. The people are puppets, and the incidents are all in these old stories. They are mere

* This strictness of Commercial Law is also mentioned in the *Orator* of Alex. Silvayn, Englished by L. P. [Anthony Munday] and published in 1598. In that volume the Ninety Fifth Declamation *Of a Jew, who would for his Debt have a Pound of the Flesh of a Christian*, opens thus: "Impossible is it to breake the credite of trafficke amongst men without great detriment unto the Commonwealth: wherefore no man ought to bind himselfe unto such covenants which hee cannot or will not accomplish," &c. But to this book of course Shakespeare owes nothing.

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bundles of barren sticks that the poet's touch causes to bloom like Aaron's rod: they are heaps of dry bones till he clothes them with human flesh and breathes into them the breath of life. *Antonio*, grave, pensive, prudent save in his devotion to his young kinsman, as a Christian hating the Jew, as a royal merchant despising the usurer; *Bassanio*, lavish yet provident, a generous gentleman although a fortune seeker, wise although a gay gallant, and manly though dependent; *Gratiano*, who unites the not too common virtues of thorough good nature and unselfishness with the sometimes not unserviceable fault of talking for talk's sake; *Shylock*, crafty and cruel, whose revenge is as mean as it is fierce and furious, whose abuse never rises to invective, or his anger into wrath, and who has yet some dignity of port as the avenger of a nation's wrongs, some claim upon our sympathy as a father outraged by his only child; and *Portia*, matchless impersonation of that rare woman who is gifted even more in intellect than loveliness, and who yet stops gracefully short of the offence of intellectuality; — these, not to notice minor characters no less perfectly organized or completely developed after their kind, — these, and the poetry which is their atmosphere, and through which they beam upon us, all radiant in its golden light, are Shakespeare's only; and these it is, and not the incidents of old and, but for these, forgotten tales, that make *The Merchant of Venice* a priceless and imperishable dower to the queenly city that sits enthroned upon the sea; — a dower of romance more bewitching than that of her moonlit waters and beauty-laden balconies, of adornment more splendid than that of her pictured palaces, of human interest more enduring than that of her blood-stained annals, more touching even than the sight of her faded grandeur.

The date of the composition of this comedy is not determinable with great exactness. Meres mentions it, and therefore it must have been well known before 1598; so that the entry of it for publication upon the Stationers' Register on the twenty-second of July in that year is of no value in the decision of this question. Not so, however, the entry in Henslowe's *Diary*, under the date of August 25, 1594, that he received l^{s} vj^{d} "at the Venesyon comodey" which he marked *ne*, as a new play.* For in that year Shakespeare's company was playing at the the-

* See Henslowe's *Diary*, edited by Collier, p. 40, published by the Shakespeare Society. London. 1845.

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atre of which the penurious old Henslowe was principal manager, and probably in conjunction with his company. In a note to his edition of the *Diary*, Mr. Collier remarks upon the supposition that this "Venesyon comodey" was Shakespeare's play — "had it been the Merchant of Venice, Henslowe would probably have called it by that name: we have already had [in the *Diary*] the Merchant of Emden." Mr. Halliwell seems to acquiesce in this reasoning; but it can hardly be admitted as conclusive. Henslowe would much more probably have called Shakespeare's comedy the Jew of Venice than the Merchant of Venice; * for the Merchant, except to a keener and more reflective observer than the diarist, is one of the subordinate characters of the play; and having already one *Jew* — Marlowe's — upon his books, he would be very likely to seek some other designation for the new comedy. He could hardly have found one more apt than 'The Venetian Comedy,' which, it is also worthy of remark, is applicable to no other play that has come down to us from that time. There seems to me, therefore, warrant for the decided opinion that the play mentioned by Henslowe was Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, and that this, consequently, was a new play in 1594. The play itself bears evidence that it was written at a time when Shakespeare had obtained, by observation and experience, the highest use of his powers as a playwright, and when his faculties as a poet and philosopher were approaching their grand maturity, while it yet betrays in every line the ardor and the hopefulness of youth. Judged, therefore, on its own evidence, *The Merchant of Venice* is one of the earliest productions of Shakespeare's middle period, and this indication agrees well with the external evidence which would assign it to his thirtieth year.

The Merchant of Venice was printed twice, and in the same year, 1600, before it appeared in the folio of 1623. The following entry was first quoted by Malone from the Stationers' Register. Its curious particularity has been remarked before; but its particularity has a far greater value than its curiousness.

"22 July, 1598, James Robertes.] A booke of the Marchaunt of Venyce, or otherwise called the Jewe of Venyse. Provided that yt bee not prynted by the said James Robertes, or anye other whatsoever, without lycence first had from the right honourable the Lord Chamberlen."

* See the *alias* in the entry quoted from the Stationers' Register, below

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The company of which Shakespeare was a member, and for which he wrote, were 'the Lord Chamberlain's Servants;' and here we have an order that the publication of this play shall be stayed until permission is first obtained from the patron of the company. The interdict was effectual; for the play was not published for two years, when the following entry appears upon the Register: —

"28 Oct., 1600, Tho. Haies.] The booke of the Merchant of Venyce."

Heyes, it will be seen, was permitted to enter his book — about the proper designation of which, be it observed, he has no doubt — without a proviso; and it appeared soon after this entry; Roberts' edition being issued in the same year, though, most probably, after its rival. Now, there is unmistakable typographical evidence that the edition of this play in the folio was printed from a copy of Heyes' quarto, which had been used as a prompt book. Many of the misprints in this quarto, the folio copies; but the majority, and the more important of them, it corrects, making also other improvements in the text. To all of these attention is directed in the Notes. Now, as the authority of the Lord Chamberlain was invoked to protect his 'Servants' in the possession of their property against Roberts, as Roberts, though first in the field, was not allowed to issue his book until Heyes issued his, and as the players selected a copy of the edition published by the latter for their prompt book, is it not sufficiently clear that the MS. used by Roberts was surreptitiously procured, and that after the company had had the advantage of the novelty of the play certainly for three, and almost as certainly for six years, they consented to its publication, and preferred a copy of Heyes' edition for their own use, because his MS. was honestly obtained? Mr. Collier, who manifests an unfortunate proclivity to the "oldest authority," or any authority other than the authentic folio, remarks that "the edition of Roberts is, on the whole, to be preferred to that of Heyes." But Heminge and Condell, and their company, thought otherwise: they took Heyes' edition, in the publication of which it seems more than probable that they had been instrumental. Therefore, in the correction of manifest errors in the folio, the readings of Heyes' quarto are entitled to more deference than those of Roberts; and where all these copies, folio and both quartos, printed under such different circumstances, agree in one reading, — as in the much-

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disputed passage "Veiling an Indian beauty," (Act III. Sc. 2,) and that about the effects of the bag-pipe, (Act IV. Sc. 1,)— which has a clear meaning, no opinion from any source should be allowed to change it, unless we are content to have Shakespeare's works rewritten for us according to the taste of his editors. Fortunately, the text of neither quarto differs very materially from that of the folio in passages about the proper reading of which there can be any doubt; and this play has, therefore, suffered little from editorial corruption and mutilation.

The remote and indefinable origin of the story of this comedy of course prevents the indication of any particular period as that of its action; and as it paints the Venice of Shakespeare's own time with such minute faithfulness as to have given ground for the opinion that he must have "swam in a gondola" before he wrote it, to the Venice of that time we must look for its costume. Authorities on this subject are not wanting; and perhaps Cesare Vecelli's *Habiti Antiche e Moderni*, published at Venice in 1598, filled as it is with wood-cut illustrations, full of spirit, admirably drawn, and minutely described, is our best source of information. In that book the proper dress for every personage in the play, even down to *Launcelot Gobbo* and his father, is to be found, with one exception. That exception is an important one — *Shylock*. But no particular description is given of the dress of the Jew of Venice, because, as we are assured by the same authority, it differed from that of Italians in the same rank of life only by the addition of a yellow bonnet in the case of the men, and a yellow veil in that of the women. The color of the bonnet was fixed by public ordinance. Bonnets of this hue seem to have been worn of old by Jews throughout Europe; and that the custom was retained in England in Shakespeare's time appears from a passage in Bacon's Essay *Of Usury*, in which he enumerates among the "Wittie Invectives against *Usury*," — "That *Usurers* should have Orange-tawny Bonnets, because they doe *Judaize*."

The editor has in his possession a unique volume which is of much interest and value as an authority for the costume of this play and of *Othello*. It was originally an extended series of colored figures and views, illustrative of the costume, the topography, and the customs of the various provinces of Italy, and executed, for the most part, in the most exquisite and elaborate style of

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illumination upon vellum. It has, however, suffered much from time: many leaves have been lost, and several greatly injured; but seventy figures and views remain, many of which are quite unharmed. It was rebound in 1644, which date is stamped in antique characters upon its cover; but it is plainly much older — probably twenty-five, perhaps fifty years. Its color makes it more valuable than Vecelli's book with regard to such figures as it represents. Of these figures ten of the most perfect and curious are Venetian. These show, among others, the Doge, the Senator, and the Nobles of various grades, all of whom appear to have worn long loose robes, descending to the very ground, with enormous open sleeves, hanging quite as low. The colors are, for the Senators and Nobles, the most superb scarlet, the robes of the former being lined with amethyst purple, and having over the left shoulder the inexplicable long and narrow flap (mentioned by Coryat in his *Crudities*, but not by Vecelli) of the same color; the Nobles who are also Senators have their robes lined with a rich golden brown, the flap being white, richly embroidered in gold and crimson. The robes of other Nobles are of amethystine purple, lined with brown, the flap being of the same hue, but much darker than the robe, and embroidered with the same color. Other Nobles wore, according to this authority, black robes, lined with amethystine purple, the fashion of the garment being the same in all cases, except in two instances, which will be noticed particularly in the *Introduction* to *Othello*. All the Nobles wear the "marvellous little black caps of felt without any brims at all" mentioned by Coryat.

The Merchant of Venice has never been put upon the stage in the costume of the time at which it was written; and gorgeous as that costume was, it is by no means certain that much would be gained by absolute correctness in this particular. Should the *Duke* and the Magnificoes enter in their cumbrous and all-enveloping mantles, with their queer little bird's nests of caps perched upon gray and bearded heads, the grave *Antonio* with a bonnet like an inverted porringer shadowing his melancholy countenance, *Bassanio* with one half a yard high, taller before than behind, and puffed out like a pillow with bombast, which also swelled his fantastically decorated breeches to an enormous size, *Portia* in the stiff and clumsy skirt and stomacher of a Venetian lady of rank of that day, formidable with bristling

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ruffs, and with her hair engineered into two little conical turrets of curls upon her forehead, one over each eye, it is to be feared that the splendor and faithfulness of the scene would be forgotten in its absurdity, and that the audience would explode in fits of uncontrollable laughter as the various personages came upon the stage. Any Italian costume, rich, beautiful, and sufficiently antique to remove the action out of the range of present probabilities, will meet the dramatic requirements of this play; but the orange-tawny bonnet, that mark of an outcast race, ought not to be missed from the brow of *Shylock*.

The time supposed to elapse in the action of this play is of course a few days more than three months, — three months having been the period for which *Antonio's* bond was given. The bond is signed at the end of the first Act, and *Bassanio* arrives at Belmont at the end of the second; and in the second Scene of the third he receives *Antonio's* letter announcing that the bond is forfeit. *Bassanio* could not have lost many days in making his preparations to leave Venice, or, as we see by subsequent events, have passed more than a day or two in his journey; nor can we suppose him to have waited the third of three months before making trial for the mistress of Belmont. Chronological succession halts; but dramatic interest advances with equally swift and steady pace.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE *of* Venice.
PRINCE *of* Morocco, } *Suitors to* Portia.
PRINCE *of* Arragon, }
ANTONIO, *the Merchant of* Venice.
BASSANIO, *his Friend.*
GRATIANO, }
SALANIO, } *Friends to* Antonio *and* Bassanio.
SALARINO, }
LORENZO, *in love with* Jessica.
SHYLOCK, *a Jew.*
TUBAL, *a Jew, his Friend.*
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *a Clown.*
OLD GOBBO, *Father to* Launcelot.
SALERIO, *a Messenger.*
LEONARDO, *Servant to* Bassanio.
BALTHAZAR, } *Servants to* Portia.
STEPHANO, }

PORTIA, *a rich Heiress.*
NERISSA, *her Waiting-woman.*
JESSICA, *Daughter to* Shylock.

Magnificoes *of* Venice, Officers *of the* Court of Justice, Jailers, Servants, *and other* Attendants.

SCENE: *Partly* at Venice, and *partly* at Belmont.

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THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT I.

Scene I. — Venice. A Street.

Enter Antonio, Salarino, *and* Salanio

Antonio.

IN sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say, it wearies you:
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salarino. Your mind is tossing on the ocean,
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salanio. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still

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Plucking the grass to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
And, — in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing bechanc'd would make me sad?
But, tell not me: I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

Ant. Believe me, no. I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore, my merchandize makes me not sad.

Salar. Why, then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!

Salar. Not in love neither? Then let's say, you are sad,
Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say, you are merry,

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Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO.

Salan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:
We leave you now with better company.
Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace th' occasion to depart.
Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.
Bassanio. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? Say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?
Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
[*Exeunt* SALARINO *and* SALANIO.
Lorenzo. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
Bass. I will not fail you.
Gratiano. You look not well, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;

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A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
Gra. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio, —
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks; —
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!'
O! my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion. —
Come, good Lorenzo. — Fare ye well, a while:
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.
Lor. Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner-time.
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.
Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.
Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

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Gra. Thanks, i'faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dri'd, and a maid not vendible.
[*Exeunt* GRATIANO *and* LORENZO.

Ant. Is that any thing now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are [as] two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well; tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch

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To find the other forth; and by adventuring both,
I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt, —
As I will watch the aim, — or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well, and herein spend but time,
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do [me now] more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then, do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left;
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors; and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O, my Antonio! had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

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Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore, go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Belmont. An Apartment in Portia's House.

Enter Portia *and* Nerissa.

Portia. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Nerissa. You would be, sweet Madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are. And, yet, for aught I see, they are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing: it is no small happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip

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o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple. But this reason[ing] is not in [the] fashion to choose me a husband. — O me! the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike: so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father. — Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee over-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan Prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid my lady his mother play'd false with a smith.

Ner. Then, is there the County Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, 'An you will not have me, choose.' He hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

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Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine: he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a cap'ring: he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you, then, to Faulconbridge, the young Baron, of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor penny-worth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas! who can converse with a dumb shew? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety, and seal'd under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An

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the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the Devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a spunge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence; and I wish them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes; it was Bassanio: as I think, so was he called.

Ner. True, Madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The four strangers seek you, Madam, to take

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their leave; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the Prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. — Sirrah, go before.

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Venice. A public Place.

Enter Bassanio *and* Shylock.

Shylock. Three thousand ducats, — well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months, — well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound, — well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho! no, no, no, no: — my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient; yet his means are in supposition.

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He hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies: I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath squandered abroad; but ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves, — I mean, pirates: and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient: three thousand ducats. — I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the Devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? — Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,

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Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store,
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire? — Rest you fair, good Signior;
[*To* ANTONIO.
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by giving, of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom. — Is he yet possess'd,
How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot: — three months; you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and let me see — But hear you:
Methought, you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,
— This Jacob from our holy Abram was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third. —

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd

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That all the eanlings which were streak'd, and pied,
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
In end of Autumn turned to the rams;
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd pile'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs; and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was bless'd:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd, and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell: I make it breed as fast. —
But note me, Signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

Shy. Three thousand ducats; — 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto, you have rated me
About my moneys, and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For suff'rance is the badge of all our tribe.

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You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spet upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you say,
'Shylock, we would have moneys:' you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
'Hath a dog money? Is it possible,
A cur should lend three thousand ducats?' or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whisp'ring humbleness,
Say this: —
'Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys?'

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spet on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalties.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys,
And you'll not hear me. This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show.

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Go with me to a notary; seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body it pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith: I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, — that's a month before
This bond expires, — I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O, Father Abram! what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! — Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's.
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I will be with you. [*Exit.*

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Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.
Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.
Ant. Come on; in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — Belmont. An Apartment in PORTIA's House.

Enter the PRINCE *of* Morocco, *and his followers;* PORTIA, NERISSA, *and other of her Train. Flourish of Cornets.*

MOROCCO.

MISLIKE me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love, I swear,
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too. I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.
Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Besides, the lott'ry of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:

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But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned Prince, then stood as fair,
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar
That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would o'er-stare the sternest eyes that look
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice,
Which is the better man, — the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind Fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not: come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the Temple: after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then, [*Cornets.*
To make me bless'd, or cursed'st among men!

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

Venice. A Street.

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

Launcelot. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, 'Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away:' My conscience says, — 'No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo; or, as aforesaid, honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels.' Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; 'Via!' says the fiend; 'away!' says the fiend; 'for the Heavens, rouse up a brave mind,' says the fiend, 'and run.' Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, — 'My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,' — or rather an honest woman's son; — for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste: — well, my conscience says, 'Launcelot, budge not.' 'Budge,' says the fiend: 'budge not,' says my conscience. Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be rul'd by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the Devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very Devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will

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run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.

Enter Old GOBBO, *with a Basket.*

Gobbo. Master young man, you! I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside.*] O Heavens! this is my true begotten father, who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not: — I will try confusions with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman! I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? — [*Aside.*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters. — [*To him.*] Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say't, is an honest exceeding poor man; and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what 'a will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. *Ergo*, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings,

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the sisters three, and such branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to Heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. [*Aside.*] Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop? — [*To him.*] Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day! I know you not, young gentleman; but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, (God rest his soul!) alive, or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. [*Kneels.*] Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murther cannot be hid long; a man's son may, but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up. I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that; but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord! worshipp'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got: thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin, my phill horse, has on his tail.

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Laun. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail, than I have of my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord! how art thou chang'd! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries. If I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. — O rare fortune! here comes the man: — to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, *with* LEONARDO, *and* Followers.

Bass. You may do so; — but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered: put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a* Servant.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy. Would'st thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy, —

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man, that would, sir, — as my father shall specify.

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve —

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, — as my father shall specify.

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Gob. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, — as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you.

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is, —

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your lordship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both. — What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well: thou hast obtain'd thy suit.

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment,
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. — Go, father, with thy son. —

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out. — Give him a livery
[*To his* Followers.
More guarded than his fellows'; see it done.

Laun. Father, in. — I cannot get a service, — no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. — [*Looks on his palm.*] Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book! — I shall have good fortune. — Go to; here's a simple line of life! here's a small trifle of wives: alas! fifteen wives

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is nothing: aleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man; and then, to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed: — here are simple 'scapes! Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear. — Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling [of an eye.]

[*Exeunt* LAUNCELOT *and Old* GOBBO.

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this.
These things being bought and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste; for I do feast to-night
My best esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee; go.

Leonardo. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks.
[*Exit* LEONARDO.

Gra. Signior Bassanio!

Bass. Gratiano.

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me. I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must; but hear thee, Gratiano.
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice; —
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they shew
Something too liberal. — Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconster'd in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

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Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay, more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say Amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not gage me
By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity.
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth; for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well,
I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. A Room in SHYLOCK'S House.

Enter JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT.

Jessica. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is Hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest;
Give him this letter; do it secretly;
And so farewell: I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

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Laun. Adieu! — tears exhibit my tongue. — Most beautiful pagan, — most sweet Jew! If a Christian did not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived: but, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit: adieu! [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot. —
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be asham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo!
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

The Same. A Street.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, *and* Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Salan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two hours
To furnish us. —

Enter Launcelot, *with a Letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify. [*Giving the letter.*

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Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master, the Jew, to sup to-night with my new master, the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this. — Tell gentle Jessica I will not fail her: — speak it privately;
Go. — Gentlemen, [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Salan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me, and Gratiano,
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salar. 'Tis good we do so.

[*Exeunt* SALARINO *and* SALANIO.

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold, and jewels, she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to Heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake;
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me: peruse this as thou goest.
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

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Scene V.

The Same. Before Shylock's House.

Enter Shylock *and* Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see; thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio. —
What, Jessica! — thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me, — What, Jessica! —
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out. —
Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys. — But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian. — Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house: — I am right loath to go.
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together: — I will not say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black Monday last, at six o'clock i' th' morning,

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falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in th' afternoon.

Shy. What! are there masques? — Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces;
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements:
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. — By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night;
But I will go. — Go you before me, sirrah:
Say I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir. — Mistress, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewes eye. [*Exit* LAUN.

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring? ha!

Jes. His words were, Farewell, Mistress; nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat: drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse. — Well, Jessica, go in:
Perhaps I will return immediately.
Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:
'Fast bind, fast find,'
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not cross'd,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

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SCENE VI.

The Same.

Enter GRATIANO *and* SALARINO, *masqued.*

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make a stand.
Salar. His hour
Is almost past.
Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.
Salar. O! ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!
Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younger, or a prodigal,
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like a prodigal doth she return;
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo: — more of this hereafter.
Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,

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I'll watch as long for you then. — Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew: — Ho! who's within?

Enter JESSICA *above, in boy's clothes.*

Jes. Who are you? Tell me for more certainty;
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed,
For whom love I so much? And now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket: it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange;
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What! must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too-too light.
Why, tis an office of discovery, love,
And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.
[*Exit, from above.*

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her:

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And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA.

What, art thou come? — On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit with* JESSICA *and* SALARINO.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there?
Gra. Signior Antonio?
Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night: the wind is come about:
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
Gra. I am glad on't: I desire no more delight,
Than to be under sail, and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Belmont. An Apartment in PORTIA's House.

Enter PORTIA, *with the* PRINCE *of* Morocco, *and both their Trains.*

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble Prince. —
Now make your choice.
Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears;
Who chooseth me shall gain what [*many*] *men desire.*
The second, silver, which this promise carries; —

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Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt; —
Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, Prince:
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see,
I will survey th' inscriptions back again:
What says this leaden casket?
Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.
Must give, — for what? For lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens: men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shews of dross;
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgin hue?
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves
As much as he deserves? — Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand.
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady;
And yet to be afeard of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve? — Why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these in love I do deserve.
What if I strayed no farther, but chose here? —
Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:
Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.
Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her:
From the four corners of the Earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds

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Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalued to tri'd gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold; but that's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within. — Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, Prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*

Mor. O Hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll. I'll read the writing.

"*All that glisters is not gold;*
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold."

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Cold, indeed, and labour lost:
Then farewell, heat; and welcome, frost. —
Portia, adieu. I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [*Exit.*

Por. A gentle riddance. — Draw the curtains: go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so.
[*Exeunt. Flourish of cornets.*

SCENE VIII.

Venice. A Street.

Enter SALARINO *and* SALANIO.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I'm sure, Lorenzo is not.

Salan. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the Duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the Duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica.
Besides, Antonio certified the Duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Salan. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
"My daughter! — O my ducats! — O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian? — O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels! two stones, two rich and precious stones,

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Stol'n by my daughter! — Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!"

Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught.
I thought upon Antonio when he told me,
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part.
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd — "Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time:
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love.
Be merry and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there."
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And, with affection wondrous sensible,
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

Salan. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee let us go, and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

Salar. Do we so. [*Exeunt*

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SCENE IX.

Belmont. An Apartment in PORTIA's House.

Enter NERISSA, *with a* Servitor.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtain straight.
The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Enter the PRINCE *of* Arragon, PORTIA, *and their Trains. Flourish of Cornets.*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble Prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Arragon. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose: next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage:
Lastly, if I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear,
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope! — Gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath:
You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see: —
Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.
What many men desire: — that many may be meant

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By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to th' interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather, on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen Fortune, and be honourable,
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O! that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare;
How many be commanded, that command;
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour; and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.
I will assume desert: — Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot
Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings!
Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

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Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.
Ar. What is here?

"*The fire seven times tried this:*
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss.
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So begone: you are sped."

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo;
But I go away with two. —
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.
[*Exeunt* ARRAGON *and Train.*

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O, these deliberate fools, when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.
Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy: —
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.
Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my lady?
Por. Here; what would my lord?
Mess. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify th' approaching of his lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible re-greets;

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To wit, (besides commends, and courteous breath,)
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love.
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly Summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.—
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — Venice. A Street.

Enter SALANIO *and* SALARINO.

SALANIO.

NOW, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrack'd on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place: a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip, report, be an honest woman of her word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapp'd ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing

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the plain high-way of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio, — O, that I had a title good enough to keep his name company! —

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Salan. Ha! — what say'st thou? — Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Salan. Let me say Amen betimes, lest the Devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew. —

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then, it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the Devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and Rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on

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the Rialto; — a beggar, that was us'd to come so smug upon the mart. — Let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; — let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; — let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgrac'd me, and hinder'd me half a million; laugh'd at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and Summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be match'd, unless the Devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt* SALANIO, SALARINO, *and* Servant.

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Enter TUBAL.

Shy. How now, Tubal? what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tubal. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why, there! there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort. The curse never fell upon our nation till now: — I never felt it till now: — two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. — I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? — Why, so; — and I know not what's spent in the search: Why then — loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much, to find the thief, and no satisfaction, no revenge; nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa, —

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. — hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God! I thank God! Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wrack.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal. — Good news, good news! ha! ha! — Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me. I shall never

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see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it. I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal; it was my turquoise: I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue: go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Belmont. An Apartment in PORTIA's House.

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, *and their* Attendants. *The Caskets set out.*

Por. I pray you tarry: pause a day or two,
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company: therefore, forbear a while.
There's something tells me, (but it is not love,)
I would not lose you; and you know yourself
Hate counsels not in such a quality.

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But lest you should not understand me well,
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,)
I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin, —
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours, —
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours! O! these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights;
And so, though yours, not yours. — Prove it so,
Let Fortune go to Hell for it, — not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time,
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love.
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess, and live.

Bass. Confess, and love,
Had been the very sum of my confession.
O, happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

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Por. Away then. I am lock'd in one of them:
If you do love me, you will find me out. —
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof. —
[BASSANIO *approaches the caskets.*
Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And watery death-bed for him. He may win,
And what is music then? then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice:
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of th' exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live. — With much more dismay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

A Song, *whilst* BASSANIO *comments on the caskets to himself.*

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.

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Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it, — Ding, dong, bell.
All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Bass. So may the outward shews be least themselves:
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the shew of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk!
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them, in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea, the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty: — in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee.

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Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence;
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
And shuddering fear and green-ey'd jealousy.
O love! be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess:
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Bass. What find I here?
[*Opening the leaden casket.*
Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here, in her hairs,
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh t' entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs; but her eyes! —
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd: yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. — Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

> " *You that choose not by the view,*
> *Chance as fair, and choose as true!*
> *Since this fortune falls to you,*
> *Be content and seek no new.*

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If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss."

A gentle scroll. — Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give, and to receive.
[*Kissing her.*
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause, and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself,
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich,
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all in that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours

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Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord. I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words:
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As after some oration, fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
O! then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy. Good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My Lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me;
And, when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission

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No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
And so did mine, too, as the matter falls;
For wooing here, until I sweat again,
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What! and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down. —
But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
What! and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SALERIO.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. — By your leave
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour. — For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way

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He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.
Salerio. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives* BASSANIO *a letter.*
Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.
Sale. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind; his letter, there,
Will shew you his estate.
Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio: what's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.
Sale. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!
Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?—
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.
Bass. O sweet Portia!
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins — I was a gentleman:
And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see

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How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. — But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sale. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the Duke at morning, and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the State,
If they deny him justice. Twenty merchants,
The Duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him I have heard him swear
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

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Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond:
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.
Bid your friends welcome, shew a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear,—
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [Reads.] "*Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are clear'd between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*"

Por. O love! dispatch all business, and begone.

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Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste; but till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Venice. A Street.

Enter SHYLOCK, SALANIO, ANTONIO, *and* Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of mercy. —
This is the fool that lends out money gratis. —
Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause,
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs.
The Duke shall grant me justice. — I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond, and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking: I will have my bond.
[*Exit* SHYLOCK.

Salan. It is the most impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone:

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I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know.
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Salan. I am sure, the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of law;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the State;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor. —
Well, Gaoler, on. — Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt; and then I care not.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Belmont. A Room in PORTIA's House.

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* BALTHAZAR.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord, your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

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Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things. —
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward Heaven breath'd a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return.
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor Madam, with all my heart:
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

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Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica. —
[*Exeunt* JESSICA *and* LORENZO.
Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man,
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the Tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

Balthazar. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.
[*Exit.*

Por. Come on, Nerissa: I have work in hand
That you yet know not of. We'll see our husbands,
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal: — then, I'll repent,

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And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear, I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie! what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
But come: I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the Park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Same. A Garden.

Enter LAUNCELOT *and* JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore, be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of bastard hope, neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not; that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed: so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly, then, I fear you are damned both

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by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother. Well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be sav'd by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you, shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in Heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter; and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth, for in converting Jews to Christians you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason; but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. — Go in, sirrah: bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

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Lor. Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then, bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion? Wilt thou shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows, bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be serv'd in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.

Lor. O, dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion;
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet,
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life,
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of Heaven here on Earth;
And, if on Earth he do not mean it, it
Is reason he should never come to Heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other, for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

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Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.
Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion, too, of that.
Lor. I will anon: first, let us go to dinner.
Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.
Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.
Jes. Well, I'll set you forth.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — Venice. A Court of Justice.

Enter the DUKE, *the* Magnificoes, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALANIO, *and others.*

DUKE.

WHAT, is Antonio here?
Ant. Ready, so please your Grace.
Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Ant. I have heard,
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose

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My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer with a quietness of spirit
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go, one, and call the Jew into the Court.

Salan. He's ready at the door. He comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face. —
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive

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Three thousand ducats? I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others when the bag-pipe sings i' th' nose
Cannot contain their urine for affection.
Masters of passion sway it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths. Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig,
Why he, a harmless necessary cat,
Why he, a woollen bag-pipe, but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend, himself being offended,
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What! would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew.
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
[You may] as well use question with the wolf,
[Why he hath made] the ewe bleat for the lamb;

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You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which, what harder?)
His Jewish heart. — Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them: I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them: — shall I say to you,
Let them be free; — marry them to your heirs; —
Why sweat they under burthens? — let their beds
Be made as soft as yours; and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours. — So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this Court,
Unless Bellario, a learned Doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this
Come here to-day.

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Salar. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the Doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters: call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me.
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, *dressed like a Lawyer's Clerk.*

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your Grace. [*Presents a letter.*

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog;
And for thy life let justice be accus'd!
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,

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Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To endless ruin. — I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned Doctor to our Court. —
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart: — some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place. —
Mean time, the Court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[Clerk reads.] "*Your Grace shall understand, that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick; but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio, the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech you let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation, for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.*"

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the Doctor come. -

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Enter PORTIA, *dressed like a Doctor of Laws.*

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the Court?

Por. I am informed throughly of the cause. —
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed. —
You stand within his danger, do you not?
[*To* ANTONIO.

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,

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And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this, —
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict Court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head. I crave the law;
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the Court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth: and, I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be. There is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the State. It cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel! —
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

Por. I pray you let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend Doctor; here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in Heaven:

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Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. — Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money: bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour. —
It doth appear you are a worthy judge:
You know the law; your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.
Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the Court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why then, thus it is: —
You must prepare your bosom for his knife; —
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. — For the intent and purpose of the law,
Hath full relation to the penalty
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true. O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Ay, his breast;
So says the bond: — doth it not, noble judge? —
Nearest his heart: those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.

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Shy. It is not nominated in the bond.
Por. It is not so express'd; but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say?
Ant. But little: I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well.
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shews herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.
Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all,
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by to hear you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:
I would she were in Heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

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Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make, else, an unquiet house.
Shy. [*Aside.*] These be the Christian husbands! I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband rather than a Christian!
[*To* PORTIA.] We trifle time; I pray thee pursue sentence.
Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The Court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Most rightful judge!
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The law allows it, and the Court awards it.
Shy. Most learned judge! — A sentence! come, prepare!
Por. Tarry a little: there is something else. —
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the laws of Venice confiscate
Unto the State of Venice.
Gra. O upright judge! — Mark, Jew: — O learned judge!
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thyself shalt see the Act;
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.
Gra. O learned judge! — Mark, Jew: — a learned judge!
Shy. I take this offer then: pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

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Bass. Here is the money.
Por. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice; — soft! — no haste: —
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge:
Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound, — be it so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, — nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bass. I have it ready for thee: here it is.
Por. He hath refus'd it in the open Court:
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel! —
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why then the Devil give him good of it.
I'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,

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Shall seize one half his goods: the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the State;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant, and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself;

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the State,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the State's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's:
The other half comes to the general State,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the State; not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake!

Ant. So please my lord the Duke, and all the Court,

To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,

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Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more, — that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the Court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence.
I am not well. Send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christ'ning thou shalt have two godfathers;
Had I been judge thou should'st have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit* SHYLOCK.

Duke. Sir, I entreat you with me home to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your Grace of pardon:
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt* DUKE, Magnificoes, *and Train.*

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

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Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied:
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid.
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you know me when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you farther:
Take some remembrance of us as a tribute,
Not as a fee. Grant me two things, I pray you;
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves; I'll wear them for your sake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you. —
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir? — alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And when she put it on she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

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Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you.
[*Exeunt* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Ant. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valued against your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano; run and overtake him,
Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house. — Away! make haste.
[*Exit* GRATIANO.
Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. A Street.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it. We'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home.
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en.
My Lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

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Por. That cannot be.
His ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,
I pray you, shew my youth old Shylock's house.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would speak with you. —
[*To* PORTIA.] I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.
Por. Thou may'st, I warrant. We shall have old swearing,
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.
Ner. Come, good sir; will you shew me to this house? [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — Belmont. The Avenue to PORTIA'S House.

Enter LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

LORENZO.

THE moon shines bright. — In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise — in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

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Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Stephano. A friend.

Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

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Lor. Who comes with her?

Steph. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid. I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him. —

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo, and Mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hallooing, man; here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.

And yet no matter; — why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air. —
[*Exit* STEPHANO.
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of Heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,

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Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood,
If they but hear, perchance, a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils:
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted. — Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA, *at a distance.*

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

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Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection! —
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd! [*Music ceases.*

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa:
Give order to my servants, that they take

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No note at all of our being absent hence; —
Nor you, Lorenzo; — Jessica, nor you.

[*A tucket sounded.*

Lor. Your husband is at hand: I hear his trumpet.
We are no tell-tales, Madam; fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and their* Followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort all! — You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, Madam. Give welcome to my friend:
This is the man; this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him;
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.

Gra. [*To* NERISSA.] By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the Judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

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Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose poesy was
For all the world, like cutlers' poetry
Upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me not."
Ner. What talk you of the poesy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till the hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face, that had it.
Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.
Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the Judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por. You were to blame, — I must be plain with you, —
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands:
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.
Bass. [*Aside.*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

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Gra. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the Judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it: it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By Heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, Madam, by my soul,
No woman had it; but a Civil Doctor,

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Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring, the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away,
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him:
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
And, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy Doctor.

Por. Let not that Doctor e'er come near my house.

Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you:
I'll not deny him any thing I have;
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed.
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus;
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I'll have the Doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore, be well advis'd
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so: let not me take him, then;
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am th' unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And in the hearing of these many friends

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I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself, —
Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one: — swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.
Bass. Nay, but hear me.
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.
Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.
Por. Then, you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.
Ant. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.
Bass. By Heaven! it is the same I gave the Doctor.
Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio,
For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.
Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano,
For that same scrubbed boy, the Doctor's clerk,
In lieu of thee last night did lie with me.
Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In Summer, where the ways are fair enough.
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?
Por. Speak not so grossly. — You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find, that Portia was the Doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk. Lorenzo, here,

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Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And even but now return'd: I have not yet
Enter'd my house. — Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you,
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet Doctor, you shall be my bedfellow:
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living;
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath some good comforts, too, for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee. —
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning;
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

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Gra. Let it be so: the first inter'gatory,
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day?
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
Till I were couching with the Doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt.*

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NOTES ON THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

p. 147. "*Enter* Antonio, Salarino, *and* Salanio" : — The similarity between the names of *Antonio's* companions has caused some confusion in the prefixes, as they appear in the folio. Fortunately, however, Roberts' quarto is clearly correct in this respect. Mr. Knight, following Capell, and Mr. Halliwell, Mr. Verplanck and Mr. Hudson, following him, have taken the liberty of changing *Salanio* to *Solanio*, — a liberty, however trifling, without excuse; for the former orthography is plainly given in the folio and in both quartos. Mr. Knight also assumes *Salerio*, the name of the Messenger who arrives from Venice in the third Act, to be a misprint for *Salanio* or *Salarino* — he prints *Solanio*. This is without warrant; for in the text, as well as in the stage directions, this character is plainly called *Salerio*. The style of his speech, too, shows that he is a person of inferior rank to *Salarino* and *Salanio*. The Merchant's name is spelled *Anthonio* throughout the play in the folio and in both quartos.

" "—— your *argosies*" : — Argosies were merchant vessels of heavy tonnage, for that time. A writer in Knight's *Shakespeare* says that the largest were only of two hundred tons burthen.

p. 148. "—— my wealthy *Andrew*" : — This name was probably a common one for ships, in compliment to Andrea Doria, the great Genoese Admiral.

" "*Vailing* her high top" : — i. e., lowering. See Note on "angels vailing clouds." *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. Sc. 2.

"Why, then you are in love" : — This speech and the next have the prefix *Sola.*, in the folio. But in Roberts'

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quarto they are given to *Salarino*, and with evident propriety, as he is the more loquacious of *Antonio's* two friends, and just after the entrance of *Bassanio* declares that he had intended to banter *Antonio* into good spirits. See the first Note on this Scene.

p. 149. "Fare *ye* well" : — This colloquial contraction is found in the folio and in both quartos, but is disregarded by all modern editors, not even excepting Capell. Restorations of such slight textual traits, characteristic though they are, will be silently made during the remainder of the play.

p. 150. "—— where every *man* must play," &c. : — Roberts' quarto has "every *one*."

" "I am Sir Oracle" : — In the folio, "I am *sir an* Oracle," in the quartos, "I am sir oracle;" and the absence of a capital letter in the title is remarkable in the folio — which, in this respect, is very carefully printed — even if not in the quartos. I believe the 'sir oracle' of the quartos, which has been universally adopted, to be the result of accident, and that the change in the folio is intentional and by authority. 'Sir Oracle' is so awkward an effort in nomenclature, and a specimen of so cheap a sort of wit, that I for one am quite willing to take the testimony of the authorized edition, that it is none of Shakespeare's. But being one of those phrases which save people the trouble of thinking and finding words for themselves, it has become almost a part of the language; and to disturb the text would, under the circumstances, be a thankless work of supererogation. The phrase, "let no dog bark," was proverbial, as Steevens showed.

" "—— *when*, I am very sure" : — So the folio, the quartos, and the second folio. Rowe read, "*who*, I am very sure;" but, as Mr. Collier remarks, "Shakespeare often left the nominative case of the verb to be understood." There is, however, great plausibility in the slight emendation of the passage found in that gentleman's noted copy of the folio of 1632, — "'*t*would almost damn those ears."

" "*Farewell*: I'll grow a talker for this *gear*" : — Heyes' quarto misprints "Fare *you* well," which the folio fails to correct. 'Gear' was somewhat loosely used for 'business,' 'matter,' 'affair,' 'subject,' and here refers to the subject of the speech that *Gratiano* has just made.

p. 151. "Is that any thing now" : — The folio and both quartos have "*It* is that anything now," which Rowe corrected, — his emendation being fully justified by *Bassanio's*

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reply, "*Gratiano* speaks an infinite deal of nothing," &c. Mr. Collier retains the old text with an explanation, which, as Mr. Halliwell demurely says, "destroys, I fear, the sense of the conversation."

p. 151. "His reasons are [*as*] two grains of wheat": — The folio omits 'as;' and, there can hardly be a doubt, by an accident which was caused by the similarity of the two little words that come together.

" "Hath left me *gaged*": — The folio has '*gag'd*;' for when it was printed, the participle, of course, was pronounced *ga-ged*. To use that abbreviation now, however, would be to put a 'gag' in *Bassanio's* mouth too early in the play.

p. 152. "—— you do [*me now*] more wrong": — The words in brackets are found in both the quartos, but not in the folio. They appear to be necessary to the completeness of *Antonio's* friendly reproach.

" "And I am *prest* unto it": — 'Prest' is here, most probably, the old form of the French *pret* — 'ready.' Steevens quoted, among other illustrations of this use of the word in English, the following line from *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607: —

"What must be, must be: Cæsar's *prest* unto it."

Still *Antonio* might well say that he was pressed by his affection to do any thing in his power to serve *Bassanio*.

Scene II.

p, 153. "—— it is no *small* happiness": — Both quartos have "*mean* happiness."

p. 154. "But this reason[ing] is not in [the] fashion," &c.: — The syllables in brackets are in the quartos, but not in the folio. Their omission from the latter has been universally attributed to accident; a decision from which I am not prepared positively to dissent; although, had there been no quarto copies, the text of the folio is sufficiently clear and sufficiently in accordance with the usage of Shakespeare's day, not to have needed emendation.

" "—— a *colt*, indeed": — This term is applied to the Prince in question, on account of the high repute of Neapolitan horsemanship.

" "How say you *by* the French lord," &c.: — 'By' was used in Shakespeare's time, and occurs afterward in this play, in the sense of 'for.'

p. 155. "I *shall* never requite him": — The folio has "I *should*," &c. — an error, caused by the frequent recurrence

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of 'should' and 'would' in this and the previous sentence.

p. 155. "—— the *Scottish* lord" : — Thus the quartos; but the folio, having been printed in the reign of James I., reads "the *other* lord." Not having the fear of gentle Jamie before our eyes, however, we prefer the word that Shakespeare wrote.

p. 156. "—— won by some other *sort*" : — Here 'sort' is used in its radical sense; *sors* = a lot.

" "—— I will die *as chaste* as Diana" : — It is to be feared that a vicious and unfounded use of the word 'chaste,' which has long prevailed, has produced in some minds a deplorable confusion of thought. Chastity and continence are far from being identical: the one is a virtue, the other is not. An honorable matron is as chaste as a maid: Diana was no chaster than Penelope, and *Portia* as chaste after she was *Bassanio's* wife as before. It is but due to our own wives and mothers to say at least so much upon this passage.

" "—— I *wish* them a fair departure" : — The quartos have "I *pray God grant* them," &c., and it has been supposed that this is the original reading, and that the change was made in the folio in compliance with the Act of 3 Jac. 1, against the use of the sacred name upon the stage. But this name occurs in several other passages in the folio; and the expression, 'I wish them,' suits the occasion and *Portia's* lips the better. A like consideration causes the omission of the cry "How now! what news?" with which, in the quartos, but not in the folio, she is made to greet the entrance of the Servant. It was not *Portia's* way to call out thus to her attendants the moment they showed themselves in her presence.

p. 157. "Come, Nerissa," &c. : — These two lines of doggerel verse are printed as prose in the folio. Mr. Knight first gave them as verse, in which he has the support of Mr. Dyce and Mr. Halliwell.

Scene III.

" "Shylock" : — Mr. Hunter says, "We collect that *Shylock* was a Levantine Jew, from the name: *Scialac*, which is doubtless the same name in a different orthography, being the name of a Maronite of Mount Libanus, who was living in 1614."

p. 158. "—— *land*-thieves and *water*-thieves" : — Folio and quartos have "*water*-thieves and *land*-thieves;" but that this is an accidental transposition is shown even less by

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the previous mention of "land-rats and water-rats," than by *Shylock's* interjectional explanation, "I mean pirates," which, coming after "land-theives," is entirely out of place. I find no note of this in any edition; but it would seem that it must have been remarked before.

p. 158. "—— on the *Rialto*": — The Rialto, one of the islands upon which Venice is built, gave its name first to the Exchange which was built upon it, and then to the bridge by which it was reached. It may mean here either of the former; but probably the second of them. See Thomas's *Historye of Italye*, 1561, fol. 74, and Coryat's *Crudities*, 1611, p. 79.

" "I hate *him for* he is a Christian": — The lack of a point between 'him' and 'for' here, is not accidental. *Shylock* does not say he hates *Antonio* and *add* his reason; but makes a single statement of a single thought (single though composed of two elements) — that he hates the Merchant because he is a Christian. This use of 'for' was common in Shakespeare's day.

" "The rate of *usance* here with us in Venice": — Usance is interest, — payment for the *use* of money which, at whatever rate, was considered as usury, till within a comparatively recent period. The money lending Jews of Venice were as famous as her courtezans, as we see by the following passage quoted by Douce. "It is almost incredyble what gaine the Venetians receive by the usury of the Jewes, both pryvately and in common. For in everye citee the Jewes kepe open shops of usurie, taking gages of ordinarie for xv in the hundred by the yere; and if at the yere's end the gaige be not redeemed, it is forfeite, or at least doen away to a great disadvantage: by reason whereof the Jewes are out of measure wealthie in those parts." Thomas's *Historye of Italye*. 1561. fol. 77. Thus the Jews have ever been the pawn-brokers of the world.

" "—— upon *the hip*": — A phrase in common use of old, as, on account of its occurrence here, it is now. Some derive it from wrestling; some from hunting.

" "—— my well-*won* thrift": — The folio misprints "well-*worne*."

p. 160. "—— the *eanlings*": — i. e., the young, — from *eanian*, the Anglo Saxon for 'to bring forth.'

"—— *pill'd* me certain wands": — 'Pilled' is the old form of 'peeled,' and was in use much later than the date of the production of this play: — "a PIEL or rine,

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cortex, to PIEL, *decortico*, *unde* PILLED." Butler's *English Grammar*. 1633. *Index*.

p. 160. "—— the *fulsome* ewes": — 'Fulsome' meant 'rank in smell; and so was used for that word in another sense.

p. 161. "And *spet*": — This is an old form of 'spit,' in which the present and the preterite were the same. Here the present is intended; below, the preterite.

" "A cur *should* lend": — The quartos have "*can* lend."

" "A breed *of* barren metal": — The quartos have "A breed *for*," &c., the change from which is not only authoritative, but very happy. 'A breed of barren metal' is an increase of barren metal; but, in Lucina's name, what is 'a breed *for* barren metal?' Yet all the editors, except Mr. Knight and Mr. Halliwell, read 'for.'

p. 162. "Whose own hard dealings *teaches* them suspect": — Had Shakespeare lived now he would have written, — 'Whose own hard dealings te*ach* them *to* suspect.'

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.

p. 163. "*Enter the* PRINCE *of* Morocco," &c.: — The original stage direction is "*Enter Morochus, a tawnie Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerissa, and their traine.*"

" "—— the *burnish'd* sun": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "the burn*ing* sun;" for which "the burnisht sun" of the original text might be, and probably is, a misprint. But still the corruption is not so clear as to justify a change in the authentic text.

" "To prove whose *blood* is *reddest*": — Red blood was of old considered a mark both of high birth and courage.

p. 164. "That slew the *Sophy*": — 'Sophy' is strictly neither a title nor a name. The Emperors or Shahs of Persia of one dynasty were called Sophy, or more properly 'Sufi,' as the Emperors of Rome were called 'Cæsar.' At the death of Mohammed his office was assumed by his father-in-law, who was succeeded by a dynasty of caliphs, having no blood relation to the great prophet. As late, however, as the last quarter of the fourteenth century, one Guine Sufi, a lineal descendant of Mohammed's daughter Fatima, revived the claims of his family to the cailphate of Islamism, and, in 1487, Ismael, the grandson of its

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founder, elevated himself by force of arms to the throne of Persia, and is known to history as Ismael Shah Sufi, — the last designation being assumed as a surname, or rather a to-name, by all his successors. This derivation of Sophy is, however, not admitted by many Eastern historians and philologists; though they themselves are unable to suggest a better.

p. 164. "I would *o'er*-stare": — Roberts' quarto has "*out*-stare."

" "If Hercules and *Lichas*": — Lichas was the servant of Hercules. This fully justifies Theobald's emendation of "beaten by his *page*," for "beaten by his *rage*," which is the original text. This correction was also found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

Scene II.

p. 165. "*Enter* Launcelot Gobbo": — It has not hitherto been noticed that the folio and both the quartos and the second folio spell this name, invariably, *Launcelet*, — the English diminutive of *Launce*. This warrants the belief that such was its original form. But as the nomenclature of the dramatis personæ is purely Italian, as the diminutive in that language is formed in *otto*, and as the present name has been in the text for a hundred and fifty years — since Rowe's edition — it is not worth while to make a change in so trivial a matter.

" "—— scorn running with thy heels": — The logical construction is, 'with thy heels scorn running.' The expression seems to have been proverbial.

" "—— *for the Heavens*, rouse up," &c.: — 'For the Heavens,' was an oath. See Note on "away to St. Peter for the Heavens," *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act II. Sc. 1.

p. 166. "—— talk you of young Master Launcelot": — This is imperative, not interrogative; and the "little crook-backed thing that asks questions" is a modern addition to the text. The misapprehension of the passage by more than one modern editor justifies an explanation of it. *Launcelot* whimsically takes his father to task for disrespect to himself — *Launcelot*, and says, in reply to old *Gobbo's* statement of their condition in life, "Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young Master Launcelot." The father, still unable to dub his son 'Master,' replies deprecatingly, "Your worship's friend, and Launcelot," i. e., 'Aye, we speak of your worship's friend, who is Launcelot.' To this, *Launcelot*, who evidently, like the

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Gravedigger in *Hamlet*, understands, after a fashion, the Latin word he uses, rejoins, "But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot," i. e., 'And therefore, because I am "your worship" and he is my friend, you should speak of him as Master Launcelot.'

p. 167. "Do you not know me, father?" — Twice *Launcelot* calls *Gobbo* father, and yet the old man does not even suspect with whom he is talking; the reason of which is the ancient custom, almost universal among the peasantry, of calling all old people father or mother.

" "—— my *phill*-horse": — This corruption of "*thill*-horse," the synonyme for "shaft-horse," is now in common use in the rural districts of New England.

p. 169. "The *old proverb* is very well parted," &c.: — To the old proverb which *Launce* says is well divided between his old and his new master, I can find no allusion either in the works of Shakespeare's commentators or elsewhere. From the text, the proverb would seem to have been, 'He who hath God's grace hath enough.'

"Well, if any man in Italy," &c.: — The construction is, 'Well, if any man in Italy which doth offer to swear upon a book have a fairer table,' — the expression being of that pleonastic form (for 'any man') which is common among the uncultivated, as 'any man that breathes,' 'any man that walks on shoe leather,' &c., &c. After having thus admired the fairness of his 'table,' *Launcelot* breaks off to predict his good fortune. This very obvious signification of the passage has not been perceived (except, perhaps, by Dr. Johnson, who remarks justly, that *Launcelot's* examination of his hand reminds him of taking a formal oath,) or it has been universally set aside for Tyrwhitt's 'ingenious' distortion of sense and punctuation. — "Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune." — That is, the table offers to swear to *Launcelot's* prospective *bonnes fortunes* in the way of maids, wives, and widows, &c.!

p. 170. "—— *aleven* widows": — 'Aleven' was a vulgarism for 'eleven,' to which it has hitherto been improperly changed.

"—— the twinkling [of an eye]": — The words in brackets, which are clearly necessary to the sense, are found only in Roberts' quarto.

"I be *misconster'd*": — The old form of 'misconstrue.'

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p. 171. "—— while grace is saying, *hood mine eyes*" : — Those who are familiar with old prints will remember many in which persons are seated at dinner or supper with their hats on; and will easily understand how *Gratiano* could hood his eyes with his hat when grace was said. A remnant of this custom still exists in the use of the hat as extinguisher for the light of the countenance, by Englishmen of all degrees of piety and impiety, immediately upon entering a church pew.

Scene III.

p. 172. "If a Christian *did* not play the knave, and get thee" : — Folio and both quartos have, "If a Christian *do* not," &c. The second folio first gave the reading in the text, and was almost universally followed, until Messrs. Collier and Halliwell restored the old reading, on the ground before taken by Malone, that *Launcelot* may mean that a Christian will get *Jessica* away from her father's house. But *Launcelot's* dominant thought about his young mistress is, that she is too good to be *Shylock's* daughter, that she is better than her race. He alludes to it, Act III. Sc. 5; and that Shakespeare meant him to do so here, is plain, from the train of thought which he causes *Launcelot's* remark to awake immediately in *Jessica*: — "Alack, what heinous sin," &c. Beside this, 'get thee' had a well settled meaning in Shakespeare's day. These considerations justify, if they do not compel, the decision, that 'do' in the folio and quartos is a misprint for 'did.' Mr. Halliwell, premising, what is very true, that Shakespeare frequently uses the present (it would have been better to say the *form* of the present) for the past tense, as in 'waft' for 'wafted,' 'heat' for 'heated,' and 'expiate' for 'expiated,' intimates that here he may have used 'do' for 'did.'

Scene IV.

" "—— not spoke us yet *of* torch-bearers" : — That is, 'we have not yet bespoken torch-bearers.' So just below *Lorenzo* says, "I am provided of a torch-bearer." Such a use of this preposition was common of old; and it also supplied the place of others. See in Scene 5 of this Act, "the difference of old Shylock and Bassanio," for 'the difference *between*,' &c., and "I have no mind of feasting forth," for 'I have no mind *for* feasting forth.'

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SCENE V.

p. 174. "—— tell me I could do nothing": — Roberts' quarto has "*that* I could," &c.

"—— my *nose fell a bleeding* on *Black Monday* last": — Bleeding at the nose was considered ominous of old, and is so, even now, among very superstitious people. Stowe tells us, that Easter Monday was called 'Black Monday,' from a terrible and very fatal storm, which nearly destroyed the English forces under Edward III., before Paris, on the morrow after Easter day, 1360.

p. 175. "—— the vile *squealing* of the *wry-neck'd fife*": — Roberts' quarto has "*squeaking*," which Mr. Collier gives, of course, remarking that "the difference is immaterial." But it is material, because the fife does not squeak and does squeal. It is uncertain whether 'fife' here means the instrument or the player; for Boswell quoted the following passage from Barnaby Rich's *Aphorisms*, 1618. "A fife is a wry-neckt musician, for he always looks away from his instrument;" and, on the other hand, the old fife itself was wry-necked; it being blown through a crooked mouth piece. This difference *is* immaterial.

" "Will be worth a *Jewes* eye": — Thus the folio and both quartos; using, for the rhythm's sake, the old genitive form, and the allusion being to the enormous sums extorted by the *Front-de-bœufs* of old from Jews as ransom for their eyes. But all the editors read, "a Jew-*ess*' eye," none of them having observed, or all having forgotten, that 'Jew*ess*' is quite a modern word, 'Jew' having been applied of old to Hebrews of both sexes. It is only in the Scene but one previous, that *Launcelot* calls *Jessica* "most sweet *Jew*."

" "—— *and* he sleeps by day": — The folio has "*but* he sleeps," &c., 'but' having been caught from the line above.

SCENE VI.

p. 176. "—— bark puts from *her*," &c.: — Steevens objected, that as the bark is "embraced by the *strumpet* wind," the bark should be spoken of as masculine; but here there is no poetical personification of the bark; it is only compared to a prodigal.

p. 177. "*Ho!* who's within?" — Although in previous plays the old spelling of this word 'ho' — *hoa* — has been retained, it will be hereafter abandoned. For although there seems to be no doubt that it sometimes represented a

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sound something like *hoah*, it is often certainly used for 'ho,' and discrimination upon the point being often quite impossible, it seems needless to attempt in so unimportant a matter what cannot be thoroughly performed. 'Ho,' 'hoa,' and 'how,' were pronounced alike. See Note on "Ware pencils, ho!" *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act. V. Sc. 2.

p. 177. "—— are *too-too* light": — Mr. Halliwell has contended, in an able paper published by the Shakespeare Society, that 'too too' was anciently used, not as a mere repetition, but as an epithet, and should therefore be printed with a hyphen — *too-too*. There can be no doubt that in some cases, of which the present is one, 'too-too' was an epithet; but it seems equally clear in others that 'too' was also repeated of old just as it is now. See Note on "this *too*, *too* solid flesh." *Hamlet*, Act I. Sc. 2.

" "Now, by my *hood*": — Malone and Steevens suppose *Gratiano* to swear by the hood of his masquing dress — a very strange thing to swear by. They may be right. But I had always understood the ancient oath 'by my hood' here and elsewhere to be 'by my self,' i. e., 'by my estate' — manhood, kinghood, knighthood, or whatever the hood or estate of the protester might be.

p. 178. "I have sent twenty out," &c.: — This line is not in Roberts' quarto, in which, too, *Gratiano's* reply is made a part of *Antonio's* speech.

Scene VII.

" "—— *what* [many] *men desire*": — The folio omits 'many,' which is found in both quartos. That the omission is due to accident, this fact and the occurrence of the omitted word in the inscription (which was of course always the same) when it is read by the *Prince* of Arragon, are sufficient evidence. It is also noteworthy that the other inscriptions are in lines of twelve syllables.

p. 179. "—— then I am yours *withal*": — The old copies print "with all" — a difference not worth notice, had not Mr. Collier destroyed the sense of the line by retaining that reading.

p. 180. "Gilded *tombs* do worms infold": — The folio and both quartos have "Gilded *timber*," &c. Dr. Johnson made the happy correction; and it was also found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

Scene VIII.

p. 181. "He *came* too late": — It is hardly worth while to notice the corruption "He *comes*," in the folio.

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p. 182. "—— in your mind of love": — Mr. Halliwell says, "'your mind of love,' in the phraseology of the time, is equivalent to 'your loving mind.' So in *Measure for Measure*, —

'Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour.'"

Langton and others, with less show of reason, would read "your mind, of love" — using 'of love' as an adjuration equivalent to 'for love's sake.'

Scene IX.

p. 183. "To woo a maid," &c.: — The arrangement of this and the following line is that of the folio and both quartos — 'marriage' being a trisyllable, and the second line an alexandrine. In all recent editions 'lastly' is made a part of the first line, to the great detriment of the rhythm.

p. 184. "*By* the fool multitude": — Here, 'by' has the sense of 'for,' or there is a transposition of '*By that* many may be meant,' &c. Either of these explanations is entirely sufficient; and a page of the literature of Shakespeare's time can hardly be read without finding ample justifications of both.

" "How much low *peasantry*": — The folio only has *pleas*antry — a palpable corruption due to accident and unread proofs.

" "—— shall *have* as much," &c.: — The inscription on the caskets, as read by both *Arragon* and *Morocco*, has "shall *get*;" but as this line is read from "a schedule," there is little warrant and less need to change it.

p. 185. "Patiently to bear my *wroth*": — 'Wroth' (in the original '*wroath*') seems here to be used somewhat in its radical sense, which connects with it the idea of suffering. See Richardson's *Dictionary, in v.* 'wrath.' Steevens supposed that 'wroth' is here used for 'ruth;' but the conjecture lacks support; and, for the reason just mentioned, is unnecessary.

" "—— what would *my lord?*" — This, as Mr. Dyce says, "is nothing more than a sportive rejoinder to the abrupt exclamation of the Messenger." *Prince Henry* in the same way rejoins to Mrs. *Quickly* — "How now, my lady the hostess!" *Henry IV.* Part I. Act II. Sc. 4. And *King Richard* says to a groom, "Thanks, noble peer." *Richard II.* Act V. Sc. 5.

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ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.

p. 186. "—— the *Goodwins*" : — 'Goodwin Sands' are off the coast of Kent, in the English Channel. Ancient tradition says that they occupy the site of an island which belonged to Godwin, Earl of Kent, the father of King Harold; and it was, and perhaps is, the popular belief that they are so light and mobile that ships which strike them are quickly swallowed up.

" "—— as ever *knapp'd* ginger" : — 'Knap' is plainly the same word as 'snap' : "— he hath broken the bowe, he hath knapped the speare in sonder, and brent the charrets in the fyre." *Psalm* xlv. Miles Coverdale's translation, 1535. As ginger itself is a tough root, a ginger cake must be meant, and probably the sort called even now 'ginger snap.'

p. 188. "—— and what's *his* reason" : — the folio has "*the* reason" — an error which might very easily be the result of a slip in a printer's memory; and so, as both quartos have "his," we need hardly hesitate to adopt it instead of the tamer reading of the folio.

p. 189. "—— what news from *Genoa?*" — The folio and both quartos spell this name either Genowa or Genoway, which very clearly indicates the pronunciation *Ge-no'a*, or *Geno'ay*. But in *The Taming of the Shrew*, where this name occurs, and where the rhythm enables us to determine the pronunciation intended, it is plainly *Gen'o-a*. See the *Introduction* to that play. The pronunciation *Geno'ay* is eminently characteristic of the English of Shakespeare's time. I am convinced that the final *a* of proper names had then almost always the pure sound of that vowel; and the more, because such a pronunciation still pervades New England, where even the best-educated men, who have not had the advantage of early and frequent intercourse with the most polite society of Boston and the other principal cities, say, for instance, Carolinay for Carolina, Augustay for Augusta, and even Savannay for Savannah — the last syllable being rather lightly touched, but being still unmistakably *ay* instead of *ah*. If told of this, they would probably be surprised, and perhaps deny it; but it is true; and the pronunciation, although somewhat homely, is merely a remnant of Shakespearian English.

"Why *then* — loss upon loss" : — The folio and both

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quartos have "Why *thou*," &c., which is plainly a misprint, and a very easy one, for the present text. The correction was made in the second folio.

p. 189. "*Where?* in Genoa?" — Folio and quartos have "*Here*, in Genoa?" — a palpable corruption.

Scene II.

p. 191. "They have *o'er-looked* me": — i. e., enchanted me. See Note on "thou wast overlook'd." *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act V. Sc. 5.

" "—— but 'tis to *peize* the time": — 'Peize,' from the French *peser*, means primarily to weigh, and figuratively to suspend or delay. It was not in common use even in Shakespeare's day. Rowe read "*piece* the time;" and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "*pause* the time."

p. 192. "—— a *swan-like* end": — It is barely possible that some reader of Shakespeare may not have heard of the old belief that the swan — mute at other times — sang a sweet and mournful song at the approach of death.

" "—— with *much* more dismay": — Thus the folio and Roberts' quarto; but Heyes' quarto has "much, *much* more," and has been universally followed. The repetition is tame and prosaic, to a degree; and the fact that while it occurs in the edition from a copy of which the folio is printed, it is omitted in the folio itself, instead of justifying the restoration, proves, if it prove any thing, that the omission was intentional. Had the word been found in Roberts' quarto, but not in Heyes', and did it enhance as much as it deforms the beauty of the passage, its absence might be reasonably attributed to a mere perpetuation of an error left uncorrected in the copy furnished to the printer. The pause which a proper reading of the passage requires after "Live thou, I live," entirely perfects the elocutionary rhythm of the line; and Shakespeare, who thought only how his verse would sound in an actor's mouth, not how it would look to a critic's eye, often used this freedom.

p. 193. "—— valour's *excrement*": — The hair, nails, corns, &c., are properly excrements, as being separated, thrown off, from the body.

" "Veiling an Indian," &c.: — Mr. Harness placed the colon after 'Indian' instead of after 'beauty,' where it appears in the original, and has had some followers. But ornament, not beauty, is here the subject of *Bassanio's* reflection. 'Indian' is used in a derogatory sense; and the

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occurrence of 'beauteous' and 'beauty' in the same sentence is not at all unlike Shakespeare's manner.

p. 193. "—— *thou* gaudy gold" : — Heyes' quarto has "*then* gaudy gold" — an easy misprint, which the folio repeats.

p. 194. "Thy *plainness* moves me" : — The folio and both quartos have "Thy *palenesse*." Warburton suggested 'plainness,' not only because silver casket is called pale three lines before, and Shakespeare would not represent *Bassanio* as "charm'd with the leaden one for having the very same quality that displeas'd him in the silver," but because "there is a beauty in the antithesis between plainness and eloquence." It seems to me not only beautiful, but necessary — the thought being akin to that uttered by *Birone* in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. Sc. 2, "Honest plain words best move the ear of grief," and the previous line, —

"Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,"

having obvious reference to plainness of speech, but none whatever to paleness of hue. The misprint of 'paleness' for "plainness," when the latter was generally written *planeness*, is of the easiest: it requires but a transposition of two letters. Mr. Singer avoids part of the difficulty caused by the misprint by reading above, "thou *stale* and common drudge" — an alteration neither happy nor warranted.

p. 195. "You see *me*, Lord Bassanio" : — The folio only has the easy misprint "*my* Lord Bassanio."

" "Is sum of *nothing*" : — The quartos have "sum of *something*," which so true an appreciator of Shakespeare as Mr. Hudson most strangely says "would put 'nothing' out of the question; but that the improbability of either word being misprinted for the other, seems to infer an authorized correction in the folio." But there is no seeming in the case; and Mr. Hudson would not have used such a phrase, or have added the still more strange remark that "either word seems to agree well enough with the drift of *Portia's* speech," except for want of a careful consideration of that speech, in which she enumerates, so modestly, and yet with dignity and self-respect, traits and conditions all of which are negative. She is an *un*lesson'd girl, *un*school'd, *un*practis'd, *not* yet so old but she *may* learn, *not* bred so dull but she *may* learn, mistress of herself and her belongings before, "but now this house, these servants, and this same myself, are yours, my lord." Here, indeed, is sum of nothing; but how sum of something? But even were not the first expression so appropriate, and the second so inappropriate, were their fitness for the context

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equal, the appearance of one in forty quartos would, as against the appearance of the other in the one authentic folio, only show that an error, or a passage in an unrevised form, had been repeated forty times. There must be some other reason for deviating from the authorized text than the mere preference of any editor, or the occurrence of a variation in other editions. By neither of these only can any reading of the folio be "put out of the question."

p. 195. "Happiest of all *in* that her gentle spirit": — The folio and the quartos have, "Happiest of all *is* that," &c.; but that this is an easy corruption of the text, which is from Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, there can be no reasonable doubt. *Portia* first says that she is "happy *in* this, she is not yet so old," &c., which is equivalent to 'happy in that she is not yet so old,' &c. Next, when speaking in the comparative, she uses a similar ellipsis of "she is not bred," for '*in that* she is not bred.' But in the last clause no such ellipsis can be supposed; and yet the conditional form 'in that' is required by the structure of the sentence and the sequence of the thoughts; and it is restored to the text by the correction of a highly probable typographical mistake of a single letter.

p. 196. "—— I beheld *the maid*": — *Nerissa* was no servant-maid, according to modern notions, but an attendant friend, as well born and bred, perhaps, though not as wealthy, as *Portia* herself. Such a relation was common of old. It existed between *Gratiano* and *Bassanio*, whose intercourse is that of equals, and the former of whom is evidently a gentleman in every sense of the word. *Bassanio* says to him and *Nerissa*, "Our feast shall be *much honour'd* in your marriage."

p. 197. "*Enter* . . . SALERIO": — The quartos add, "*a messenger from* Venice." Mr. Knight changes this name to *Salanio* or *Solanio*. But, as Mr. Verplanck remarks, in the Scenes just before and just after this, *Salanio* is at Venice. See the first Note on this play.

p. 198. "—— some *shrewd* contents": — 'Shrewd' now is used only in the sense of 'keen,' as applied to the mind. But this sense is merely figurative. The radical idea of the word 'shrew' is irritation, sharp annoyance; and with that meaning *Portia* uses it.

p. 200. "—— and *unwearied* spirit": — Mr. Hunter plausibly suggests that the "best condition'd" requires us to read "*unwearied'st*." Strict conformity to the rules of grammar would do so; but Shakespeare sometimes violated these for the sake of euphony; and he did so in

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this case. He would not write 'unwearied *st spirit*,' any sooner than he would write 'moons *sphere*.' See *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act II. Sc. 1.

p. 200. "——· three thousand *ducats*": — Mr. Hunter first pointed out that a Venetian ducat was so called from its inscription, —

SIT. T. XREDAT. Q. TUREGIS. ISTE. DUCAT.,

which is an abbreviation of the following couplet: —

Sit tibi, Christe, datus,
Quem tu regis, iste Ducatus.

Heylin, 1631, says that the ducat was worth 6*s.* 8*d.* sterling; so that *Portia's* offer of thirty-six thousand ducats placed about $55,000, or, according to the present value of money, $385,000, at *Bassanio's* disposal.

" "Shall lose a *hair*": — Here 'hair' is a dis-syllable, as it sometimes is in these plays: or perhaps we should read, "*thorough* Bassanio's fault.

" "—— shew a merry *cheer*": — a merry countenance. See Note on "pale of cheer." *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act III. Sc. 2.

Scene III.

p. 201. "—— that *lends* out money gratis": — The quartos have "*lent*," for which the more descriptive form of the verb, found in the folio, has been generally rejected, either through deference to "the oldest authority," or for the equally feeble reason that now "Antonio has nothing to lend"!

p. 202. "The Duke cannot deny," &c.: — There is some doubt as to the proper construction and punctuation of this passage. It is not quite certain to what 'it' in the third line refers. "If," says Mr. Halliwell, "'it' refers to 'commodity,' the sense will be as Mr. Collier gives it: — 'if the commodity, or advantage which strangers enjoy in Venice be denied, that denial will much impeach the justice of the state, which derives its profits from all nations.' The repetition, however, of the verb 'deny,' would almost prove that it refers to 'the course of law;' and Capell proposes to read, ''*Twill* much impeach.'" Capell not only proposed this reading, but adopted it in his edition; but it is more in Shakespeare's free style to repeat 'deny' with reference to another subject, (i. e., "the commodity," &c.,) than to write such a precise passage as

"The Duke cannot deny the course of law
For [because of] the commodity that strangers have

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With us in Venice: if it [the course of law] be denied
'Twill much impeach," &c.

SCENE IV.

p. 203. "—— an *equal* yoke of love": — The folio and Heyes' quarto have "*egal*," the French equivalent for 'equal,' which was in not uncommon use in Shakespeare's day.

" "—— the bosom *lover*'": — Near friends of the same sex were called lovers in Shakespeare's time, as lovers were called friends.

" "—— the state of hellish *cruelty*": — Roberts' quarto has "hellish *misery*."

p. 204. "In speed to *Padua*": — The old copies read *Mantua* — a manifest corruption, which Theobald was the first to correct.

" "Unto the *Tranect*": — Thus the original. 'Tranect' may be from the Italian *tranare* = to draw, — the boat being drawn across the river. Rowe read "*traject*," which also may be correct, as Coryat tells us (1611) that "there are in Venice thirteen ferries or passages, which they commonly call *traghetti*."

" "—— *accoutred* like young men": — Roberts' quarto has "*apparelled*."

" "I could not *do withal*": — Gifford, in his notes on a passage in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, Act V. Sc. 1, has shown that 'I cannot do withal' was used for 'I cannot help it.' In doing so, however, he takes occasion to censure Steevens for a note, under his pseudonyme Collins, which explains the present passage by a reference to another note on "what has he done," in *Measure for Measure*, Act I. Sc. 2, where the following lines from Marlowe's translation of Ovid's *Elegies*, are quoted in illustration: —

> "The strumpet with the stranger will not *do*,
> Before the room is clear, and door put to."

All previous editors repeat Gifford's strictures, and refer to his note. But they could hardly have read the passage in Jonson's play on which it is written; for there the signification of this phrase is but too plainly that which Steevens attributed to it here. The reader will, I trust, find no squeamishness in these Notes; but the passage is quite unquotable. Even here, although 'I could not help it' is most probably the meaning of *Portia's* phrase, it is not impossible that Steevens was right in his exegesis, and in reading "do with all." Gifford objects, that "*Portia* was a woman of modesty." So she was; but the

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learned reviewer and critic probably forgot for the moment the style of conversation permitted to women of modesty in Shakespeare's day, (of which *Portia's* own words in other Scenes would have furnished him instances, had he remembered them,) and also that she was not speaking as a woman, but in the character of a "bragging Jack" of the time of Queen Elizabeth, and to a friend of her own sex in the privacy of her own chamber.

Scene V.

p. 206. "—— thus, when I shun Scylla," &c. : — This old and much used simile is not found in any classic Latin author, though the contrary is generally supposed. Even so great a scholar as Erasmus was ignorant who was its author; but Galeothus Martius, who died in 1476, discovered it in the following passage in the *Alexandreis* of Philippe Gualtier de Chatillon, Bishop of Megala, who wrote in the beginning of the thirteenth century: —

> "—— nescis, heu! perdite, nescis
> Quem fugias: hostis incurris dum fugis hostem:
> Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charibdim."

Gualtier's *Alexandreis* became a Latin class book; and thus the simile found its way into the various modern languages. Steevens first directed attention to these facts.

p. 207. "How *cheer'st* thou, Jessica": — Roberts' quarto has "How *far'st* thou, Jessica?"

" "And, if on Earth," &c. : — Roberts' quarto gives this passage thus: —

> "And if on Earth he do not mean it, *then*
> *In* reason he should never come to Heaven."

Heyes' quarto differs from this by having 'it' instead of 'then;' a partial correction which makes nonsense, until it is completed in the folio by changing 'In' to 'Is.'

p. 208. "Then, *howsoe'er* thou speak'st": — Heyes' quarto misprints "*howsomere*," — a common vulgarism in Shakespeare's day, — which the folio fails to correct.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

p. 209. "—— *loose* the forfeiture": — i. e., release the forfeiture. This, though the reading of the folio and both quartos, has been changed to 'lose' by nearly all modern editors. That 'loose' and 'lose' were rarely distin-

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guished in old orthography, is no justification of the change.

p. 209. "—— a *royal* merchant": — Warburton's note upon this epithet is both valuable and interesting. "We are not to imagine the word *royal* to be only a ranting sounding epithet. It is used with great propriety, and shows the poet well acquainted with the history of the people whom he here brings upon the stage. For when the French and Venetians, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, had won Constantinople, the French, under the Emperor Henry, endeavored to extend their conquests into the provinces of the Grecian empire on the *terra firma;* while the Venetians, who were masters of the sea, gave liberty to any subjects of the republic who would fit out vessels, to make themselves masters of the isles of the Archipelago and other maritime places; and to enjoy their conquests in sovereignty: only doing homage to the republic for their several principalities. By virtue of this licence, the Sanudo's, the Justiniani, the Grimaldi, the Summaripo's, and others, all Venetian *merchants*, erected principalities in several places of the Archipelago, (which their descendants enjoyed for many generations,) and thereby became truly and properly *royal merchants;* which indeed was the title generally given them all over Europe. Hence the most eminent of our own merchants (while public spirit resided amongst them, and before it was aped by faction,) were called *royal merchants.*" In England, those who transacted the King's business were specially honored with this title. Sir Thomas Gresham bore it in Shakespeare's day.

" "And by our holy *Sabbath*": — Heyes' quarto has "*Sabaoth,*" which Capell silently adopted. It has no such peculiar fitness, that the word of the authentic edition should be set aside for it; for *sabaoth* is merely the Hebrew for 'hosts,' 'armies.' But it is possible that Shakespeare might have been misled by the expression, "Lord God of Sabaoth," which occurs in the New Testament, into the supposition that 'sabaoth' signified something peculiarly high and holy to the Jews.

" "Upon your *charter*, and your *city's freedom*": — Here Shakespeare puts a threat into *Shylock's* mouth which would have little terror for the Doge of Venice. But according to his habit, he availed himself of associations which were familiar and significant to his audience.

p. 210. "To have it *baned*": — In the folio and both quartos this word is contracted thus, 'bain'd;' but a contraction of the modern orthography would confound the verb with 'ban.'

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p. 210. "—— *a gaping* pig": — Editors and commentators have thought it necessary to discuss the point, whether *Shylock* means the gaping of a pig brought to table with an apple in its mouth, or the gaping of the living, squealing animal. He may have meant either; and let not the doubt which, disturb our souls. If among the 'some' he included himself, which does not appear, he probably alluded to the gentle Elia's weakness — *roast* pig. Many allusions in the literature of Shakespeare's time show that a real or an affected antipathy to this dish was not uncommon then.

"And others when the bag-pipe sings," &c.: — There has been much comment on this passage; and several changes of more or less importance and plausibility have been made in it by various editors. But change is unnecessary, and comment would seem superfluous. The passage stands in the folio and in both quartos just as it is in the text, except 'swayes' for 'sway' in the third line below, — a false concord which is of such common occurrence in the early editions of these plays, that it must needs be corrected in thousands of instances, and nothing said about it. The folio accidentally omits 'it,' in the same line. The difficulty seems to have arisen entirely from a misapprehension of the meaning of 'masters of passion;' by which *Shylock* does not mean *men* who are able to control the passions of themselves or others, but such *agencies* as those of which he has just been speaking. 'Passion' is used in its more radical sense, and not with reference to one of the passions. Such a use of it was common in Shakespeare's day; as for instance, "it was a passion of earnest," *As You Like It*, Act IV. Sc. 3, "the passion of loud laughter," *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. Sc. 1. 'Affection' means, of course, 'the being affected,' in this case, by the sound of the bag-pipe — also, of old, a common use of the word; and thus the masters of passion are those things or occurrences that move either the sympathy or the antipathy of any man, and "sway it to the mood of what it likes or loaths." The following reading, which has been adopted by several editors, is a modification of one given by Steevens on the suggestion of Waldron: —

> "And others when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,
> Cannot contain their urine; for affection,
> *Master* of passion, *sways* it to the mood."

Mr. Dyce, supporting this reading, remarks that *Shylock*, after stating three circumstances of a peculiar nature, "accounts for these three peculiarities on a general principle." This is obvious to all readers; but it by no means

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follows that the statement of the principle must begin with "for affection," after which there is a full period in the folio and in both quartos. The principle, if so it may be called, is, that agencies which control the passion of men sway it to the mood of that which awakens sympathy or antipathy. The other readings which have been proposed are not worthy of consideration. The reader who desires it, may find four close octavo pages of comment on the passage in the *Variorum* edition.

p. 210. "—— a *woollen* bag-pipe": — No one who has seen a bagpipe, or who knows that the bag is generally, if not always, covered with baize or some other cloth, will think Steevens' reading "*swollen*," or that of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, "*bollen*," worth consideration.

" "[*You may*] as well use question," &c.: — In the folio these two lines appear thus: —

> "*Or even* as well use question with the wolf
> The ewe bleat for the lamb;"

but in Roberts' quarto they are given as in the text; and this is the case with some of the copies of Heyes' quarto, but not with all; for Mr. Collier states that the Duke of Devonshire has a copy of that edition, in which both lines are thus imperfect: —

> "As well use question with the wolf,
> The ewe bleat for the lamb;" —

the correction having been made as the edition was going through the press. Hence it is plain, that the folio was printed from a copy of Heyes' quarto, in which the correction had not been made, and that some incompetent person, probably in the printing office, undertook to supply the deficiency in part. This consideration, and the use of 'You may as well,' in the comparison both before and after this one, justify a departure from the text of the folio, for that of the quartos.

p. 211. "When they are *fretten*": — The quartos have 'fret ten,' the old plural form of the participle. It is most probable that Shakespeare wrote 'fretten,' and that 'fretted' in the folio was a printer's conformity to the custom of the day; but this cannot be assumed as absolutely certain.

p. 212. "—— from that *bankrupt* there": — Mr. Verplanck prints 'bankrout,' because, as he says, "that was the uniform mode of the age, and retains the etymology of a word, the precise meaning of which has long been the subject of legal and constitutional discussion in the United States." This accomplished scholar is rarely in

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error, but he is so here. So far is *bankrout* from being the uniform orthography of Shakespeare's day for this word, that in the early editions of his very works, it is oftener spelled *bankrupt*. And as to its etymology, it is plainly a compound; and of what other elemental roots than the low Latin *bancus*, a bench, a money bench, or counter, (whence the mercantile word 'bank,') and *ruptum*, broken, it is difficult to conceive. The word, with evidences of the same origin, exists in French, Spanish, and Italian. The orthography *bankrout*, or *bankerout*, was phonographic, and represents the manner in which the word was pronounced, whether written in that way or the other. See Note on "bankerout quite the wits." *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. Sc. 1.

p. 212. "—— *inexorable* dog": — Folio and quartos have "inexecrable." The correction was first made in the folio edition of 1664. It was also found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. Malone made the plausible suggestion that 'inexecrable' is right, 'in' being intensive.

p. 213. "To *endless* ruin": — The quartos have "*cure*less."

p. 214. "—— within his *danger*": — i. e., within danger of process on his part. The word was applied to liability for redress of any kind.

p. 215. "—— this strict *Court* of Venice": — The folio has "*course* of Venice;" and it is not absolutely impossible that this is the true reading, — the course of Venice being that strict course of Venetian law, which *Antonio* has previously said the *Duke* cannot deny.

" "Yea, *twice* the sum": — It is very probable that 'twice' is here a misprint for 'thrice;' for *Portia* says, just after, "there's thrice thy money offered thee," and *Shylock*, "I take his offer, then: — pay the bond thrice." But *Portia*, when she first hears of the nature of the bond, and that it is for three thousand ducats, says, "pay him six thousand."

" "—— how *do I* honour thee": — It is just worthy of notice that the quartos have "how *I do*," &c.

p. 216. "Are there *balance* here?" — The plural form, 'balances,' was rarely used in Shakespeare's day, if at all.

" "—— lest he *should* bleed to death": — The quartos have "lest he *do*," &c.; — and in the next line, "*Is it* so nominated?" &c.; — and just below, "*You*, merchant," &c.

p. 218. "—— the stock of *Barrabas*": — '*Bar*rabas' and not '*Bara*bbas' seems to have been the pronunciation as well as the orthography of this name among the Elizabethan dramatists.

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p. 218. "*Take then* thy bond": — Thus the quartos: the folio has "*Then take* thy bond." The transposition was doubtless accidental.

p. 221. "—— not the font": — Heyes' quarto has corruptly "not *to* the font" — a trifling error, which was passed uncorrected in the folio, and which injures the rhythm.

p. 223. "Be valu*ed against*," &c.: — Thus the folio, with the exception of the old orthography *commandement*. The quartos have, —

"Be *valew'd gainst* your wiues commandement."

The latter text has been universally adopted by modern editors; but none of them, except the careful and acute Capell, saw that this reading requires the first *e* to be retained and heard in 'commandement,' that it may make four syllables; otherwise the line halts badly. 'Valued' was a word of three syllables in Shakespeare's day; and in the folio both it and 'against' are uncontracted. The quadrisyllabic pronunciation of 'commandment' was obsolete even in Shakespeare's day.

Scene II.

p. 224. "We shall have *old* swearing": — 'Old' is here an augmentative. See Note on "an old abusing." *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. Sc. 4.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

p. 224. "In such a night," &c.: — The second folio has "*And* in such a night" in the last two instances in which this expression occurs. It must be confessed that the addition helps the metre, and is not out of place in the concluding plea and rejoinder of the 'nighting;' but no addition is necessary, and therefore, except upon authority, which the second folio lacks, none can be admitted.

p. 226. "Sweet soul": — These words are printed as part of *Launcelot's* speech in the folio and in both quartos. Rowe made the correction, which the metre requires and the sense accords with. It was also found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "My friend *Stephano*": — It is noteworthy that this name, which in this play must be accented on the second syllable, is used correctly in *The Tempest* — a much later play. See *Introduction*.

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p. 226. "—— with *patines* of bright gold": — 'Patines' are small round plates. In the old copies the word is spelled *pattens* or *pattents*. The second folio has "*patterns*," which Mr. Collier adopts.

p. 227. "—— the young ey'd *cherubins*": — See Note on "O! a cherubin." *The Tempest*, Act I. Sc. 2.

" "Doth grossly close *it in*": — The folio and Roberts' quarto accidentally transpose the last two words — an error which has given occasion for long comments, equally abstruse and needless.

p. 228. "—— *without respect*": — i. e., except by comparison. We still say that one thing is good or bad in respect to another.

"Peace, *ho!*" — The folio has "Peace! *How* the moon sleeps," &c.; but, as we have seen before, *how* was merely one way of spelling 'ho.' Malone made the change. Mr. Collier reads with the original; and his folio of 1632 has "Peace! *now* the moon sleeps," &c. Mr. Knight objects to the reading in the text, (which is, of course, a command for the music to cease,) that it "would be a singularly unlady-like act on the part of *Portia* in reality as well as in expression." It is well not to be too solicitous about the 'lady-like' behavior of women in great poems or dramas; but yet it is safe to remark upon the perfect propriety with which 'a lady' may command her own minstrels to cease their performances. It is noteworthy, also, that *Portia* calls so loud that *Lorenzo* hears her and recognizes her voice, and that, according to the old stage direction, the "Music ceases" when she calls.

p. 229. "A *tucket* sounded": — This originally meant a prelude or flourish, from the Italian *toccata*; but there appears to be some reason to believe that it was at last applied to the sort of trumpet used for sounding the flourish.

" "—— the daylight sick": — It has been considered necessary to expatiate in this place upon the brightness of the Italian moonlight; but that was for readers in a country where "in a fine day it is looking up a chimney; in a foul day, looking down one." Here, where we can read books or manuscript by the light of a full moon in an unclouded sky, such remarks are superfluous.

p. 230. "—— till *the* hour of death": — Thus the folio: both the quartos have "*your* hour." The change was plainly made for the sake both of colloquial ease and euphony; and yet the quartos have been very generally followed as "the oldest authority."

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p. 230. "—— a little *scrubbed* boy": — 'Scrubbed' is used to mean dwarfish and unkempt. Mr. Verplanck remarks in a note upon this passage, that 'scrub-oak' is "a name given from the first settlement of the country [America] to the dwarf or bush oak." But is not 'scrub-oak' a corruption of '*shrub*-oak'? and are not 'scrub' and 'shrub' originally the same word?

p. 231. "—— to *contain* the ring": — 'Contain' is here used in its radical sense, 'to hold with' = keep; or as we now say, 'retain.' Malone quoted, in illustration, the following passage from Bacon's Essay on Anger: "To containe *Anger* from *Mischiefe*, though it take hold of a Man, there be two Things whereof you must have special caution."

" "—— but a *Civil* Doctor": — A Doctor of the Civil Law.

p. 232. "*And* by these blessed candles": — The quartos have "*For* by these blessed candles," &c., which is given in all editions hitherto with a comma after 'think,' in the next line. The difference, though slight in itself, is material in point of style; for according to the folio 'think' has for its subject all of the sentence that follows it; but in the text usually given, 'I think' is interjectional, and 'you would have begg'd,' &c., is the predication.

" "I'll have *the* Doctor": — The quartos have "*that* doctor." But *Portia* has already, at the beginning of this speech, indicated the person to whom she intends to be so liberal, as 'that Doctor;' and the recurrence of the definitive adjective is superfluous, and destructive of colloquial ease. Hence, we are bound to presume, the change which appears in the authentic folio; yet all modern editions, hitherto, follow the quartos.

p. 233. "—— for *this wealth*": — Here 'wealth' is but another form of 'weal' = well-being, happiness. *Bassanio's* happiness would certainly have miscarried had *Antonio* perished in paying the penalty incurred for his sake. The folio has "*thy* wealth," which is plainly a corruption; the text is that of the quartos. It is possible that 'thy' of the folio is a misprint for 'the' or 'that,' which had been interlined, and that Shakespeare meant *Antonio* to say that he lent his body for that happiness, (i. e., of both *Bassanio* and *Portia*,) which else would have miscarried.

" "In lieu of *thee*," &c.: — All editions hitherto perpetuate the easy typographical error of '*this*' for 'thee,' which was made in the quartos, and which has been re-

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tained, doubtless, on the supposition, of which it is the very origin, that *Nerissa* must refer to the ring, and here give it to *Gratiano*. What meaning has 'in lieu of *this*' here? In lieu of the ring? But *Nerissa* was talking of the rights of her husband, not of those of the ring, if it must be supposed to have any. And besides, such an assertion would not have been true; for she had had the ring on her finger ever since she got it from *Gratiano* on the evening of that very 'last night' to which she refers; and this he knew; and although she had not been to bed, she knew that he supposed she had. As to the ring, in no sense would *Gratiano* be annoyed by the admission of the Doctor's clerk to its place or all its privileges; but quite the contrary if that youth had taken his.

p. 233. "In Summer, *where* the ways," &c.: — Capell suggested, but did not adopt, "*when* the ways," &c.; and the same reading was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. It is very plausible, but not necessary.

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AS YOU LIKE IT.

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As You Like It occupies twenty-three pages in the folio of 1623, viz., from p. 185 to p. 207, inclusive, in the division of Comedies. It is there divided into Acts and Scenes; but is without a list of Dramatis Personæ, which was first given by Rowe.

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AS YOU LIKE IT.

INTRODUCTION.

THOMAS LODGE, a scholar, a gentleman, — at least by birth, — a lawyer, a soldier, and a player, published in 1590 a tale, called *Rosalind.** It would long ago have passed forever into the limbo of forgotten things, had not Shakespeare made it the foundation of *As You Like It* — using the plot as a sculptor uses the straddling wire on which he models an Apollo. Lodge found somewhat more than the germ of his story in the Coke's *Tale of Gamelyn*, which was for a long time attributed to Chaucer, but of which Tyrwhitt says, it "is not to be found in any of the MSS. of the first authority; and the manner, style, and versification, all prove it to have been the work of an author much inferior to Chaucer." † Where the author of the *Tale of Gamelyn* found his part of it, we do not know; nor is knowledge on that point of any moment to the reader of Shakespeare; for the story has its conditions in such a state of society that it cannot be of very great antiquity. Its elemental incidents have not that simple relation to man as man, which indicates, for instance, the primitive origin of the stories of *King Lear* and *The Merchant of Venice*, the main interest of which depends upon events that are possible wherever the human race is found, and that might have happened as well before the Flood as after. Shakespeare's

* *Rosalynde. Euphues Golden Legacie, found after his Death in his Cell at Silexedra. Bequeathed to Philautus Sonnes, nursed up with their Father in England. Fetched from the Canaries by T. L. Gent.* London. Printed by Abel Jeffes for T. G. and John Busbie. 4to. 1592. Mr. Collier has reprinted this edition in his *Shakespeare's Library*. No copy of the edition of 1590 is known to exist.

† This tale will be found in Wright's excellent edition of Chaucer's Works, published by the Percy Society.

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obligations to a predecessor stop with Lodge and his *Rosalind*. To point out the conformity of the play to the novel would be to recount here all the incidents of the former, and nearly all those of the latter. In constructing *As You Like It* from *Rosalind*, Shakespeare condensed and rejected that which in the tale is merely accessory and episodical; but he altered so little in mere structure that it is not worth while to notice the difference between the two. He retained all the characters, and the names of several beside the heroine; and he added *Jaques*, *Touchstone*, and *Audrey*. But although there is this identity in the plots of the tale and the comedy, Shakespeare's creative power appears none the less remarkably in the latter. The personages in the two works have nothing in common but their names and the functions which they perform. In the tale they are without character, and exist but to go through certain motions and utter certain formally constructed Complaints and Passions. The ladies quote Latin in a style and with a copiousness which would delight a Woman's Rights Convention, and quench, in any man of flesh and blood, the ardor of that love which is the right most prized of woman. *Rosalind*, for instance, musing upon her dawning passion for *Rosader* — the *Orlando* of the tale — and his poverty, says, "Doth not Horace tell thee what methode is to be used in love? '*Querenda pecunia primum, post nummos virtus.*'" There was a model for the traits and the language of Shakespeare's *Rosalind!* In a word, the Act of Parliament which Steevens supposed might compel a perusal of Shakespeare's Sonnets, would surely fail to do the same for that novel which is identical in its plot with Shakespeare's most charming and most frequently read comedy. Such is the worth of a mere story.

As You Like It was first printed in the folio of 1623. But there seems to have been an intention on the part of some person to publish it in 1600; for it is entered under that date in the Stationers' Register, with *Henry V.*, *Every Man in his Humour*, and *Much Ado about Nothing*, as "to be staied." As it is not mentioned by Meres, it must have been written in 1598 or 1599. For that this comedy, if it were in existence when he wrote, would be omitted by him from a citation to prove Shakespeare's eminence, in which *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *The Comedy of Errors* are enumerated, is not to be believed. Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, from which there is a quotation in the third Act, was not published until 1598; but as it was written long

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before, this does not fix the farther limit of the production of *As You Like It* absolutely. It most probably, however, was written in 1599; and the uncertainty of a few months, one way or the other, upon the question is of little real importance: it does not affect our determination of the order in which these works were produced, or appreciably change the period of his life at which this one came from Shakespeare's pen.

The text of *As You Like It* exists in great purity in the original folio. Few of its corruptions are due to any other cause than the lack of proof reading; and those few it is not beyond the power of conjectural criticism to rectify.

The period of the action of this play is quite indefinite, and the costume may be chosen from that of any reign of feudal France before the time of Shakespeare. In Lodge's novel, King Torismond and his banished brother Gerismond occupy the positions of *Duke Frederick* and his banished brother in the comedy. But Shakespeare, although he took the action out of that remote and fabulous period when France was ruled by kings with names ending in *mond*, gave the vague and comprehensive title of Duke to the great ones of his comedy, and awarded them no principality which can be placed upon the map. They are French princes, but their castles are in Spain. Free of all bonds of time and place, they lived for the poet in the golden world of his imagination; and so they must for us. In truth, every thing about the play is just as you like it.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE, *living in exile.*
FREDERICK, *his Brother, and Usurper of his Dominions.*
AMIENS, JAQUES, } *Lords attending upon the exiled* Duke.
OLIVER, JAQUES, ORLANDO, } *Sons of* Sir Rowland de Bois.
LE BEAU, *a Courtier.*
TOUCHSTONE, *a Clown.*
SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT, *a Vicar.*
CORIN, SILVIUS, } *Shepherds.*
ADAM, DENNIS, } *Servants to* Oliver.
CHARLES, *a Wrestler.*
WILLIAM, *a Country Fellow in love with* Audrey.
A Person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, *Daughter to the exiled* Duke.
CELIA, *Daughter to* Frederick.
PHEBE, *a Shepherdess.*
AUDREY, *a Country Wench.*

Lords, Pages, Foresters, *and* Attendants.

SCENE: *First, near* Oliver's House; *afterward, partly in the* Usurper's Court, *and partly in the* Forest *of* Arden.

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AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.

Scene I. — An Orchard near Oliver's House.

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Orlando.

As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion; — bequeathed me by will, but poor a thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired; but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems

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to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter OLIVER.

Oliver. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught a while!

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well: here, in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

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Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois: he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains! Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast rail'd on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore, allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do, beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will: I pray you leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. — God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt* ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me?

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I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Dennis. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit* DENNIS.]—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Charles. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new Court?

Cha. There's no news at the Court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother, the new Duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the Duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the Court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the Forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many

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young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me, his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion. I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day

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living. I speak but brotherly of him; but, should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment. If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so, God keep your worship. [*Exit.*

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. — Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never school'd, and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long: this wrestler shall clear all. Nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about.

[*Exit.*

Scene II.

A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.

Enter Rosalind *and* Celia.

Celia. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Rosalind. Dear Celia, I shew more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet [I] were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke, my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught

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my love to take thy father for mine: so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection: by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster! Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see; — what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee do, to make sport withal; but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true: for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No? When Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire?

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Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this Fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is a Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. — How now, wit? whither wander you?

Touchstone. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, Fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now, stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards (if we had them) thou art.

Touch. By my knavery (if I had it) then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or, if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

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Cel. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him enough: speak no more of him; you'll be whipp'd for taxation, one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great shew. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. *Bon jour*, Monsieur Le Beau: What's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport? Of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, Madam? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank, —

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if

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it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, — the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons, —

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence; —

Ros. With bills on their necks, — 'Be it known unto all men by these presents,' —

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the Duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he serv'd the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, Monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? Is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? — Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

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Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. *Enter* DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, *and* Attendants.

Duke Frederick. Come on; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege; so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men. In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so; I'll not be by.

[DUKE *goes apart.*

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the Princess calls for you.

Orl. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challeng'd Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair Princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal

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enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir: your reputation shall not be therefore misprised. We will make it our suit to the Duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray Heaven, I be deceiv'd in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you.

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mock'd me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

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Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [CHARLES *and* ORLANDO *wrestle.*

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [CHARLES *is thrown. Shout.*

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your Grace; I am not yet well breath'd.

Duke F. How do'st thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. [CHARLES *is borne out.* What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou should'st have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt* DUKE FRED., *Train, and* LE BEAU.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son; — and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Fred'rick.

Ros. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:

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My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. — Sir, you have well deserv'd;
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*
Wear this for me, — one out of suits with Fortune,
That could give more but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay: — Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: My pride fell with my fortunes:
I'll ask him what he would. — Did you call, sir? —
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you. — Fare you well.
[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her; yet she urg'd conference.

Enter LE BEAU.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love,
Yet such is now the Duke's condition,
That he misconsters all that you have done.

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The Duke is humorous: what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir; and, pray you, tell me this:
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the smaller is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; — whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. — Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.
[*Exit* LE BEAU.
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant brother: —
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter CELIA *and* ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! — Cupid have mercy! — Not a word?

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Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs: throw some of them at me: come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father: O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry 'hem,' and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. — But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The Duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do: — Look, here comes the Duke.

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Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, *with* Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our Court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public Court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
(As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your Highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your Highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your Highness banish'd him.
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

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Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.
Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along.
Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse.
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why, so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.
Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt shew more bright, and seem more virtuous,
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her: she is banish'd.
Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege;
I cannot live out of her company.
Duke F. You are a fool: — You, niece, provide yourself:
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.
[*Exeunt* DUKE FREDERICK *and* Lords.
Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.
Ros. I have more cause.
Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Pr'ythee, be cheerful; know'st thou not the Duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

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Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one;
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take the charge upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the Forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face:
The like do you; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and, in my heart,
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

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Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish Fool out of your father's Court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content,
To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — The Forest of Arden.

Enter DUKE, Senior, AMIENS, *and other* Lords *in the dress of* Foresters.

DUKE, Senior.

NOW, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious Court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam, —
The seasons' difference, — as, the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the Winter's wind,
(Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
This is no flattery,) — these are counsellors

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That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing:
I would not change it.

Amiens. Happy is your Grace
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools, —
Being native burghers of this desert city, —
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 *Lord.* Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day, my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

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Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?
1 *Lord.* O yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into th' needless stream;
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much." Then, being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
"'Tis right," quoth he; "thus misery doth part
The flux of company." Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him. "Ay," quoth Jaques,
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life: swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.
Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?
2 *Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.
Duke S. Shew me the place:
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.
1 *Lord.* I'll bring you to him straight.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my Court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 *Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 *Lord.* My lord, the roinish clown, at whom so oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the Princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III.

Before OLIVER'S House.

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM, *meeting.*

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What! my young master! — O, my gentle master!
O, my sweet master, O, you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny priser of the humorous Duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother — (no, no brother; yet the son —
Yet not the son; I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father) —
Hath heard your praises; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him and his practices.

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This is no place; this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, would'st thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What, would'st thou have me go and beg my food?

Or, with a base and boist'rous sword, enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,

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Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And, having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways, we'll go along together:
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty. —
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore, it is too late a week:
Yet Fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The Forest of Arden.

Enter Rosalind *in boy's clothes,* Celia *dressed like a Shepherdess, and* Touchstone.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to shew itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena!

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

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Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you: yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the Forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I! when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone: — Look you, who comes here? a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

Enter CORIN *and* SILVIUS.

Corin. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Silvius. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess;
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As sure I think did never man love so,)
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then never love so heartily:
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wear'ing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not broke from company

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Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd:
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [*Exit* SILVIUS.

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound, I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine: I remember, when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming o'night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batler, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chapp'd hands had milk'd: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said, with weeping tears, "Wear these for my sake." We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond' man
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla! you clown!

Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say: — Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I pr'ythee, Shepherd, if that love, or gold,

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Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to Heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale; and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages: I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold:
Go with me; if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE V.

An open Place in the Forest, near a large Tree.

Enter AMIENS JAQUES, *and others.*

Song.

Ami. *Under the greenwood tree,*
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But Winter and rough weather.

Jaques. More, more! I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More! I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel sucks eggs. More! I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza: Call you 'em stanzas?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like th' encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man

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thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song. — Sirs, cover the while; the Duke will drink under this tree: — he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give Heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble; come.

Song.

[All together here.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' th' sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But Winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes: —

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducadme, ducadme, ducadme;
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me

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Ami. What's that *ducadme*?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the Duke; his banquet is prepar'd. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene VI.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further. O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master!

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake, be comfortable; hold death a while at the arm's end. I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerly: and I'll be with thee quickly. — Yet thou liest in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE VII.

The same as Scene V.

A table set out. Enter DUKE, Senior, AMIENS, Lords, *and others.*

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can nowhere find him like a man.

1 *Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence;
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres: —
Go, seek him; tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

1 *Lord.* He saves my labor by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, Monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company!
What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A Fool, a Fool! I met a Fool i' th' forest,
A motley Fool. — A miserable world! —
As I do live by food, I met a Fool
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, — and yet a motley Fool.
"Good morrow, Fool," quoth I. "No, sir," quoth he,
"Call me not Fool, till Heaven hath sent me fortune:"
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;

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And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
The motley Fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That Fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial. — O noble Fool!
A worthy Fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What Fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy Fool! — One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain, —
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, — he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms: — O, that I were a Fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit:
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The why is plain as way to parish church:
He that a Fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
[But to] seem senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squand'ring glances of the Fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave

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To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou would'st do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all th' embossed sores and headed evils
That thou with license of free foot hast caught
Would'st thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, The city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function
That says, his bravery is not on my cost,
(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; How then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why, then my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man. — But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, *with his sword drawn.*

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet

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Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.
Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?
Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress?
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?
Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the shew
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred,
And know some nurture. But, forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered!
Jaq. An you will not be answer'd with reason, I must die.
Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.
Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.
Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time,
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be, —
In the which hope I blush and hide my sword.

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Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd;
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; till he be first suffic'd,
(Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,)
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go, find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye: and be bless'd for your good comfort! [*Exit.*

Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,—
His Acts being seven ages. At first, the Infant
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
Then the whining Schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: And then the Lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow: Then a Soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard;
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,

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Seeking the bubble Reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: And then the Justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd;
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances, —
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd Pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans — every thing.

Enter ORLANDO, *with* ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burthen,
And let him feed.
Orl. I thank you most for him.
Adam. So had you need;
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.
Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes: —
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

AMIENS *sings.*

I.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

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Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly!

II.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! &c.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son, —
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face, —
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
That lov'd your father: The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. — Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is;
Support him by the arm. — Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand.

[*Exeunt.*

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ACT III.

SCENE I. — A Room in the Palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, *and* Attendants.

DUKE FREDERICK.

NOT see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it;
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O, that your Highness knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou. — Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands;
Do this expediently, and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

The Forest.

Enter ORLANDO, *with a paper.*

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crowned Queen of Night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, Shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vild life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, Shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends: That the property of rain is to wet, and fire

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to burn: That good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun: That he that hath learned no wit by Nature nor Art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in Court, Shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope, —

Touch. Truly thou art damn'd; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at Court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at Court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, Shepherd!

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the Court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the Court. You told me, you salute not at the Court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow! A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again! A more sounder instance; come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the sur-

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gery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfum'd with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: Civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, Shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the Devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou should'st 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress' brother.

Enter ROSALIND, *reading a paper.*

Ros. "*From the east to western Ind,*
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lin'd,
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Rosalind."

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Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Ros. Out, Fool!

Touch. For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Winter'd garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses! Why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull Fool; I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i' th' country: for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the Forest judge.

Enter CELIA, *reading a paper.*

Ros. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel. "*Why should this* [*a*] *desert be?*
For it is unpeopled? No;

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Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings shew.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age.
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read, to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little shew.
Therefore Heaven Nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd.
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave."

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter! what a tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cry'd, 'Have patience, good people!'

Cel. How now! Back, friends! — Shepherd, go off a little: go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, Shepherd, let us make an honour-

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able retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt* CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondering, how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree. I was never so berhym'd since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck? Change you colour?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be remov'd with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pr'ythee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping!

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Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery. I pr'ythee tell me, who is it quickly, and speak apace: I would thou could'st stammer, that thou might'st pour this conceal'd man out of thy mouth as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the Devil take mocking; speak sad brow and true maid.

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? — What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

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Ros. But doth he know that I am in this Forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth [such] fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good Madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart!

Cel. I would sing my song without a burthen: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter ORLANDO *and* JAQUES.

Cel. You bring me out: — Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he; slink by, and note him.

[CELIA *and* ROSALIND *retire.*

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion's sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God b' wi' you; let 's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

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Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christen'd.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers! Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a Fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [*Exit* JAQUES.

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Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—[CELIA *and* ROSALIND *come forward.*] Do you hear, Forester?

Orl. Very well: What would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day; there's no clock in the Forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the Forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I pr'ythee who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemniz'd: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burthen of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burthen of heavy tedious penury: These Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

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Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here, in the skirts of the Forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man, — one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as halfpence are; every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the Forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

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Orl. I am he that is so love-shak'd; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye, and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; (but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue:) Then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe unti'd, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! You may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as mad-

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men do: and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cur'd him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll shew it you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the Forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III.

The Same.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY; JAQUES *behind observing them.*

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Audrey. Your features? Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is. Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd:

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for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the Vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the Forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen! A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, Many a man knows no end of his goods: right! many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. [Are] horns given to poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

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Enter Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT.

Here comes Sir Oliver: — Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oliver. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*Coming forward.*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Master What ye call't: How do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: — Even a toy in hand here, sir: — Nay; pray be cover'd.

Jaq. Will you be married, Motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey:

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We must be married, or we must live in bawdry. Farewell, good Master Oliver! Not —

"*O sweet Oliver,*
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee;"

but —

"*Wind away,*
Begone I say,
I will not to wedding with thee."

[*Exeunt* JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, *and* AUDREY.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Same. Before a Cottage.

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana:

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a nun of Winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. Was is not is: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the Forest on the Duke your father.

Ros. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him. He ask'd me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose. But all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. — Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress, and Master, you have oft inquir'd
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

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Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon. Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN, *behind.*

Phebe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murther in mine eye;
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murtherers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;

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And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame!
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murtherers.
Now shew the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That Love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes,
Afflict me with my mocks, pity me not,
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. [*Advancing.*] And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of Nature's sale-work. — 'Od's my little life!
I think she means to tangle my eyes too: —
No, 'faith, proud Mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,

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Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish Shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy South, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can shew her.
But, Mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;
Foul is most foul, being foul, to be a scoffer.
So, take her to thee, Shepherd: Fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He's fall'n in love with your foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. — Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me;
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by: —
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard;
Come, sister: Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.
Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt* Ros., Cel., *and* Cor.

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Phe. Dead Shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;
"Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?"
Sil. Sweet Phebe,—
Phe. Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?
Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.
Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.
Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be;
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.
Phe. Thou hast my love; is not that neighbourly?
Sil. I would have you.
Phe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee;
And yet it is not that I bear thee love:
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too;
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.
Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps. Loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.
Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?
Sil. Not very well; but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.
Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy:—yet he talks well;—
But what care I for words? yet words do well

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When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth: — not very pretty: —
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man. The best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip;
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek: 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels, as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
[I] have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what hath he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black,
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one: 'omittance is no quittance.'
I'll write him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT IV.

SCENE I. — The Forest.

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* JAQUES.

JAQUES.

I PR'YTHEE, pretty youth, let me [be] better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so: I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why, then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the Scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the Musician's, which is fantastical; nor the Courtier's, which is proud; nor the Soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the Lawyer's, which is politic; nor the Lady's, which is nice; nor the Lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's: then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

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Enter ORLANDO.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad. I had rather have a Fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad, — and to travel for it too!

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay, then, God b' wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit* JAQUES.

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller. Look you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. — Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover? — An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapp'd him o' th' shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; — a better jointure, I think, than you [can] make a woman: Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed

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in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker, and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent: — What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be deni'd?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are; because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say — I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old; and in all this time

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there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club: yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have liv'd many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was — Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But, come; now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such!

Orl. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing? — Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us. — Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, — "Will you, Orlando," —

Cel. Go to: — Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

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Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why, now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say, — "I take thee, Rosalind, for wife."

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but, — I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband. There's a girl goes before the priest: and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her after you have possess'd her.

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever! No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain; and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry: I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, — 'Wit, whither wilt?'

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Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you meet your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say — she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself; for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love! I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; — I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much; and I thought no less. That flattering tongue of yours won me: — 'tis but one cast away, and so, — come, death! — Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful. Therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old Justice that examines all such offenders; and let Time try. Adieu!

[*Exit* ORLANDO.

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Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love prate: we must have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the Bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No; that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love: — I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando. I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

Scene II.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Jaques *and* Lords, *in the habit of Foresters, with a dead deer.*

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

1 *Lord.* Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory: — Have you no song, Forester, for this purpose?

2 *Lord.* Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

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Song.

I.

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin, and horns to wear.
Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn; [They sing him home: the rest shall bear this burthen.]
It was a crest ere thou wast born.

II.

Thy father's father wore it;
And thy father bore it;
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[They bear off the deer, singing.

Scene III.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Rosalind *and* Celia.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

Ccl. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth — to sleep: Look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth; —
My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this.
[*Giving a letter.*
I know not the contents; but, as I guess,
By the stern brow, and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenor. Pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

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Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and, that she could not love me
Were man as rare as phœnix. 'Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.
Why writes she so to me? — Well, Shepherd, well;
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand; she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand: I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
She has a housewife's hand; but that's no matter:
I say, she never did invent this letter:
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance: — Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: Mark how the tyrant writes. [*Reads.*

"*Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,*
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?" —

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

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Ros. "*Why, thy godhead laid apart,*
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?"

Did you ever hear such railing?

"*Whiles the eye of man did woo me,*
That could do no vengeance to me.—"

Meaning me a beast.—

"*If the scorn of your bright eyne*
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack! in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die."

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. — Wilt thou love such a woman? — What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! — not to be endur'd! — Well, go your way to her, (for I see love hath made thee a tame snake,) and say this to her; — That if she love me, I charge her to love thee: If she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her. — If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [*Exit* SILVIUS.

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Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know
Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands
A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments, and such years: "The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: the woman low,
And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both:
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin; are you he?

Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the Forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! He threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,

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And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do;
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando; — Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so:
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling,
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was't you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame

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To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin? —

Oli. By and by.
When, from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As, how I came into that desert place; —
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound,
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[ROSALIND *faints.*

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Ganymede?

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it: — Cousin — Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither: —
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth: — You a man? —
You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. — Heigh ho!

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Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well, then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i'faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards: — Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back how you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him: — Will you go?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — The Forest of Arden.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

TOUCHSTONE.

WE shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey; a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world. Here comes the man you mean.

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Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown. By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

William. Good ev'n, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good ev'n, William.

Will. And good ev'n to you, sir.

Touch. Good ev'n, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five-and-twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age! Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' th' Forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. 'Thank God:'—a good answer. Art rich?

Will. 'Faith, sir, so so.

Touch. 'So so'—is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying; 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me; To have, is to have: For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being pour'd out of a cup into a glass, by filling the

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one, doth empty the other. For all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he; now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman! Therefore, you, clown, abandon, which is in the vulgar, leave, the society, which in the boorish is, company, of this female, which in the common is, woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore, tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you; come, away, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey; — I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter ORLANDO *and* OLIVER.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?

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Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor [her] sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the Duke, and all 's contented followers. Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he shew'd me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: — Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of — "I came, saw, and overcame." For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they look'd; no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they

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made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe, then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you

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in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good Shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears; —
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service; —
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and obedience;
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience;
All purity, all trial, all observance;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

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Phe. [*To* ROSALIND.] If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Sil. [*To* PHEBE.] If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Orl If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros Who do you speak to, 'why blame you me to love you?'

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. — I will help you [*to* SILVIUS] if I can: — I would love you [*to* PHEBE] if I could. — To-morrow meet me all together. — I will marry you [*to* PHEBE] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow: — I will satisfy you [*to* ORLANDO] if ever I satisfi'd man, and you shall be married to-morrow: — I will content you [*to* SILVIUS] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. — As you [*to* ORLANDO] love Rosalind, meet; — as you [*to* SILVIUS] love Phebe, meet; and as I love no woman, I'll meet. — So, fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope

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it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banish'd Duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 *Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 *Page.* We are for you: sit i' th' middle.

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are your only prologues to a bad voice?

2 *Page.* I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

Song.

I.

It was a lover, and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the Spring.

II.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

III.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.

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IV.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untimeable.

1 *Page.* You are deceiv'd, sir; we kept time; we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God b' wi' you, and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter DUKE, Senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, *and* CELIA.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd: —
[*To the* DUKE.] You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

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Ros. [*To* ORLANDO.] And you say you will have her, when I bring her?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. [*To* PHEBE.] You say you'll marry me, if I be willing?

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But, if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. [*To* SILVIUS.] You say that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter; —
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter: —
Keep you your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd: —
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me: — and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this Forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here come a

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pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are call'd Fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the Forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How, seventh cause? — Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favour'd thing, sir, but mine own: — a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times remov'd; — bear your body more seeming, Audrey: — as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well,

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he was in the mind it was: this is call'd the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself: this is call'd the Quip Modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is call'd the Reply Churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is call'd the Reproof Valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this is call'd the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to Lie Circumstantial, and the Lie Direct.

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the lie circumstantial; nor he durst not give me the lie direct: and so we measur'd swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that, too, with an 'If.' I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an 'If,' as, 'If you said so, then I said so;' and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your 'If' is the only peacemaker; — much virtue in 'If.'

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a Fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

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Enter HYMEN, *leading* ROSALIND *in her proper habit, and* CELIA. *Still music.*

Hymen. Then is there mirth in Heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good Duke, receive thy daughter;
Hymen from Heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither;
That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Ros. [*To* DUKE S.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[*To* ORLANDO.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why, then, — my love adieu!

Ros. [*To* DUKE S.] I'll have no father if you be not he: —

[*To* ORLANDO.] I'll have no husband if you be not he: —

[*To* PHEBE.] Nor ne'er wed woman if you be not she.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion.
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands,
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.
[*To* ORLANDO *and* ROSALIND.
You and you no cross shall part;
[*To* OLIVER *and* CELIA.
You and you are heart in heart:

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[*To* PHEBE.

You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:
[*To* TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.
You and you are sure together
As the Winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning,
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

Song.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock, then, be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.
Phe. [*To* SILVIUS.] I will not eat my word; now thou art mine,
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

Jaques de Bois. Let me have audience for a word or two;
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this Forest,
Address'd a mighty power, which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:

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And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world:
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again,
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this Forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their 'states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry: —
Play, music; — and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to th' measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience: If I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous Court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd. —
You [*to* DUKE S.] to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it: —
You [*to* ORLANDO] to a love that your true faith doth merit: —
You [*to* OLIVER] to your land, and love, and great allies: —
You [*to* SILVIUS] to a long and well-deserved bed: —

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And you [*to* TOUCHSTONE] to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd: — So to your pleasures;
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I: — what you would have,
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we'll begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end in true delights.
[*A dance.*

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the Lady the Epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the Lord the Prologue. If it be true that 'good wine needs no bush,' 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnish'd like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simp'ring, none of you hates them,) that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defi'd not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curt'sy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*

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NOTES ON AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

p. 271. "—— but *poor a* thousand crowns": — Thus the original; but all modern editors, except Mr. Knight, read "*a poor* thousand crowns," and thus destroy a textual trait characteristic of Shakespeare's time — the separation of the adjective from the noun which it qualified, by an article, or a pronoun; as "good my coz," Sc. 2, and "good my liege," Sc. 3, of this very play. It is almost needless to remark that the construction of this speech shows that *Orlando* and *Adam* enter in the midst of a conversation.

/ "My brother Jaques he keeps at *school*": — We are to understand 'school' as meaning a university, not a primary school. The schools of Oxford, or of Padua, are frequently mentioned in the literature of Shakespeare's day; and we still speak of all the learning of the schools. This Note would seem almost superfluous, had not serious efforts been made, and at no remote period, to defend Shakespeare from a charge of inconsistency in making an elder brother of his hero a school-boy! In the old tale the second brother is also 'at schoole.'

// "—— *stays* me here at home unkept": — Warburton proposed 'styes,' which is but plausible. The similarity of thought between 'stay' and 'keep' is necessary to the antithetical point of the sentence.

p. 272. "—— and *be naught* a while": — "'Be naught,' or 'go and be naught,' was formerly a petty execration of common usage between anger and contempt, which has been supplied by others that are worse, as 'be hanged,' 'be cursed,' &c.; 'a while,' or 'the while,' was frequently added merely to round the phrase." Nares' *Glossary*.

p. 274. "—— the Duke's *wrestler*": — The uniform spelling

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of the word in the original, in this and in other plays, is *wrastle*; but as 'wrestle' and 'wrest' were in common use in Shakespeare's time, and there is no etymological reason for returning to the old orthography, the modern is given.

p. 276. "—— this *gamester*": — 'Gamester' was used much in the sense which we attach to the cant terms 'sporting-man,' or man 'of the fancy.'

SCENE II.

" "—— and would you yet [*I*] were merrier": — 'I,' necessary to the sense, is omitted in the original. It was supplied by Pope.

p. 277. "*Enter* TOUCHSTONE": — *Touchstone* is called *Clown* here and elsewhere in the original.

p. 278. "—— who, *perceiving* our natural wits," &c.: — The folio has 'perceiv*eth*' — a manifest error, which was corrected in the second folio.

p. 279. "*Cel.* My father's love," &c.: — The original incorrectly assigns this speech to *Rosalind*. *Duke Frederick* is *Celia's* father. 'Old' is a mere epithet, which here has no reference to age. 'Taxation,' in *Celia's* reply, means censure, satire. We still say, for instance, 'she taxed him with inconstancy, and he taxed her with folly;' and in Act II. Sc. 7, *Jaques* says of his general censures, —

> "Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
> Unclaim'd of any man."

" "—— you have lost much good *sport*": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "good *spo't*," a reading which Mr. Collier himself supposes to be indicative of an affected style of speech on *Le Beau's* part, and to be justified by *Celia's* question, in reply, "Of what colour?"

p. 280. "With *bills* on their necks," &c.: — Some editors have supposed that there is an allusion here to the weapon called "the bill," which was often spoken of as carried on the neck instead of the shoulder; and it is worthy of note that, 'taking his forest bill on his neck,' is an expression which occurs several times in the tale on which this comedy is founded.

p. 281. "—— there is such odds in the *men*": — The original has "the *man*," which Mr. Collier and others would retain as meaning 'such a difference in the man as compared with Charles the wrestler.' But this is an unwarrantable stretch of language. There was doubtless a misprint of 'man' for 'men.'

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p. 281. "I attend *them*, with all respect and duty": — *Le Beau* delivers the message as from *the Princess*, because he had received it only from *Celia*; but *Orlando*, who sees two Princesses, naturally replies that he will wait on them.

" "—— if you saw yourself with *your eyes*," &c.: — It would seem very superfluous to point out that 'eyes' and 'judgment' are the emphatic words here, were it not that Warburton proposed to read '*our* eyes' and '*our* judgment,' and met with some supporters.

p. 283. "How *do'st* thou, Charles?" — See Note on "which on my earth do'st shine." *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. Sc. 3, p. 464.

p. 284. "—— as you have exceeded all promise": — The second folio has "exceeded all *in* promise," which Mr. Halliwell adopts. But *Orlando* had not exceeded all in promise; he, or his performances, exceeded all promise.

" "Is but a *quintain*," &c.: — A 'quintain' was a machine used in the preparatory sports of the tilt-yard. It was composed of an upright, and a rotatory arm, one end of which was loaded. The unloaded end being struck with sword or spear, the arm revolved quickly and returned the blow with the loaded end, unless the assailant were nimble enough to escape.

" "That he *misconsters* all": — This is not a mis-spelling or loose spelling of 'misconstrue,' but the old form of the word. It therefore should be retained. A similar reason justifies the retention of "than *I* to speak of," in the last line of this speech. That was the grammatical form in use in Shakespeare's day, which we should not change unless we undertake to have our Shakespeare according to Lindley Murray — that is, to make his works conform to laws which he did not know.

p. 285. "—— the *smaller* is his daughter": — The original has "taller," a manifest corruption, as we learn from *Rosalind* herself, in the very next Scene. Pope read 'shorter;' 'smaller,' which conforms more to the old text, was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

Scene III.

p. 286. "No, some of it is for my *child's father*": — Rowe read "my *father's child*," and he is supported by Coleridge and Mr. Knight, on the ground that, by the original text, "a most indelicate anticipation is put into the mouth of *Rosalind* without reason." To this objection an editor of Shakespeare must find an all-sufficient answer in the facts, that the original edition has "my childes father,"

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— that this reading has a clear and unmistakable meaning, — and that that meaning is entirely consistent with the notions of propriety in Shakespeare's time, with his treatment of the female character throughout his works, and with the words and thoughts which he assigns to *Rosalind* and *Celia* themselves elsewhere in this very play. There are psychological reasons also which sustain the original text: these the reader will find set forth in *Shakespeare's Scholar*.

p. 286. "—— doth he not *deserve well*": — It can hardly be necessary to point out that *Celia* means 'deserve well *to be hated*,' and that *Rosalind* purposely perverts her cousin's words.

p. 287. "—— dispatch you with your *safest* haste": — Mr. Singer proposes "*swiftest* haste;" and "*fastest* haste" was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. These suggestions are plausible, but superfluous: — in 'safest haste' there is an unconscious anticipation by the *Duke* of his subsequent threat. Beside, Shakespeare would not needlessly write 'fa*stest* haste.'

" "—— the *likelihood* depends": — The original has "likelihood*s*." It is barely possible that this may not be a misprint.

p. 288. "—— coupled and *inseparable*": — The second folio has "insepa*rate*," — a reading so consonant with Shakespeare's phraseology, and so rhythmically advantageous to the line, that it would be acceptable without question, were not authority against it.

p. 289. "*No hath not?*" — Hitherto these words have been incorrectly printed by modern editors as two questions — 'No? hath not?' But they are an example of a peculiar idiomatic use of the negative, to which attention was first directed by the Rev. W. R. Arrowsmith, in *Notes and Queries*, Vol. VII. p. 520. 'No did,' 'no will,' 'no had,' &c., were used in the sense of 'did not,' 'will not,' 'had not,' &c.; as, for instance, — there being many such: —

"*Sol.* — and the whole world yeilds not a workman that can frame the like.

Fort. No does?" *Old Fortunatus*. Dilke's Old Eng. Plays, Vol. III. p. 140.

"*Careless.* No forsooth; I do not knowe any such, nor have I heard of him that I wot of.

Martin. No have, forsooth?" Fox's *Acts and Monuments*.

"Which teacheth *thee* that thou and I *am* one": — Thus the original. Warburton read "which teacheth

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me," &c., and was generally followed. But as Dr. Johnson remarked, "the sense of the established text is not remote or obscure. Where would be the absurdity of saying, You know not the law which teaches you to do right?" Still it remains true that *Celia* would naturally reproach her cousin for the lack of that completeness of love which she herself possessed. The phrase "thou and I *am* one" is not at variance with the custom of the time; but as that had begun to conform modern rules of concord, perhaps there is here an easy misprint of 'am' for 'are.'

p. 289. "Shall we be *sunder'd?*" — The original abbreviates by the elision of the first *e* — "sund*'red;*" and it is noteworthy that that is the form of the contracted participle, usually, if not always, found in books of Shakespeare's time; as, for instance, in this play, "a poore sequest*'red* stag," Act II. Sc. 1; "that sacred pity hath engend*'red*," *Ibid.*, Sc. 7; "that to your wanting may be minist*'red*," *Ibid.*; "As freind rememb*'red* not," *Ibid.*; "Wint*'red* garments must be lined," Act III. Sc. 2, &c., &c. The apostrophe is often omitted. It seems more than probable that this uniformity is not accidental; and it is quite possible that it represents the colloquial form of the contraction.

" "—— to take *the charge* upon you": — The original has "*your change.*" The second folio partly rectified the obvious error by reading "your *charge.*" The printer mistook 'y^e^ charge' for 'y^r^ change,' — an error easily committed.

' "I am more than common *tall*": — In the old tale *Rosalind* also alludes to her tall stature; and she and her cousin assume the names of Ganimede and Aliena.

' "A gallant *curtle-axe*": — *Coutelas* was the French name for a short, heavy sword. It was corrupted into 'curtle-axe,' and is now more correctly represented by 'cutlass.'

" "—— a *swashing* and a martial outside": — Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580, defines, "To swash, or to make a noise with swordes against tergats." 'Tergats' were shields. Hence we have 'swash-buckler.'

p. 290. "Now go *we in* content": — The original, by an accidental transposition, has "go *in we*," &c.

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ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.

p. 290. "Here feel we *but* the penalty of Adam": — The original has "Here feel we *not*," &c., which is clearly a corruption, as Theobald first suggested, because there was no penalty of Adam from which the speaker and his companions were exempt. Mr. Whiter, whom Mr. Knight follows, suggested that the penalty of Adam was that he should get his bread by the sweat of his brow. So did the banished *Duke*: Adam, after his curse, might as well have lived by hunting as the *Duke*. Plainly, the penalty of Adam is the seasons' difference — eternal Spring being inseparably connected with the idea of Eden — and the common misprint of 'not' for 'but' took place. For what is the culminating thought of the whole passage? —

> "these are the counsellors
> That feelingly persuade me *what I am*."

The *Duke* finds the icy fang and the churlish chiding of the Winter's wind more truthful counsellors than those which buzzed around his painted pomp. They make him feel that he is a man. But how would they do this if he were exempt from any part of that heritage of all mankind, — the penalty of Adam? It is to be observed, however, that the passage, although its meaning is clear, is written in a very free style, and will defy parsing criticism.

p. 291. "I would not change it": — The folio misplaces these words at the beginning of *Amiens'* speech. They are not only, as Upton remarked, "more in character for the *Duke*," but the necessary complement of his thought.

p. 292. "—— his weeping *into* th' needless stream": — Thus the original. But most editors read, "weeping *in*," &c. The stag, however, wept *into* the stream, not *in* it. It is almost unnecessary to point out that "the needless stream" is 'the stream without need,' i. e., that needed not the tears.

" "To that which *had* too much": — Mr. Singer reads, "*hath* too much," because in *Henry VI.*, Part III. Act V. Sc. 4, Shakespeare wrote,

> "With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
> And give more strength to that which hath too much."

But the time of the action referred to is not the same in the two passages. Worldlings, in making their testaments, give to those who *had* too much *before*.

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p. 292. "—— kill them *up*": — Here 'up' is mere colloquial surplusage.

SCENE II.

p. 293. "—— the *roinish* clown": — 'Roinish' is from the French *rogneux* = mangy, and was used as we now use 'scurvy,' in the phrase 'a scurvy fellow.'

SCENE III.

p. 294. "The *bonny priser*," &c.: — The original has "*bonnie* priser," which, on Warburton's suggestion, it was, till recently, the custom to print '*bony* priser.' But 'bonnie,' in the sense in which the Scotch use 'braw,' was a fit epithet for *Adam* to apply to *Charles*. 'Priser' is prize-fighter, — one who wins prizes. "So *fond* to overcome," means, of course, 'so *foolish* to overcome.'

" "Why, what's the matter": — By an obvious error, which was corrected in the second folio, these words are made a part of *Adam's* speech in the original.

p. 295. "This is no place": — Here 'for you' is understood.

p. 296. "From *seventeen* years": — The original has "*seauentie*," — a palpable error, which Rowe corrected.

" "—— it is too late a *week*": — Here 'week' is used for 'term,' 'period.'

SCENE IV.

" "*Enter* ROSALIND *in boy's clothes*," &c.: — The original stage direction is "*Enter Rosaline for Ganymed, Celia for Aliena, and Clowne* alias *Touchstone*.

" "—— how *weary* are my spirits": — The original, which is followed by Mr. Knight, has "how *merry* are my spirits." Whiter suggests that *Rosalind's* merriment was assumed; and Malone, that she invokes Jupiter because he was always in good spirits. It seems plain that 'merry' is a misprint for 'weary,' as Theobald conjectured. *Rosalind*, worn out by her desponding journey, exclaims, "how weary are my spirits!" and the *Clown* replies, "I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary;" that is, 'I would not care how weary my spirits might be, if my legs were not so.' If *Rosalind* were to say that her spirits were *merry*, *Touchstone's* reply would have no point. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has 'weary.'

" "I *cannot* go *no* further": — Thus the original, in conformity with Shakespeare's frequent habit. The second folio has "I *can* go no further;" but this change is one of

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the many in that volume which were modernizations of the original text.

p. 297. "*Wea'ing* thy hearer": — The original has "*Wearing;*" the second folio, which has generally been followed, "*Wearying.*" That the latter is the word intended there can be no doubt; but it seems that a contracted form was used — the mark of elision being omitted, as in thousands of other instances in the first folio. Both words had the same vowel sounds.

p. 298. "—— searching of *thy wound*": — The original has "*they would*" — a manifest corruption, which was corrected in the second folio.

" "—— her *batler*": — The batler or batlet was a little bat, used for beating clothes in the wash-tub.

" "Good even to *you*, friend": — The original misprints "*your* friend."

Scene V.

p. 301. "Sirs, *cover* the while": — It may possibly be necessary to point out that 'cover' here has reference to the banquet, which the last speech of the Scene announces as prepared.

" "And loves to *live i' th' sun*": — To live in the sun was to live a profitless life. 'Out of God's blessing into the warm sun,' is an old proverb, used thus, for instance, in Heylin's *Mikrokosmos*, 1631: "But if warmth were all the benefit wee received from the Seas, it might indeed bee said that wee were come from God's blessing, into the warme Sunne," p. 463, — that is, 'that we gained little or nothing by it.'

" "*Ducadme*": — The original has "duc*da*me;" but that this reading is only the result of an accidental transposition, and that we should read *duc ad me* = bring to me, as Hanmer judged, seems plain from the relation which the line bears to the corresponding one in the previous stanzas. That the cynical *Jaques* should pass off his Latin for Greek upon *Amiens* is but in character. As to the suggestion made by some commentator that *ducdame* is the call of an old crone to her ducks, it would be better worth consideration if he proposed to supply a *y* before the *e*.

p. 302. "—— the first-born of Egypt": — Dr. Johnson says that this is "a proverbial expression for high-born persons."

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SCENE VI.

p. 302. "Dear master," &c. : — In the original the greater part of this Scene is broken into a semblance of verse, which is also the case with many other prose passages in this play.

" "Well *said!*" — Mr. Collier remarks that 'well said' was used for 'well done.' But *Orlando* seems to refer to what he himself has said.

SCENE VII.

p. 303. "*Enter* DUKE, Senior," &c. — The original adds "*like Outlawes.*"

p. 304. "[But to] seem senseless," &c. : — The original omits the words in brackets, which, or words equivalent, are required by the context and the measure. Theobald read '*Not* to,' and has been universally followed; but the text, which is from Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, better suits the style of Shakespeare's time.

p. 305. "—— for a *counter*" : — According to Farmer, about the time when this play was written, 'counters,' to be used in reckoning, were brought into England from France.

" "—— the *brutish sting*" : — i. e., gross sexual passion.

" "—— the *wearer's* very means" : — The original has "the *wearie* verie means," which was, strangely enough, changed to '*very*, very means' by Pope, and which it was quite as strangely left for Mr. Singer to correct to "wearer's very means."

p. 306. "Of stern *commandment*" : — It is worthy of note that in the original this word is printed as if it were contracted — *command'ment*. The terminal *e* of the old orthography — sometimes superfluous, sometimes marking the long sound of a preceding vowel — seems to have been not unfrequently pronounced in compound words, even as late as the time of Shakespeare, and especially when those compounds occurred in verse. See Note on "Be valued against your wife's commandment." *Merchant of Venice*, Act IV. Sc. 1.

p. 307. "*Wherein* we play *in*" : — Pleonasm like this is so common among writers of Shakespeare's day as to make its occurrence hardly worthy of note.

p. 308. "—— and *modern* instances" : — Shakespeare uses 'modern' both in its present acceptation and for 'trivial,'

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'simple.' It is difficult to determine in which sense he has used it here: either seems equally applicable.

p. 308. "—— the lean and slipper'd *Pantaloon*": — The 'Pantaloon' was a stereotyped character in the old Italian Comedy. Riccoboni, in his *Histoire du Theatre Italien*, gives a print of him, after Callot's design, in which he appears lean and slippered, and wears a long loose gown. *Gremio*, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, is called a *Pantelown* in the old stage direction.

p. 309. "—— *heigh* ho! the holly!" — The manner in which this is sometimes said and sung by intelligent people makes it worth noticing that this "heigh ho!" is '*hey* ho!' and not the 'heigh, ho!' (pronounced *high, ho!*) of a sigh. It should be pronounced *hay-ho*.

" "—— the waters *warp*": — The supposed 'ingenious' discovery of an allusion to weaving in this phrase, (the first net-work of crystals made by the frost having suggested the thought,) makes it pardonable to point out that water, by being frozen, is 'warped' from its level surface, especially in small ponds.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

p. 310. "Make an *extent*," &c.: — "An Extent sometimes signifies a writ or commission to the sheriff for the valuing of lands or tenements; sometimes the act of the sheriff, or other commissioner, upon this writ." Blount's *Law Dictionary*. 1691.

" "Do this *expediently*": — We say, now, 'expeditiously.'

Scene II.

p. 311. "—— *thrice-crowned* Queen of Night": — "alluding," says Dr. Johnson, "to the triple character of Proserpine, Cynthia, and Diana, given by some mythologists to the same goddess, and comprised in these memorial lines: —

'Terret, lustrat, agit, Proserpina, Luna, Diana,
Ima, superna, feras, sceptro, fulgore, sagittis.'"

p. 312. "—— may *complain of* good breeding": — It is hardly necessary to point out that this is an elliptical idiom for 'may complain of *the want of* good breeding.'

" "—— thou never saw'st good *manners*": — 'Manners' is here used for general conduct: 'morals' was not used in that sense of old.

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p. 313. "God *make incision* in thee": — The meaning of this phrase, which evidently had a well-known colloquial significance, has not been satisfactorily explained, and the present editor has no new suggestion to make. Steevens thought that it might refer to the proverbial expression of being cut for the simples: Caldecott understood it as 'God enlarge and open thy mind.' Steevens' explanation is the more plausible; but the meaning has probably been lost.

" "—— fairest *lin'd*": — The original misprints "fairest *limm'd*."

p. 314. "—— the right *butter-women's rank* to market": — that is, 'a clumsy, bouncing, jog trot, just as butter-women ride after each other to market.'

" "*Winter'd* garments": — The original has "*wint'red*." It has hitherto been altered to '*winter*,' or printed *wintred*; but see the following instance of the use of the participial adjective in a passage quoted from *A Knack to Know a Knave* (about 1588) by Mr. Collier, in his *History of English Dramatic Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 31: —

> "Now shepherds bear their flocks into the folds,
> And wint'red oxen, fodder'd in their stalls,
> Now leave to feed," &c.

As to the form *wint'red*, see Note on "Shall we be sunder'd," Act I. Sc. 3.

" "Why should this [*a*] desert be?" — The original omits the article — plainly by accident. Rowe restored it. Tyrwhitt suggested, "Why should this desert *silent* be?"

p. 315. "—— but not *her* heart": — The original misprints "*his* heart."

" "Atalanta's *better part*": — There has been much learned and ingenious conjecture as to what was "Atalanta's better part," the obvious meaning of the phrase having been passed by. Whiter is lauded by Mr. Knight for suggesting that, because of Atalanta's successful contests in running with her suitors, it is an allusion to maiden modesty, such as would characterize a woman who was "zealous to preserve her virgin purity even by the death of her lovers," and which is spoken of as her 'better part.' In the first place, this is superfluous, as "*Lucretia's* modesty" is enumerated in the next line; and it is, in the second place, inconsistent with the story of Atalanta, who, when won by Hippomenes by means of the golden apples, impatient to yield what Mr. Whiter represents her as so zealous to preserve, desecrated with her lover the temple of Cybele, who turned the offenders

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to lions. Atalanta was a finely-formed woman, and a remarkably swift and graceful runner. Her 'better part' means, evidently, those now-a-days unmentioned beauties which are enumerated by *Mercutio* as belonging to *Rosaline* in his conjuration of *Romeo*, in Act II. Sc. 1 of *Romeo and Juliet*. *Orlando's* verses attribute personal as well as mental charms to their subject; and it is a matter of wonder that the obvious allusion could have escaped any reader, especially as in this very Scene "Atalanta's heels" are mentioned. Mr. Halliwell considers 'better part' to be "an idiomatic expression for the mind or spirit," as in the line of *Macbeth*, —

"For it has cow'd my better part of man."

But Atalanta is noted for no superiority in this respect. She was a model woman in person only.

p. 316. "—— on a *palm*-tree": — Because palm trees are not found in the Forest of Arden, it has been proposed to read '*plane* tree.' But a 'lioness' is quite as much out of place there as a 'palm:' — both must go or both remain.

p. 317. "*Wherein* went he?" — Heath explained this — 'In what manner was he clothed?'

" "—— *Gargantua's* mouth": — 'Gargantua,' as the reader of Rabelais' fantastic satire will remember, swallowed, in a salad, five pilgrims, staves and all.

p. 318. "—— when it drops forth [*such*] fruit": — The original reads, "when it drops *forth fruit*" — 'such' being the emendation of the second folio. Mr. Singer supposes 'forth' to be a misprint for 'such,' and prints 'drops *such* fruit;' but the expression 'drops forth' is fully justified by another passage in this very play, — Act IV. Sc. 3, —

"Woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant rude invention."

" "God *b' wi'* you": — In the original, "God *buy* you," here and elsewhere.

p. 319. "—— I answer you *right painted cloth*": — that is, just like a painted cloth. See Note on "painted cloth." *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. Sc. 2. The figures on painted cloths had labels above them, on which were sententious mottoes, appropriate to the subject of the painting.

p. 320. "—— he *trots hard* with a young maid," &c.: — The deliberate proposal on the part of two recent commentators to make Time amble with the expectant maiden, and trot hard with the unlearned priest, is the only excuse for reminding the reader, that, of all the means of making a short journey seem long, a hard-trotting horse is the

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surest; while an ambling nag, on the contrary, affords so easy and luxurious a mode of travelling that the rider arrives all too soon at his journey's end. That *Rosalind's* comparison is between comfort and discomfort, not speed and slowness, is, beside, conclusively shown by her saying, afterward, that Time gallops with a thief to the gallows, "for though he go *as softly as foot can fall*, he thinks himself too soon there."

p. 321. "—— where she is *kindled*": — This is not the word 'kindled' = inflamed, but another, long obsolete, meaning 'born.' Its root is 'kind' = race, which itself is from the Anglo Saxon *cennan* = to bring forth. It is said to be still in use in Warwickshire.

" "—— an *inland* man": — 'Inlandish' is the converse of 'outlandish.' "Courtship," of course, means 'courtliness."

There is in this speech one of those many evidences that the English of Shakespeare's time has been remarkably preserved, even in sound, by the inhabitants of New England. 'Lectures' is spelled *lectors* in the original. Throughout the Eastern States, even among a large proportion of those who are "inland-bred and know some nurture," 'lecture' is pronounced *lectur*. See Note on "such rackers of orthography." *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. Sc. 1. The folio affords several similar instances.

" "—— *deifying* the name of Rosalind": — The original misprints "*defying*," which was corrected in the second folio.

p. 322. "—— a *blue eye*, and sunken": — *Rosalind* means 'hollow-eyed.' Blue eyes were called grey in Shakespeare's time.

" "—— an *unquestionable* spirit": — A curious misapprehension of *Rosalind's* third mark of a man in love is not uncommon — on the stage almost universal. She is there made to utter "unquestionable spirit," as if she meant by it that a lover must needs be of *undeniable boldness;* and upon her saying to *Orlando* that he has it not, the representative of that character is wont to swagger a little. But she means that a lover is moody, and not willing to be questioned; that is, that he is un-questionable. Shakespeare uses 'questionable' in but one other instance: in *Hamlet*, Act I. Sc. 4, where *Hamlet* says to the *Ghost*, —.

"Thou com'st in such a questionable shape."

Here the word is used in exactly the same sense; that is, — thou com'st in a shape so proper to be questioned; and yet this line is often quoted as if 'questionable' meant

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'suspicious.' — For instance, even by so eminent a Shakespearian scholar as Mr. Halliwell, in his *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 186. But this only shows the force of custom; for Mr. Halliwell himself explains the word correctly in his edition of this play.

p. 323. "—— a *living* humour of madness": —'Living' has here the sense of 'actual,' 'absolute:' — as in *Othello*, Act III. Sc. 3, "Give me a living reason she's disloyal." Dr. Johnson proposed to read, "from *a* mad humour of love to a *loving* humour of madness." The suggestion is plausible, and the antithetical conceit quite in the manner of Shakespeare's time.

Scene III.

p. 324. "*Enter* . . . Audrey": — All readers who would like to know it may not know that 'Audrey' is a contraction of the Saxon name Etheldreda.

" "—— among the *Goths*": — See the *Introduction* to *Much Ado about Nothing*, Vol. II. p. 226.

p. 325. "A *material* fool!" — Dr. Johnson explains this as meaning "a fool with matter in him;" but does not the *Clown's* apparent unwillingness to have his wife both honest and beautiful, make it clear that the cynical *Jaques* means to say that he is materially = thoroughly, essentially, a fool?

" "[Are] horns given to poor men alone?" — This passage is printed thus in the original and in the succeeding folios: — "'tis none of his owne getting; hornes, euen so poore men alone: No, no," &c. This Theobald endeavored to reconcile to sense by pointing it thus: 'Horns? Even so. — Poor men alone? No, no,' &c., and this has been the received reading hitherto. Mr. Singer reads, "Horns! *never for* poor men alone?" Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 furnishes the emendation which is found in the text, and which is more consistent with the context than either of the others.

p. 327. "O sweet Oliver": — The hedge-priest's name and the circumstances in which he finds himself remind *Touchstone* of these scraps of a now lost ballad. Steevens says that the ballad of "O sweete Olyver, leave me not behinde thee," was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company on August 6, 1584, and "O sweete Oliver altered to the Scriptures," (as Psalms are now sung to opera tunes in fashionable churches,) in 1586. It is not improbable that the last line of the second scrap is somewhat altered to suit the situation. But Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "I will not to wedding *bind* thee."

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SCENE IV.

p. 327. "—— browner than *Judas's*" : — In the old pictures and tapestry, *Judas* was represented with red hair and beard.

p. 328. "—— *nor* a horse-stealer" : — The original has "*not*," — a palpable misprint.

" "—— like a *puisny* tilter" : — So the original, which has hitherto been changed to 'puny.' But *puisny* is the old form.

SCENE V.

p. 329. "*But* first begs pardon" : — i. e., but *that he* first begs pardon.

" "—— that *dies and lives*" : — So the folio — for which Tollet proposed, "that *lives* and *dies*," which is, of course, the meaning of the passage. But the *hysteron proteron* (Greek for 'cart before the horse') was common of old, as the Rev. C. Arrowsmith has shown. So "He is a foole and so shall dye and live." Barclay's *Ship of Fools*. 1570. fol. 67.

p. 330. "The cicatrice and *capable* impressure" : — 'Capable' is used here in a peculiarly and unmistakably Shakespearian manner for 'receivable.' Yet it has been proposed to read 'palpable;' and that word appears in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. The change is one of a kind that commends itself to the approval of those who have not fully apprehended the peculiarities of Shakespeare's diction — peculiarities without affectation — and who seize on an emendation of a supposed corruption to guide them through an obscurity which exists but in their own perception. A complete counterpart to the use of "capable impressure" here is found in the phrase "captious and intenible sieve." *All's Well That End's Well*, Act I. Sc. 3.

" "—— and *all* at once" : — Warburton proposed, somewhat plausibly, to read "*rail* at once."

" "What though you have *no* beauty" : — It is almost superfluous even to notice Malone's reading, "*no*' beauty," which yet kept its place in the text for a long time, or "*some* beauty," which has also been proposed. *Rosalind's* purpose is solely to take the conceit out of *Phebe*.

p. 332. "Dead Shepherd" : — The "dead shepherd" is Christopher Marlowe, and the line quoted is from his *Hero and Leander*.

"It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is overruled by Fate.

* * * *

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Where both deliberate, the love is slight:
Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?"

p. 332. "—— the old *carlot*": — A diminutive of 'carle.'

p. 333. "[*I*] have more cause," &c.: — The original omits 'I,' accidentally, as the measure shows. It was restored in the second folio.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

p. 334. "—— let me [*be*] better": — The original omits 'be,' which is restored in the second folio.

" "—— in which *my* often rumination," &c.: — The original has "*by* often rumination," which is clearly a corruption, as it leaves 'wraps' without a nominative expressed or understood. Malone placed a semicolon after 'objects,' and read, "and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which *my* often rumination wraps me, *is* a most humorous sadness." According to this reading, *Jaques* says that his melancholy is one of his own, compounded of many simples and extracted from many objects; and then *adds* that the contemplation of his travels is a most humorous sadness. But the point of the whole speech is, that the satirical *Jaques* finds in the contemplation of his travels his cause for melancholy. He means to sneer, *more suo*, at the whole world; and this he is made to do by the text of the original, changed only by the substitution of *my* for 'by' — an admitted typographical error — and of a semicolon for a comma, after 'travels,' as in the text. The pleonastic use of 'in' in the last clause is quite in conformity to the custom of the time.

p. 335. "*Exit* Jaques": — The original gives no direction for the exit of *Jaques*; and the question has been raised, whether he should go out when he takes leave, or just before *Rosalind* addresses *Orlando*. It seems plain that in the latter case a charming and characteristic incident would be lost. *Rosalind* is a little vexed with *Orlando* for not keeping tryst. She sees him when he first comes in, but purposely does not look at him, — no woman needs to be told why. He speaks, but she, with her little heart thumping at her breast all the while, refuses to notice her lover, and pretends to be absorbed in *Jaques*; and as he retires, driven off by the coming scene of sentiment, the approach of which he detects, she still ignores the presence of the poor delinquent, and continues to talk to *Jaques* till a

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curve in the path takes him out of sight; — then turning, she seems to see *Orlando* for the first time, and breaks upon him with, "Why, how now?" &c. Well might the old printer of *Promos and Cassandra* say that there are some speeches "which in reading wil seeme hard, and in action appeare plaine."

p. 335. "—— you have swam in a *gondola*": — Ladies say that their shoes are 'as big as a gundalow' (what lady's shoes are ever otherwise?) without any notion that they are comparing them to the coaches of Venice. But it is so.

" "—— than you [*can*] make a woman": — The original omits 'can,' which was supplied by Hanmer. Some recent editors have again omitted it; but it is plainly required by the context. *Rosalind* is speaking not of *Orlando's* acts, but of his abilities.

p. 336. "—— a better *leer* than you": — 'a better look.' It is difficult to trace the etymology of this word. It was applied to the general appearance of the face, as well as to a look from the eye.

" "I should *think* my honesty *ranker* than my wit": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "I should *thank* my honesty *rather* than my wit," — a reading which has found some favor, it is strange to say. For in the alternative supposed by *Rosalind*, she would have no honesty to thank! and therefore it is that she says that in that case she should think her honesty ranker than her wit.

p. 337. "—— the foolish *chroniclers* of that age": — Hanmer read, "the foolish *coroners*," a very plausible change, and one which the expression, "*found* it was Hero," would suggest to any one. It appears also in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. But if we can at will reduce a perfectly appropriate and uncorrupted word of ten letters to one of eight, and strike out such marked letters as *h*, *l*, and *e*, we may re-write Shakespeare at our pleasure.

p. 338. "Make the doors": — So in the *Comedy of Errors*, Act III. Sc. 1, "The doors are made against you." The expression is not entirely obsolete in some parts of England.

p. 339. "—— her fault *her husband's occasion*": — That is, occasioned of her husband, or by her husband. Hanmer plausibly read, "her husband's *accusation*."

Scene II.

p. 341. "*What shall he have that kill'd the deer?*" — In the

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original this song is printed without division, and the following words appear as the third line, "*Then sing him home, the rest shall bear this burthen.*" The last six words are plainly a stage direction which crept into the text by accident, and they have always been so printed in modern editions; but the first four, 'Then sing him home,' have been thought by some editors to be a part of the song. Such editors probably forgot that this song was written to be sung, or were unacquainted with certain essential conditions of song writing, which Shakespeare never violates. The introduction of a short line of four syllables, which has no counterpart, would entirely prevent the construction of a symmetrical melody. The appearance of the song in Playford's *Musical Companion*, published in 1673, set to music without the words, 'Then sing him home,'—though that has its weight,—is quite another matter. For the music there is a round for four voices; and in such a composition the four strains must be of equal length; whereas in songs it is only necessary that the corresponding parts should have the same number of lines, and that the corresponding lines should have the same rhythmical value. The whole line in question is, in my judgment, a stage direction which accidentally found its way into the song, (stage directions and songs being both printed in italics in the original,) and the first part of which has reference to *Jaques'* suggestion to present the successful hunter to the Duke "like a Roman conqueror;" for the song was "for this purpose." That there is an alternation of two lines of solo with two of chorus or burthen,—the latter being in both cases lusty lines about the lusty horn,—no musician or glee singer, and it would seem no reader with an ear for rhythm, can entertain a doubt. 'Then' in the original stage direction seems plainly a misprint for 'they.' It is noteworthy that we can trace even this vigorous hunting song in Lodge's novel. There *Rosalind*, in her disguise meeting *Rosader*, melancholy, addresses him, "What newes, forrester, hast thou wounded some deere and lost him in the fall? Care not man for so small a losse: thy fees was but the skinne, the shoulder, and the horns."

Scene III.

p. 344. "Under *an oak*":—The original has "an *old* oak;" but I cannot believe that in an otherwise deftly wrought and perfectly rhythmical passage, Shakespeare would load a line with a heavy monosyllable, entirely superfluous to any purpose other than that of marring the description

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and making the verse halt. It seems to me impossible that Shakespeare could have written, —

"Under an *old* oak whose boughs were moss'd with *age*
And high top bald with dry *antiquity*."

This is not the tautology of his time. The adjective must, I think, have been added in one of these ways. The author, having written 'old,' changed the form of his sentence and erased the word perhaps imperfectly, or the compositor set up 'oak' twice, or the author repeated it in his MS., — such accidents are of frequent occurrence, — and in the latter case the repetition being noticed, the first 'oak' was very naturally changed to 'old.' No one can be more unwilling than I to deviate from the original text. Yet there are some cases in which it is absolutely necessary to do so. In the second Scene of the first Act of this very play, for instance, the folio has, "the *taller* is his daughter;" yet we are obliged to read, "the *smaller* is his daughter:" — a correction not more imperative than the present, in my estimation.

p. 346. "*As*, how I came," &c.: — There is here a not ungraceful ellipsis, — the full expression being 'as, for instance, among our recountments was how I came into this desert place.' This incident of the lioness, to its minutest particular, is taken from the old novel.

" "Dy'd in *his* blood": — The second folio corrects the manifest misprint "*this* blood," of the first.

" "Ah, *sirrah*": — On recovering herself, *Rosalind* immediately resumes her boyish sauciness, and a little overdoes it. The printing of 'sir' for 'sirrah' by some editors, and the comments, laboriously from the purpose, of others who give the original word, must serve as the excuse for this note.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

p. 349. "I will o'errun thee with *policy*": — The original has the misprint "*police*," which is corrected in the second folio.

Scene II.

p. 350. "And you, fair *sister*": — Much wonder is expressed as to how the knowledge of *Rosalind's* sex, which this reply evinces, was obtained; and forgetfulness is attributed to Shakespeare. But those who wonder must themselves

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forget that since the end of the last Act *Oliver* has wooed and won *Celia;* for to suppose that she kept *Rosalind's* secret from him one moment longer than was necessary to give her own due precedence, would be to exhibit an ignorance in such matters quite deplorable.

p. 352. "All adoration, duty and *obedience*": — The original has "*observance*" here, as also in the next line but one. In most cases mere repetition is, undoubtedly, not a sufficient reason for making a change in the text of the authentic folio. But in this instance there is more than such a repetition as may or may not be offensive to critical taste. *Silvius* is making an enumeration of the outward signs which are the sure exponents of true love; and in such a schedule a repetition of the same thought, in the same word, in the same sentence, is absurd. It must also be remarked, that obedience to the wishes of the beloved is one of the first fruits and surest indices of love, — one which in such an enumeration could not be passed over; and yet according to the text of the folio it is not mentioned, while 'observance' is specified twice in three lines. Such a repetition is not in Shakespeare's manner; for although he had peculiarities, senseless iteration was not one of them. Malone made the necessary change in the third line. It is mere matter of taste; but the substitution of the needful word in the first line, which is made in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, seems preferable, because obedience may be more properly classed with adoration and duty than with purity and trial.

p. 353. "*Who* do you speak to": — The original has "*Why* do you speak *too*," which Mr. Collier retains; but although a meaning can be extracted from this by itself, it is not accordant with *Orlando's* reply; and there can be no doubt that the slight typographical error detected by Rowe had occurred. *Rosalind's* comparison in her next speech, "'tis like the howling," &c., is from the old novel; where, however, it appears in another passage and in this form: "thou barkest with the wolves of Syria against the moone."

Scene III.

p. 354. "—— to be a woman of the world": — See "But if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isabel, your woman, and I will do as we may," *All's Well That Ends Well,* Act I. Sc. 3; and the Note on "thus goes every one to the world," *Much Ado about Nothing,* Act II. Sc. 1.

" "—— which are *your* only prologues to a bad voice":

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—The original has "*the* only prologues." Hawking and spitting are often only the prologues to a bad voice; but no one of any musical experience can consider them the *only* premonitory symptoms of that infliction, and it does not appear that 'the only' was an old idiom for 'only the.' 'Your only,' meaning the chief, the principal, was, however, an idiom in common use; and it seems plain that it is here intended—the printer having mistaken y^r^ for y^e^.

p. 354. "the only pretty *ring* time": —The original misprints "*rang* time," and places the last stanza next the first. Dr. Thirlby detected the latter error, and his conjecture is confirmed by the appearance of the song in contemporary publications arranged as in the text. Ring time is time for marriage.

p. 355. "—— yet the note was very *untimeable*": —The original has "un*tune*able." But Shakespeare was a good musician; and the answer of the *Page* and the reply of *Touchstone* make it plain, that, as Theobald suggested, *Touchstone* says, "yet the note was very *untimeable*;" otherwise the *Page's* answer is no reply at all. In the manuscript of any period it is very difficult to tell 'time' from 'tune,' except by the dot of the *i*—so frequently omitted; and as most people think that to be in tune or out of tune is the principal success or the principal failure of a musical performance, it is by no means strange that the word, written in the old hand, with the *i* undotted,—thus, Untuneable,—should be taken for Untuneable. I can speak from experience that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred in which 'time' is written, it will be at first put in type as 'tune.' One curious instance occurs in *King John*, Act III. Sc. 3.

"*K. John.* I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time."

The original has "some better *tune*." In the present instance Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "untimeable."

Scene IV.

" "As those that *fear they hope*," &c.: —that is, of course, 'as those who are apprehensive that they are deceiving themselves by indulging a secret hope, although they know they fear the issue'—a state of mind in which few readers of Shakespeare can have failed to be at some time. Apology is surely necessary for offering even a paraphrastic explanation of so simple a passage; and it exists in the proposal of eight various conjectural read-

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ings, which may be found in the *Variorum* by those curious in absurdity, and of two or three others in subsequent editions. Among the old editors, Malone preserved his common sense with regard to the passage.

p. 357. "—— a *pair* of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called *Fools*": — There were female Jesters as well as male, and it is possible that there may be here an allusion to that custom — *Audrey* being whimsically supposed by *Jaques* to have assumed the profession as well as the station of her husband. Else why does he call them a pair of Fools?

" "—— as marriage binds and *blood breaks*": — Henley remarks upon this passage, "A man, by the marriage ceremony, swears that he will keep only to his wife; when, therefore, to gratify his lust, he leaves her for another, blood breaks his matrimonial obligation, and he is forsworn."

p. 358. "—— we quarrel in print, *by the book*": — Warburton first pointed out that the particular book here alluded to is a very ridiculous treatise of one Vincentio Saviolo, entitled *Of Honour and Honourable Quarrels*, in quarto, printed by Wolf. 1594. The first part of this tract is entitled *A Discourse most necessary for all Gentlemen that have in regard their Honours, touching the giving and receiving the Lie, whereupon the* Duello *and the* Combat *in divers Forms doth ensue; and many other Inconveniences, for lack only of true Knowledge of Honour, and the right Understanding of Words, which here is set down.* The contents of the several chapters are as follow: I. What the Reason is that the Party unto whom the Lie is given ought to become Challenger, and of the Nature of Lies. II. Of the Manner and Diversity of Lies. III. Of Lies certain. IV. Of conditional Lies. V. Of the Lie in general. VI. Of the Lie in particular. VII. Of foolish Lies. VIII. A Conclusion touching the wresting or returning back of the Lie. In the chapter of conditional Lies, speaking of the particle *if*, he says, "— Conditional lies be such as are given conditionally, as if a man should say or write these wordes: *if* thou hast said that I have offered my lord abuse, thou liest; or *if* thou sayest so hereafter, thou shalt lie. Of these kind of lies, given in this manner, often arise much contention in wordes, — whereof no sure conclusion can arise."

" "—— like a *stalking-horse*": — See Note on "Stalk on; the fowl sits." *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act II. Sc. 3.

p. 359. "*Atone* together": — That is, are *at one* together — the

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radical meaning of 'atone.' The Swedenborgians are always particular to speak of the 'at-onement' of Christ, — the act by which he made God and man at one again, — as if that were something other than the atonement. Their cause of quarrel with the ordinary word is, however, purely orthoepical, and results from *one* having retained in this compound its old, and analogically correct, pronunciation. See Note on "my gloves are on," *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act II. Sc. 1; also the following passage in *Othello*, Act IV. Sc. 1 (as in the original): —

> "*Lo.* Is there deuision 'twixt my Lord and Cassio?
> *Des.* A most unhappy one: I would do much
> T' *attone* them, for the loue I bear to Cassio."

p. 359. "—— *join* her hand with his": — In this, and in the next line, the original has "*his*" for 'her' — an accident, doubtless, due to the spelling *hir*, which was not uncommon of old.

p. 360. "*Wedding is great Juno's crown*": — Both the thought and the form of the thought in this Song seem to me as unlike Shakespeare's as they could well be, and no less unworthy of his genius; and for the same reasons I think it not improbable that the whole of *Hymen's* part is from another pen than his.

" "*Address'd* a mighty power": — At this day and in this country it is perhaps necessary to point out that *Jaques de Bois* means that *Duke Frederick* made ready a mighty power, not that he made a speech to them.

p. 361. "—— restor'd to *them* again": — The original has "to *him* again;" but the verb 'were' in the next line, no less than 'restor'd' in this, proves the misprint of 'him' for 'them.' The correction was made by Rowe, and appears in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "That have endur'd *shrewd* days," &c.: — See Note on "some shrewd contents." *Merchant of Venice*, Act III. Sc. 2.

" "—— the measure of their *'states"*: — That is, of course, their 'estates.' Mr. Dyce would read 'states,' i. e., 'conditions.' There is no mark of elision in the original; but such an omission is common; and the allusion to the announcement, just made by *Jaques de Bois*, that all their lands would be restored to them again, seems plain.

p. 362. "[*A dance*": — The original has here only *Exit*, as a stage direction. But plainly there was a dance, and there is no reason why the *Duke* should leave the Scene

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solus. It appears that this *Exit* is an accidental repetition of that intended for *Jaques* just above.

p. 362. "—— as much of this play as please *you*": — Warburton supposed that this passage was much corrupted, and proposed to read, "I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please *them*: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive, &c.,) *to like as much as pleases them*, that between you and the women," &c. The suggestion would be plausible, were not the whole speech a bit of badinage.

"If I were a woman": — The absence of female actors from Shakespeare's stage must be here remembered.

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THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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The Taming of the Shrew occupies twenty-two pages in the folio of 1623, viz., from p. 208 to p. 229, inclusive, in the division of Comedies. It is there divided into Actus Primus, Actus Tertia, Actus Quartus, and Actus Quintus. The Acts are not divided into Scenes, and there is no list of Dramatis Personæ, which Rowe first supplied.

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THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INTRODUCTION.

THE nature of Shakespeare's relation to this comedy cannot be very exactly defined. That he had some claim to its authorship, the admission of it into the folio of 1623 is sufficient evidence; but were this wanting, it has certain passages which, like *Hero*, father themselves, and show their paternity by marks as unmistakable as *Prince Hal's* villainous trick of the eye and foolish hanging of the nether lip. Still it is extremely difficult, or, it were better at once to admit, quite impossible, to decide where Shakespeare's work begins and ends. Internal evidence is so strong in many parts that we can confidently say, this is Shakespeare's; and evidence both internal and external establishes, beyond a doubt, that certain other parts are not Shakespeare's; but between these two there is a very wide space of debatable ground. The truth is, that the comedy, like others of its time, is compounded of as many elements as *Jaques'* melancholy, and that Shakespeare's hand, while it furnished some of them, touched all to harmonious blending.

In 1594, *A Pleasaunt Conceited Historie, called The Taming of a Shrew*, was published, having before that date been *Sundry Times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke his Seruants.** From this play our *Taming of the Shrew* differs in structure, only by the addition of an underplot which has no influence on the main action, while the thoughts and the language of the two are the same, with slight modifications, for whole Scenes together. No attempt was made to disguise the kind or the degree of obligation which the later play was under to the earlier; while at the same time the utmost freedom was used in altering, adding to, and improving the original work; and the comedy, as

* Reprinted by the Shakespeare Society, and by Steevens in 1776.

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we have it now, is plainly the result, not of the effort or the purpose of any one man, but of managerial contrivance and combination to supply a theatrical exigency: hence no more labor was expended upon it than was absolutely necessary. A play in Shakespeare's day was as often written by two, or three, or four persons as by one: each theatre had several poets and playwrights in its pay, if not in its company, ready to write or rewrite, as the spirit moved or occasion required; and Shakespeare's own company was of course not an exception to the general rule. Our *Taming of the Shrew* is an example of the result of this system. In it three hands at least are traceable; that of the author of the old play, that of Shakespeare himself, and that of a colaborer. The first appears in the structure of the plot, and in the incidents and the dialogue of most of the minor Scenes, many of which are particularly referred to in the Notes; to the last must be assigned the greater part of the love business between *Bianca* and her two suitors; while to Shakespeare belong the strong, clear characterization, the delicious humor and the rich verbal coloring of the recast Induction, and all the Scenes in which *Katharina* and *Petruchio* and *Grumio* are the prominent figures, together with the general effect produced by scattering lines and words and phrases here and there, and removing others elsewhere, throughout the rest of the play.

The old play is among the best productions of Shakespeare's elder contemporaries. Though its serious dialogue is formal and heavy, and its comic scenes are made up of grossness and triviality, it contains many passages filled with fine imagery and nervous diction, and its characters and action are imbued with a genuine human interest. It must be confessed, too, that not all of the formality and heaviness was eliminated in the preparation of the new play, and that not a little of the grossness and the triviality seems to have been purposely retained. It has been conjectured that Shakespeare himself was the author of the old play, and there are lines in it which in the degree of their excellence would not be unworthy of his earlier years, although their merit is not of his kind. It is quite uncertain who was the author of *The Taming of a Shrew*. Malone supposed, and Mr. Knight has argued, that it was Robert Greene; but an American correspondent of the latter showed that if Greene were its author, he was not only an open imitator of Marlowe,

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but a deliberate plagiarist from him in at least ten passages. In my opinion, it is the joint production of Greene, Marlowe, and, possibly, Shakespeare, who seem to have worked together for the Earl of Pembroke's Servants during the first three years of Shakespeare's London life. Much the greater part of it appears to be the work of Greene: Marlowe probably contributed but little, and Shakespeare, if at all, much less.

The changes made in the structure of the old play by the authors of the new, are the removal of its scene of action from Athens to Padua, the addition of the disguising intrigues of *Bianca's* lovers, and the substitution of the *Pedant* for *Vincentio;* the latter incident, together with the name of the shrew-tamer, having been derived from Gascoigne's translation of Ariosto's *Suppositi*, as Farmer pointed out.

The Taming of the Shrew was first published in the folio of 1623: it is not mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*; and there is neither external nor internal evidence by which to determine the date of its production. Malone decided at first for 1596, afterward for 1606; Mr. Knight looks back to 1594; and Mr. Collier inclines to 1601–3. All this is mere conjecture; but Mr. Collier's opinion seems most consistent with the style of Shakespeare's undoubted work upon the play. It is worthy of remark that 'Genoa,' improperly accented in *The Merchant of Venice*, is properly accented in this play; and Farmer directed attention to the fact that 'Baptista,' used as a woman's name in *Hamlet*, is here correctly used as a man's. But these indications of an advancing knowledge of Italian, as well as the intimate acquaintance with Italian manners shown in the conduct of this comedy, do not aid us in determining the relative period at which it was produced; for they are derived from those parts of it with which Shakespeare had least to do.

The text of the first folio has few corruptions of consequence; but many imperfect and redundant lines are scattered through it, which the old school editors were at the needless pains of eking out or cutting down.

As the England and the Italy of Shakespeare's day are represented, the former in the Induction, the latter in the body of this comedy, authorities for the costume abound. But for similar reasons to those assigned in the *Introduction* to *The Merchant of Venice*, more would be lost than gained by rigidly conforming to the Paduan fashions of that period.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A Lord,
Christopher Sly, *a drunken Tinker,*
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, *and* Servants, } *Persons in the Induction.*

Baptista Minola, *a rich Gentleman of* Padua.
Vincentio, *an old Gentleman of* Pisa.
Lucentio, *Son to* Vincentio, *in love with* Bianca.
Petruchio, *a Gentleman of* Verona, *a suitor to* Katharina.
Gremio,
Hortensio, } *Suitors to* Bianca.
Tranio,
Biondello, } *Servants to* Lucentio.
Grumio,
Curtis, } *Servants to* Petruchio.
Pedant, *an old fellow set up to personate* Vincentio.

Katharina, *the Shrew,*
Bianca, *her Sister,* } *Daughters to* Baptista.
Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, *and* Servants *attending on* Baptista *and* Petruchio.

SCENE: *Sometimes in* Padua, *and sometimes in* Petruchio's *House in the Country.*

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INDUCTION TO THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Scene I.

Before an Alehouse on a Heath.

Enter Hostess *and* Sly.

Sly.

I'LL pheese you, in faith.

Hostess. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y' are a baggage; the Slys are no rogues. Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris;* let the world slide: *Sessa!*

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier! Go by, St. Jeronimy—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the thirdborough. [*Exit.*

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly.

[*Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.*

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Horns heard. Enter a LORD *from hunting with his Train.*

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds,
(Brach Merriman, the poor cur, is emboss'd,)
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 *Hunter.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 *Hun.* I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, Lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 *Hun.* It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

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Lord. Even as a flatt'ring dream, or worthless fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jest:
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say, — What is it your honour will command?
Let one attend him with a silver basin,
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say, —Will't please your lordship cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
And when he says he is, say that he dreams;
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs;
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we will play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently and to bed with him;
And each one to his office, when he wakes.

[*Some bear out* SLY. *A trumpet sounds.*

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:

[*Exit* Servant.

Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

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Enter Servant.

How now? who is it?

Servant. An't please your honour, players
That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 *Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart, — This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son; —
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 *Play.* I think, 'twas Soto that your honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true; — thou didst it excellent. —
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties,
Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

1 *Play.* Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords. —

[*Exeunt* Servant *and* Players.

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Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew, my page,
[*To a* Servant.
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber
And call him Madam, do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy;
And say, — What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May show her duty, and make known her love?
And then, with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoyed
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who, for this seven years, hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift;
Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst;
Anon I'll give thee more instructions. [*Exit* Servant.
I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband;
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes. [*Exeunt.*

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Scene II.

A Bed-chamber in the Lord's House.

Sly *is discovered richly dressed, with* Attendants; *some with apparel, others with basin, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter* Lord, *dressed like a Servant.*

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 *Serv.* Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 *Serv.* Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly. Call not me honour, nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What! would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son, of Burton-heath; by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat alewife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not

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fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught: Here's —

3 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays, [*Music.*
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Serv.* Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis, painted by a running brook;
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

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Lord. We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid;
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Serv.* Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood;
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds:
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 *Serv.* And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious floods o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream, or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And, once again, a pot o' th' smallest ale.

2 *Serv.* Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands?

[Servants *present a ewer, basin, and napkin.*

O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years? by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?

1 *Serv.* O yes, my lord; but very idle words:—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door;

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And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say, you would present her at the Leet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 *Serv.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid;
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up, —
As Stephen Sly, and Old John Naps o' th' Green,
And Peter Turph, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, *as a lady, with* Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough. Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord. What is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?
My men should call me lord; I am your goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well: what must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd,
And slept above some fifteen year or more.

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Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone.
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set:
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again. I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet:
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy;
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will let them play: Is it not a comonty, a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling-trick?

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't. Come, Madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger. [*They sit down.*

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THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT I.

Scene I. — Padua. A public Place.

Enter Lucentio *and* Tranio.

Lucentio.

TRANIO, since, for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy,
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all,
Here let us breathe, and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first, —
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,

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Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue 'specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tranio. *Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray,
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk:
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en; —
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay a while: what company is this?

Tra. Master, some shew, to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, *and* HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO *stand aside.*

Baptista. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know:

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That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gremio. To cart her rather: She's too rough for me:
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Katharina. I pray you, sir, [*to* BAP.] is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hortensio. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear;
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:
But, if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Hush, master! here's some good pastime toward;
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence do I see
Maids' mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio.

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat; it is best
Put finger in the eye — an she knew why.

Bianca. Sister, content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:

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My books and instruments shall be my company;
On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. [*Aside.*] Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak.

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of Hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd:
Go in, Bianca. [*Exit* BIANCA.
And, for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or, Signior Gremio, you know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up;
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*

Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too. May I not? What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike, I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha! [*Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the Devil's dam; your gifts are so good here's none will hold you. Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together and fast it fairly out; our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell: — Yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word, I

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pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both, — that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love, — to labour and effect one thing specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil..

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil: Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to Hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, an money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, — to be whipp'd at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd, till, by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. — Sweet Bianca! — Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed: and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt* GREMIO *and* HORTENSIO.

Tra. [*Advancing.*] I pray, sir, tell me, — Is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

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Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely;
But see! while idlely I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee, —
That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was, —
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl:
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so, —
"*Redime te captum quam queas minimo.*"

Luc. Gramercies, lad: go forward; this contents:
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how her sister
Began to scold, and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air:
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, sir: If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:

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Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible. For who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. *Basta!* content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house;
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man or master: then it follows thus; —
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should:
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: — Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,

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And I am tied to be obedient,
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
"Be serviceable to my son," quoth he,
Although I think 'twas in another sense,)
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave, t' achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue. — Sirrah, where have you been?

Biondello. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where are you?
Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes?
Or you stol'n his? or both? pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my count'nance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried.
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life;
You understand me?

Bion. I, sir? ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him. 'Would I were so too!

Tra. So would I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after, —
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.

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But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, your Master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go: —
One thing more rests, that thyself execute;
To make one among these wooers: If thou ask me why, —
Sufficeth my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt.*

The Presenters above speak.

1 *Serv.* My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely.
Comes there any more of it?

Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, Madam lady,
'Would 'twere done! [*They sit and mark.*

Scene II.

The Same. Before Hortensio's House.

Enter Petruchio *and* Grumio.

Petruchio. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,

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Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house:
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

Grumio. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebus'd your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome: I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?
'Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it;
I'll try how you can *sol, fa,* and sing it.

[*He wrings* GRUMIO *by the ears.*

Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you: sirrah! villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now? what's the matter? — My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio! — How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il core ben trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa ben venuto,*
Molto honorato Signior mio Petrucio.
Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin.
— If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, — Look you, sir, — he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir: Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, (for aught I see,) two-and-thirty, — a pip out?

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Whom, 'would to God, I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain! — Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate? — O Heavens! Spake you not these words plain — "Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly"? And come you now with — knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
Why, this'a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant, Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, — what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me: —
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich: — but thou 'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice: and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,

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(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance,)
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas.
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is. Why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby, or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two-and-fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault (and that is fault enough)
Is, — that she is intolerable curst,
And shrewd, and froward: so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's effect:
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;

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And he knew my deceased father well:
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, sir, — an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat: you know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds he from me, [and] other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
(For those defects I have before rehears'd,)
That ever Katharina will be woo'd,
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista, as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca:
That so I may by this device, at least,

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Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

Enter GREMIO; *with him* LUCENTIO *disguised, with books under his arm.*

Gru. Here's no knavery! See; to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you. Who goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio; it is the rival of my love: — Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous!

[*They retire.*

Gre. O, very well: I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that, at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me: — Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess. — Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, (stand you so assur'd,)
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock! what an ass it is.

Pet. Peace, sirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum! — God save you, Signior Gremio!

Gre. And you are well met, Signior Hortensio. Trow you
Whither I am going? — To Baptista Minola.

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I promis'd to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca;
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry
And other books, — good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Beloved of me, — and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. [*Aside.*] And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love;
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well: —
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome, brawling scold;
If that be all, Masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No? Say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

Gre. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange:
But if you have a stomach, to 't o' God's name;
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat?

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Pet. Will I live?

Gre. [*Aside.*] Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And Heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to th' ear,
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.

Gru. [*Aside.*] For he fears none.

Gre. Hortensio, hark!
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.

Hor. I promis'd we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gru. [*Aside.*] I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter TRANIO, *bravely apparelled, and* BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! if I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters: — is't he you mean?

Tra. Even he, Biondello.

Gre. Hark you, sir; You mean not her to —

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Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir. What have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir. — Biondello, let's away.

Luc. [*Aside.*] Well begun, Tranio.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go; —
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if, without more words, you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,
That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my Masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right, — hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And, were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two;

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The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth; —
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest;
An if you break the ice, and do this seek, —
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access, — whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;
And do as adversaries do in law, —
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows, let's begone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so; —
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto.* [*Exeunt.*

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ACT II.

SCENE I. — The Same. A Room in BAPTISTA'S House.

Enter KATHARINA *and* BIANCA, *the latter with her hands bound.*

BIANCA.

GOOD sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: But for these other gauds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge [thee] tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest! Is't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while:
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.
[*Strikes her.*

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Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?
Bianca, stand aside; — poor girl! she weeps: —
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.
[*Flies after* BIANCA.

Bap. What, in my sight? — Bianca, get thee in.
[*Exit* BIANCA.

Kath. What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in Hell.
Talk not to me. I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit* KATH.

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO *with* LUCENTIO *in the habit of a mean man,* PETRUCHIO *with* HORTENSIO *as a musician, and* TRANIO *with* BIONDELLO *bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio: God save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

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Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio; give me leave.
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,
Am bold to shew myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,
[*Presenting* HORTENSIO.
Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he for your good sake:
But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, — the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray, let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too: Backare! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing!

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Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar, [*presenting* LUCENTIO,] that hath been long studying at Rheims, as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio: pray accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio. — But, gentle sir, [*to* TRANIO,] methinks you walk like a stranger. May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own;
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister:
This liberty is all that I request, —
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa: by report,
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.
Take you [*to* HOR.] the lute, and you [*to* LUC.] the set of books,
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holloa, within!

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Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead
These gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them both
These are their tutors; bid them use them well.

[*Exit* Servant, *with* HORTENSIO, LUCENTIO, *and* BIONDELLO.

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome;
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And "every day I cannot come to woo."
You knew my father well, and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then tell me, — If I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands:
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood, — be it that she survive me, —
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, — her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

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Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.
Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Enter HORTENSIO, *with his head broke.*

Bap. How now, my friend? why dost thou look so pale?
Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.
Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?
Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier:
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.
Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?
Hor. Why, no, for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
"Frets, call you these?" quoth she: "I'll fume with them:"
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While she did call me, — rascal fiddler,
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.
Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!
Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;

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She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us;
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here, —

[*Exeunt* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, *and* HORTENSIO.

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail; why, then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks
As though she bid me stay by her a week;
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married: —
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing;
They call me — Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith! for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates; and therefore Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation; —
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

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Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.
Pet. Why, what's a moveable?
Kath. A join'd-stool.
Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.
Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.
Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.
Kath. No such load as you, if me you mean.
Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not burthen thee:
For, knowing thee to be but young and light, —
Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.
Pet. Should be? should — buz!
Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.
Pet. O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?
Kath. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.
Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i'faith, you are too angry.
Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out,
Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.
Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?
In his tail.
Kath. In his tongue.
Pet. Whose tongue?
Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so, farewell
Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again.
Good Kate, I am a gentleman.
Kath. That I'll try. [*Striking him.*
Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

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Kath. So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.
Pet. A herald, Kate? O put me in thy books.
Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?
Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.
Kath. No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.
Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.
Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.
Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.
Kath. There is, there is.
Pet. Then shew it me.
Kath. Had I a glass I would.
Pet. What, you mean my face?
Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.
Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.
Kath. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with cares.
Kath. I care not.
Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate; in sooth you 'scape not so.
Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit. I find you passing gentle.
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers;
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.

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Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O sland'rous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,
Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue,
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful.

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And, therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms: — Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
(Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,)
Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father; never make denial,
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and* TRANIO.

Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio: How speed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

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Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in your dumps?

Kath. Call you me daughter? now I promise you,
You have shew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A madcap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus, — yourself, and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:
If she be curst, it is for policy:
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
And to conclude, — we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio! she says she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself;
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
She vi'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,

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To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your hands;
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiss me, Kate; we will be married o' Sunday!

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA.

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you;
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is, quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;
Now is the day we long have looked for;
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back; 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I will compound this strife:
'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,

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Shall have my Bianca's love.
Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belongs
To house, or housekeeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.
Tra. That 'only' came well in. Sir, list to me:
I am my father's heir, and only son;
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year,
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.
What! have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?
Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.
What! have I chok'd you with an argosy?
Tra. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less

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Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,
And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all; I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have.
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise. Gremio is outvied.

Bap. I must confess your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen, I am thus resolv'd: —
On Sunday next you know
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to Signior Gremio:
And so I take my leave, and thank you both.
[*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour. — Now I fear thee not;
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table. Tut! a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.
'Tis in my head to do my master good: —
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father call'd 'suppos'd Vincentio;'

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And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.
[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — A Room in BAPTISTA'S House.

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, *and* BIANCA.

LUCENTIO.

FIDDLER, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so far,
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.

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And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[*To* BIANCA. — HORTENSIO *retires.*

Luc. That will be never; — tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, Madam: —

"*Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;*
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis."

Bian. Conster them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before, — *Simois*, I am Lucentio, — *hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa, — *Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love; — *Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing, *Priami*, is my man Tranio, — *regia*, bearing my port, — *celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old Pantaloon.

Hor. [*Returning.*] Madam, my instrument's in tune.

Bian. Let's hear; [HORTENSIO *plays.*
O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can conster it: *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not; — *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not; — *Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not; — *regia*, presume not; — *celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.
How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love!
Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

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Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.
Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides
Was Ajax, — call'd so from his grandfather.
Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:
But let it rest. — Now, Licio, to you: —
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.
Hor. You may go walk, [*to* LUCENTIO,] and give me leave a while;
My lessons make no music in three parts.
Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous. [*Aside.*
Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade;
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.
Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.
Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.
Bian. [Reads.] "*Gamut I am, — the ground of all accord,*
A re, — to plead Hortensio's passion;
B mi, — Bianca, take him for thy lord,
C fa ut, — that loves with all affection:
D sol re, — one cliff, two notes have I;
E la mi, — shew pity, or I die."
Call you this gamut? tut! I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.

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Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone. [*Exeunt* BIANCA *and* Servant.

Luc. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:
Yet, if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list. If once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Same. Before BAPTISTA's House.

Enter BAPTISTA, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, *and* Attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio, [*to* TRANIO,] this is the 'pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forc'd
To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,

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Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends invited, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.*
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say, — 'Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her.'

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too;
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. 'Would Katharine had never seen him though!

[*Exit, weeping, followed by* BIAN. *and others.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a very saint,
Much more a shrew of [thy] impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! news, [old news,] and such news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

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Tra. But, say, what: — To thine old news.

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points; his horse hipp'd with an old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred, besides, possess'd with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine, troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoil'd with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, sway'd in the back and shoulder-shotten, near-legg'd before, and with a half check'd bit and a head-stall of sheep's leather which, being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots; one girth six times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there piec'd with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garter'd with a red and blue list; an old hat, and *The Humour of Forty Fancies* prick'd in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

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Bion. Who? — that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd
As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?
How does my father? — Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eyesore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:

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Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words;
To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, GRUMIO, *and* BIONDELLO.

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exit.*

Tra. But, [to] her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: Which to bring to pass,
As [I] before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man, — whate'er he be,
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn, —
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa,
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

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Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say 'no,'
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We'll overreach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the Devil's dam.

Gre. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio; When the priest
Should ask — if Katharine should be his wife,
"Ay, by gogs-wouns," quoth he; and swore so loud
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book:
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest;
"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."

Tra. What said the wench, when he rose again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

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But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: — "A health!" quoth he, as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm: — Quaff'd off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the Sexton's face;
Having no other reason,
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.
And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming:
Such a mad marriage never was before.
Hark! hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, *and Train.*

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come:
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

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Gre. Let me entreat you.
Pet. It cannot be.
Kath. Let me entreat you.
Pet. I am content.
Kath. Are you content to stay?
Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.
Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.
Pet. Grumio, my horse.
Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horses.
Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.
The door is open, sir; there lies your way;
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;
For me, I'll not begone till I please myself:
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.
Bap. O Kate, content thee; pr'ythee be not angry.
Kath. I will be angry. What hast thou to do?
Father, be quiet: he shall stay my leisure.
Gre. Ay, marry, sir: now it begins to work.
Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner!
I see, a woman may be made a fool
If she had not a spirit to resist.
Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command:
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry, — or go hang yourselves;
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;

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I will be master of what is mine own;
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man: —
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate;
I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt* PET., KATH., *and* GRU.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like!

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there want no junkets at the feast;
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio. — Come, gentlemen, let's go.

[*Exeunt.*

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ACT IV.

SCENE I. — A Hall in PETRUCHIO's Country House.

[Act III. Sc. III., 1623.]

Enter GRUMIO.

GRUMIO.

FIE, fie, on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so 'ray'd? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me: — But, I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curtis. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast: for it hath tam'd my old master and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

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Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire. Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and, therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, "Jack, boy! ho, boy!" and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of conycatching.

Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? Is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept? the serving-men in their new fustian, the white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; and, therefore, I pray thee, what news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt. And thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha' t, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

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Gru. There. [*Striking him.*

Curt. This 'tis to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech list'ning. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress: —

Curt. Both of one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale: — But hadst thou not cross'd me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou should'st have heard in how miry a place; how she was bemoil'd; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she pray'd, that never pray'd before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper; with many things of worthy memory which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Curt. By this reck'ning, he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? — Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest. Let their heads be sleekly comb'd, their blue coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtsey with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

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Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that call'st for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio!

Phil. How now, Grumio!

Jos. What Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad!

Gru. Welcome, you! how now, you! what, you! fellow, you! and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready! how near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be not, — Cock's passion, silence! — I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door,
To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse?
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!
You loggerheaded and unpolish'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before.

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

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Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malthorse drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee;
Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' th' heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing;
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.
Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in, —
[*Exeunt some of the* Servants.
"*Where is the life that late I led?*" — [Sings.
Where are those — ? Sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Enter Servants *with supper.*

Why, when, I say? — Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?

"*It was the friar of orders grey,* [Sings.
As he forth walked on his way:" —

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other. —
[*Strikes him.*
Be merry, Kate: — Some water here; what, ho!

Enter Servant, *with water.*

Where's my spaniel Troilus? — Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:
[*Exit* Servant.
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.

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Where are my slippers? — Shall I have some water?
[*A basin is presented to him.*
Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily: —
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?
[*Strikes him.*

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?
What's this? mutton?

1 *Serv.* Ay.

Pet. Who brought it?

1 *Serv.* I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat:
What dogs are these! — Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
[*Throws the meat, &c., at the servants.*
You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company:
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.
[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* CURTIS.

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Nath. [*Advancing.*] Peter, didst ever see the like?
Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he?
Curt. In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continency to her:
And rails, and swears, and rates, — that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd;
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call;
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets: —
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend,
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.

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He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 'tis charity to shew. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

[Act III. Sc. IV., 1623.]

Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S House.

Enter TRANIO *and* HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[*They stand aside.*

Enter BIANCA *and* LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, Mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, Master, read you? first resolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the art to love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, Master of your Art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart! [*They retire.*

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorns to live in this disguise,

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For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion:
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, — if you be so contented, —
Forswear Bianca, and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more, but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry with her though she would entreat:
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. 'Would all the world, but he, had quite forsworn [her]!
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow
Ere three days pass; which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard:
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. [*Exit* HORTENSIO.

[LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA *advance.*

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest. But have you both forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

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Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.
Tra. I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.
Bian. God give him joy!
Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.
Bian. He says so, Tranio.
Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.
Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?
Tra. Ay, Mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, *running*.

Bian. O Master, Master, I have watch'd so long
That I am dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill
Will serve the turn.
Tra. What is he, Biondello?
Bion. Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.
Luc. And what of him, Tranio?
Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.
[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

Enter a Pedant.

Pedant. God save you, sir!
Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?
Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two;

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But then up farther; and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir? — marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the Duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel; but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you:
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. [*Aside.*] As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd.

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Look, that you take upon you as you should; —
You understand me, sir: so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city.
If this be court'sy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O, sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand:
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:
Go with me, to clothe you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.

[Act IV. Sc. I., 1623.]

A Room in PETRUCHIO'S House.

Enter KATHARINA *and* GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not, for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should sleep, or eat,

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'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.
I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good; I pr'ythee let me have it.

Gru. I fear it is too choleric a meat:
How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

Kath. I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then, the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
[*Beats him.*
That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO *with a dish of meat, and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am,

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To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:
[*Sets the dish on a table.*
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay, then thou lov'st it not,
And all my pains is sorted to no 'proof:
Here, take away this dish.

Kath. I pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame:
Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. [*Aside.*] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me. —
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart,
Kate! eat apace: — And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house;
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of brav'ry,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knav'ry.
What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown. — What news with you, sir?

Haberdasher. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish; — fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy;
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,

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A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it; come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. [*Aside.*] That will not be in haste.

Kath. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will. I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break;
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bawble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay. — Come, tailor, let us see 't.
O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here!
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:
Why, what, o' Devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. [*Aside.*] I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

Tailor. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

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Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three quarters, half yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things; —

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me. Thou hast brav'd many men; brave not me. I will neither be fac'd nor brav'd. I say unto thee — I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: — *ergo*, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

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Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in 's throat if he say I said so.

Tai. *Imprimis*, "A loose-bodied gown, —"

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. "With a small compass'd cape, —"

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. "With a trunk sleeve, —"

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. "The sleeves curiously cut."

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i' th' bill, sir; error i' th' bill! I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sew'd up again: and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I say; an I had thee in place where, thou should'st know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' th' right, sir; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life! Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:
Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!
O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. [*Aside.*] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid: —
Go take it hence; begone, and say no more.

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Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:
Away, I say; commend me to thy master.
[*Exeunt* Tailor *and* Haberdasher.

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour 'peareth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me:
And therefore frolic; we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it. — Sirs, let 't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so! this gallant will command the sun. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV.

[Act IV. Sc. II., 1623.]

Padua. Before BAPTISTA's House.

Enter TRANIO, *and the* Pedant *dressed like* VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the house. Please it you that I call?

Ped. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceiv'd,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you: But, sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you;
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him that your father was at Venice.
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou 'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista: — set your countenance, sir.

Enter BAPTISTA *and* LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met: —
Sir, [*to the* Pedant,] this is the gentleman I told you of:

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I pray you, stand good father to me now;
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!
Sir, by your leave, having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And, — for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him, — to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and, — if you please to like
No worse than I, — upon some agreement,
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestowed;
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say; —
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections.
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best,
We be affied, and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still;
And, happely, we might be interrupted.

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Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We'll pass the business privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that at so slender warning,
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well: Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happen'd,—
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife!

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart!

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer;
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Exeunt* TRANIO, Pedant, *and* BAPTISTA.

Bion. Cambio.

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing; but he has left me here behind to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?

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Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance; take you assurance of her *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum:* to th' church; —take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day. [*Going.*

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry. I knew a wench married in an afternoon, as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her;
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

[Act IV. Sc. III., 1623.]

A public Road.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun; it is not moonlight now.

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Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.
Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.
Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house:
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.
Evermore cross'd and cross'd: nothing but cross'd!
Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.
Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.
Pet. I say it is the moon.
Kath. I know it is the moon.
Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.
Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun:
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katharine.
Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.
Pet. Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.
But soft! [What] company is coming here?

Enter VINCENTIO, *in a travelling dress.*

[*To* VINCENTIO.] Good morrow, gentle mistress: Where away?
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks?
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?

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Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
Whither away? or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate? I hope thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd,
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun
That every thing I look on seemeth green:
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and, withal, make known
Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vincentio. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,
My name is call'd Vincentio: my dwelling Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua, there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father;
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,

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Nor be not griev'd; she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio;
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof,
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt* PET., KATH., *and* VIN.

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — Padua. Before LUCENTIO'S House.

[Act IV. Sc. IV., 1623.]

Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, *and* BIANCA; GREMIO *walking on the other side.*

BIONDELLO.

SOFTLY and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave us.

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Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back, and then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt* LUC., BIAN., *and* BION.

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, *and* Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house,
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I; and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go;
I think I shall command your welcome here,
And by all likelihood some cheer is toward.

[*Knocks.*

Gre. They're busy within, you were best knock louder.

Enter Pedant *above at a window.*

Ped. What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua. — Do you hear, sir? — to leave frivolous circumstances, — I pray you tell Signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest; his father is come from Pisa, and [is] here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

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Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! [*To* VINCENTIO.] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain. I believe 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together; God send 'em good shipping! — But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio? Now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp. [*Seeing* BION.

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? Yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? [*Beats* BION.

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son! help, Signior Baptista!

[*Exit from the window.*

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

Enter Pedant *below;* BAPTISTA, TRANIO, *and* Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

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Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir? — O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat! — O, I am undone, I am undone! While I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the University.

Tra. How now? what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words shew you a madman. Why, sir, what concerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O villain! he is a sailmaker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name! I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! His name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murder'd his master! lay hold on him, I charge you, in the Duke's name: O, my son, my son! — Tell me, thou villain, where is my son, Lucentio.

Tra. Call forth an officer. [*Enter one with an Officer.*] Carry this mad knave to the gaol: — Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio. I say he shall go to prison.

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Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be coneycatch'd in this business. I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'st.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard: to the gaol with him.

Vin. Thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd. O monstrous villain!

Enter BIONDELLO, *with* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

Bion. O, we are spoil'd and — yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. [*Kneeling.*] Pardon, sweet father.

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

[*Exit* BIONDELLO, TRANIO, *and* Pedant, *as fast as may be.*

Bian. [*Kneeling.*] Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How hast thou offended? Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,
Right son to the right Vincentio,
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,

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While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arriv'd at the last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss:
What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose that would have sent me to the gaol.

Bap. [*To* LUCENTIO.] But do you hear, sir? Have you married my daughter without asking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you: go to: But I will in, to be reveng'd for this villainy. [*Exit.*

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

Gre. My cake is dough; but I'll in among the rest,
Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*

PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA *advance.*

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou asham'd of me?

Kath. No, sir, God forbid; but asham'd to kiss.

Pet. Why, then, let's home, again:—Come, sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate;
Better once than never, for never too late.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

[Act V. Sc. 1, 1623.]

A Room in LUCENTIO's House.

A banquet set out. Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, *the* Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, *and* Widow. TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, *and others, attending.*

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree;
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine:
Brother Petruchio, — sister Katharina, —
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow, —
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house.
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

[*They sit at table.*

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat.

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Widow. Then never trust me if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense;
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

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Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?
Wid. Thus I conceive by him.
Pet. Conceives by me! — how likes Hortensio that?
Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.
Pet. Very well mended: Kiss him for that, good widow.
Kath. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round: —
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.
Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe;
And now you know my meaning.
Kath. A very mean meaning.
Wid. Right, I mean you.
Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.
Pet. To her, Kate!
Hor. To her, widow!
Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.
Hor. That's my office.
Pet. Spoke like an officer: — Ha' to thee, lad.
[*Drinks to* HORTENSIO.
Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?
Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.
Bian. Head, and butt? an hasty-witted body
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.
Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?
Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.
Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,
Have at you for a better jest or two!
Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,

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And then pursue me as you draw your bow:
You are welcome all.

[*Exit* BIANCA, KATHARINA, *and* Widow.

Pet. She hath prevented me. — Here, Signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his grey-hound,
Which runs himself and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho! Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say — no: and, therefore, for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his wife;
And he, whose wife is most obedient
To come at first, when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content: What's the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture so much of my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match; 'tis done.

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Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.
Bion. I go. [*Exit.*
Bap. Son, I'll be your half, Bianca comes.
Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?
Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.
Pet. How! she's busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?
Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.
Pet. I hope better.
Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit* BIONDELLO.
Pet. O ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.
Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife?
Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;
She will not come; she bids you come to her.
Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say I command her come to me. [*Exit* GRUMIO.
Hor. I know her answer.
Pet. What?

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Hor. She will not.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine; and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now by my halidom, here comes Katharina!
Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?
Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?
Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.
Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.
[*Exit* KATHARINA.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hor. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.
Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love and quiet life,
An awful rule and right supremacy,
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.
Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns!
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.
Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Enter KATHARINA, *with* BIANCA *and* Widow.

See, where she comes; and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.
[KATH. *pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*

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Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!
Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?
Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.
Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.
Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head-strong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.
Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.
Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.
Wid. She shall not.
Pet. I say, she shall; — and first begin with her.
Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threat'ning, unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee;
And, for thy maintenance, commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou li'st warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience —
Too little payment for so great a debt.

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Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil, and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
But now, I see our lances are but straws:
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare, —
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husbands' foot;
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready; may it do him ease!

Pet. Why, there's a wench! — Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed:
We three are married, but you two are sped.

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'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;
[*To* LUCENTIO.
And, being a winner, God give you good night!
[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so. [*Exeunt*

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NOTES ON THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

Scene I.

p. 393. "I'll *pheese* you": — It is hardly necessary to remark that 'pheese' means 'worry.' The etymology of the word is very doubtful. *Sly* means to tell the Hostess that he will 'pay her off.' He uses the same word in the old play.

" "Therefore, *paucas pallabris*": — The Spanish *pocas palabras*, of which *Sly* uses a corruption common in Shakespeare's day, means 'few words.' *Sessa* is the Italian *cessa* = be quiet, pronounced like an English word. Italian, French, and Spanish phrases were affected, and by uneducated people, far more two hundred and fifty years ago than they are now.

" "—— the glasses you have *burst*": — Of old 'burst' and 'broke' were synonymes. In Act IV. Sc. 1, *Grumio* says, "how her bridle was burst;" and in *Henry IV.* Part II., Act III. Sc. 2, *Falstaff* says of Justice *Shallow*, that *John of Gaunt* "burst his head for crowding among the marshal's men."

" "*Go by*, St. Jeronimy": — 'Go by' was a contemptuous phrase; and "go by Jeronimo" occurs in Kyd's play, called *Hieronimo, or The Spanish Tragedy*, which was much ridiculed by the author's contemporaries.

" "I must go fetch the *thirdborough*": — The original has "*head*borough." But *Sly's* reply leaves no room for doubt that this is a misprint for '*third*borough.'

p. 394. "(*Brach* Merriman, the poor cur, is *emboss'd*)": — 'Brach' is said in *The Gentleman's Recreation*, 1716, to be "a mannerly name for all hound bitches," but Merri*man*, the hound in question, was plainly not of that sex, which, in the canine species, is, from some unaccountable

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prejudice, unnamable to ears polite. Warton pointed out that Sir Thomas More, in his *Comfort against Tribulation*, Book III. Ch. 24, says, "And I am so cunning that I cannot tell, whether among them a bitche be a bitche or no; but as I remember she is no bitche but a brache." Shakespeare uses the word in *King Lear*, Act III. Sc. 6, as the name of a peculiar species of dog, "hound, or spaniel, brach or lym;" and so do other writers precedent and contemporary. Thus its meaning is somewhat doubtful, though the evidence preponderates in favor of the propriety of the latter use of the word. Hitherto the interjectional nature of this line has not been made apparent, even if it were appreciated by any editor; and consequently some obscurity has been found in it, to remove which changes in the text have been proposed. Ritson suggested "*Bathe* Merriman," &c.; and Mr. Singer reads "*Trash* Merriman," &c., i. e., 'keep back Merriman,' — a reading altogether inadmissible, if for no other reason, because the chase was over, and the directions refer to the then time present. 'Embossed' was a hunting term, applied to any animal worried and panting with the chase. Thus, "The shaft sheath'd in his side — Desire, wave pointed with a flame that heats the blood; at last *imbost* with rage, the poor o'er hounded wretch (far from the comforts of a cooling stream) with stag-like tears, he falls." Letter from John Harrington to his Sister, dated 1647. *Nugæ Antiquæ*, Vol. II. p. 93. The word, as Skinner says, is from the Italian *ambastia*, which means a difficulty of breathing arising from excessive fatigue. Ritson understands 'embossed' here as "swelled in the knees," and as being the same word which is used in the expression "embossed sores and headed evils," *As You Like It*, Act II. Sc. 7, and in Prince *Hal's* phrase, "emboss'd rascal," which he applies to *Falstaff*, *Henry IV.* Part I., Act III. Sc. 3. This word is from 'boss' = a round protuberance.

p. 395. "And when he says he is, say that he dreams": — That is, plainly, 'and when, on your telling him that he *hath been* crazy, he says that he *is*, say that he dreams.' This is the punctuation of the original; and yet all modern editions hitherto, for the last hundred and fifty years, have read either 'And when he says he is —— say that he dreams,' (the editors supposing an awkward and obscure ellipsis for 'when he says he is *so and so*,') or "when he says *he's poor*," as Pope gave the passage. In the event *Sly* actually is in doubt whether he is crazy or dreaming.

p. 396. "—— players that *offer service*," &c.: — It was the custom of the time just preceding, and even during, that

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when Shakespeare wrote, for actors to travel from place to place and offer their services to noblemen or persons in authority.

p. 396. "1 *Play*. I think 'twas *Soto*," &c.: — In the original this speech has the prefix *Sincklo*. Sincklo was an inferior actor in Shakespeare's company: — an evidence this that the folio was printed from a stage copy. Sincklo's name appears again in *Henry IV*. Part II. and *Henry VI*. Part III. It is not certainly known what play is referred to here. Theobald suggested Beaumont and Fletcher's *Woman Pleased*, in which there is a *Soto;* and although, as Tyrwhitt pointed out, he does not woo a gentlewoman, yet as he is a farmer's eldest son, it seems more than probable that Theobald was right.

Scene II.

p. 398. "Sly *is discovered*," &c.: — The stage direction in the original is, "*Enter* aloft *the drunkard*," &c. In our old theatres in England there was a small balcony at the back of the stage, which made shift to represent towers and battlements and all high places upon which the personages of the play were supposed to appear. In it also the characters sat who were the audience of a play within a play.

"—— a pot of *small ale*": — Small ale was used of old, and is now used by poor people in England, in the place of soda water, as a corrective after over indulgence in alcoholic liquors. *Sly* makes the same demand in the old play.

"—— the fat alewife of *Wincot*": — "Wincot," after the clipping English fashion, was the common pronunciation of Wilmecote, a village near Stratford-on-Avon, where Shakespeare's grandfather, Robert Arden, lived.

p. 399. "I am not *bestraught*": — i. e., distracted, crazy.

" "O, this *it is*": — On the second occurrence of these words in the folio, they are transposed, — accidentally, without a doubt.

p. 400. "—— that one *shall* swear she bleeds": — It has been noticed before in these Notes, but it must constantly be remembered, that the distinction now existing between 'shall' and 'will' was not known in Shakespeare's day.

" "—— by my *fay*": — This is merely a corruption of the oath, common of old, "by my faith." *Hamlet* uses it. Act II. Sc. 2.

p. 401. "—— present her at the *Leet*": — A Court Leet was anciently a petty tribunal which had manorial jurisdic-

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tion, and in which the Steward presided. *Sealed quarts* were measures, the correctness of which was attested by an official stamp.

p. 401. "—— Old John Naps *o' th' Green*": — The folio has "*of Greece*;" but as 'of Greece' seems utterly senseless here, and 'o' th' Green' was of old a common to-name, there seems to be no reason why the latter reading, which is an anonymous conjectural emendation, should not be adopted. Steevens would have justified the old text on the ground that "a hart of Greece was a fat hart"!

p. 402. "Is it not a *comonty*?" — This is the Tinker's blunder for 'comedy.' In the old play one of the Servants uses the corruption 'commodotie.'

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.

p. 403. "Padua, *nursery of arts*": — The famous University of Padua was in the height of its glory in Shakespeare's day. It numbered its students almost by tens of thousands; and among its alumni were Petrarch, Galileo, and Christoval Colon, whom we call Columbus. In the next line 'for' is used as 'from.'

" "—— learning and *ingenious* studies": — So the original. As 'ingenious' and 'ingenuous' were rarely distinguished in our old orthography, the latter may be the word intended by the author.

" "*Vincentio*, come of the Bentivolii": — The original has "Vincen*tios*, come," &c. This is plainly a misprint, the possessive form having been caught from the same word immediately below. But Mr. Collier retains 'Vicentio's,' which he considers a contraction of 'Vincentio is,' though he confesses that the reading is "rather obscure."

p. 404. "—— to Aristotle's *checks*": — This is the reading of the original, — 'checks' meaning the restraints of Aristotle's moral precepts. Blackstone suggested 'ethicks,' which was also found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. It is noteworthy that the old play commences thus: —

> "Welcome to Athens my beloved friend,
> To Platoe's schoole and Aristotle's *walks*."

This has given rise to the not unplausible conjecture that we should read, "to Aristotle's *walks*."

" "*Balk* logic," &c.: — 'To balk' is to puzzle, to deal in cross purposes. Boswell quoted in illustration, —

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"But to occasion him to further talk,
To feed her humour with his pleasing style,
Her list in stryfull termes with him to balke."
Faerie Queene, Book III. Can. 2. St. xii.

p. 404. "*Enter* BAPTISTA," &c.: — The old stage direction is, "*Enter Baptista with his two daughters, Katerina & Bianca, Gremio a Pantelowne*," &c. The Pantaloon was a stereotyped character in old Italian comedy. See Note on "the lean and slipper'd Pantaloon." *As You Like It*, Act II. Sc. 7.

p. 405. "—— to *court* her . . . to *cart* her": — A play upon these two words is common in old writers, and very plainly depended upon a pronunciation of the former like the latter. Such a pronunciation lingered in some parts of England till the end of the seventeenth century. Titus Oates affected it. Carting was a punishment akin to the ducking stool, and consisted in driving the offender about the town in a cart. It was almost set apart as the expiation of incontinency.

" "A pretty *peat*": — i. e., a pretty pet. So in Lodge's *Rosalynd*: —

"And God send every pretie peate
Heigh ho! the pretie peate!
That feares to die of this conceate,
So kind a friend to help at last."

p. 406. "*Their* love is not so great," &c.: — That is, the love of *Katherine* and her father is not so great but that *Hortensio* and *Gremio* can wait and fast it out. Monck Mason proposed "*Our* love," &c., and Mr. Singer "*Your* love."

p. 407. "Happy man *be his dole!*" — See *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act III. Sc. 4.

p. 408. "*Redime te captum*," &c.: — This line is from Terence, *Eunuchus*, Act I. Sc. 1; but it was quoted by the author, or one of the authors, of this play, not from Terence, but from Lily's Grammar, as Farmer pointed out. In the Grammar it is given "with a difference," — '*redime te*' for '*te redimas*,' which error the dramatist copied; whereof come great rejoicings from Farmer and his followers, which might have been more safely indulged, were it certain that Shakespeare was the culprit.

" "—— you look'd so *longly*": — Steevens considered this an abbreviation of 'longingly.'

" "Such as the *daughter of Agenor* had": — The daughter of Agenor is Europa, who was carried away from Phœnicia to Crete by Jupiter in the form of a bull. See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book II. 839.

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p. 409. "Because *she* will not be annoy'd with suitors": — Mr. Singer plausibly reads, "*he* will not be annoyed;" but the reading of the original is not inconsistent with the phraseology in Shakespeare's day, and means, of course, 'in order that she may not be annoyed.'

" "*Basta!* content thee": — *Basta* is Italian for 'enough.'

" "—— *sith* it your pleasure is": — 'Sith' is a contracted form of 'sithence,' itself the old form of 'since.' 'Sithence' occurs in *All's Well*, &c. Act I. Sc. 3.

" "Baptista's youngest *daughter*": — Here 'daughter' has its ancient pronunciation, and rhymes with 'after' in the preceding line, as 'laughter' would. This pronunciation survived here long after it had passed away in England. I remember seeing once in my boyhood a very old gentleman, whom I should have quite forgotten ere this, had not my father told me that he always spoke of his daughters as "the *dafters*." See Note on "such rackers of orthography," *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. Sc. 1.

p. 410. "So *would* I": — The original, in which this speech is printed as prose, has "So *could* I." Rowe made the correction. In the last line the first folio has, "*you*, Master *Lucentio*," which is corrected in the second.

p. 411. "*The Presenters above speak.*" — This direction and that at the end of the passage are from the original. As to the meaning of 'presenters,' see Note on "*Enter with a trumpet and the Presenter*," *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act V. Sc. 1, p. 124. Pope transferred these speeches to the end of the Act.

SCENE II.

" "*Enter* PETRUCHIO": — The Italian orthography of this name is *Petrucio*, the *c* before *i* having in that language the sound of *ch* soft in English. But this is no warrant for a change in the uniform orthography of the folio; and were the change made, *Petruchio* would soon sink into *Petrusio*.

p. 412. "Help, *masters*": — The original has "Helpe *mistris*," a patent corruption, which is doubtless the result of mistaking the meaning of M. in the MS., — that letter having been used of old as an abbreviation of both 'master' and 'mistress.'

" "—— *two-and-thirty, — a pip out*": — "The allusion," Mr. Singer says, "is to the old game of Bone-ace, or One-and-thirty. A pip is a spot upon a card."

p. 414. "—— as foul as was *Florentius' love*": — Gower, in his First Book, *De Confessio Amantis*, tells the story of a

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knight, hight Florent, who, to save his life, married a woman, —

"Which was the lothest wighte
That ever man cast on his eye."

p. 414. "—— were she as rough": — The original has, "were she *is* as rough," which was corrected in the second folio.

" "—— or an *aglet*-baby": — The 'aglet,' or 'aiguelette,' was a pendent ornament which still exists in military costume. The ends were wrought into miniature figures.

" "—— and *shrewd*, and froward": — See Note on "there are some shrewd contents in yonder letter." *Merchant of Venice*, Act III. Sc. 2.

p. 415. "—— he'll rail in his *rope-tricks*": — This is *Grumio's* blunder for 'rhetorick.' He goes on to say, that *Petruchio* "will throw *a figure* in her face."

" "—— [and] other more": — The folio omits 'and,' which was strangely left to be supplied by Theobald, on the suggestion of Dr. Thirlby.

" "—— well *seen* in music": — i. e., well cultivated, well accomplished, one who has well comprehended, perceived, or seen.

p. 417. "—— to *inquire* carefully": — Here 'inquire' is a trisyllable.

p. 418. "—— a blow to *th' ear*": — The original has "to *hear*," — a manifest corruption, corrected by Hanmer.

" "—— fear boys with *bugs*": — It is but recently that 'bug' was applied to an insect. It meant originally a goblin, or some terror of the night, and in England 'a bug,' without an adjective prefixed, still means that insect which is *par excellence* the terror of the night. The word is still used in its primitive sense in the term 'bug-bear.'

" "*Enter* TRANIO *bravely apparelled*": — The original stage direction is "*Enter Tranio brave.*"

" "—— Hark you, sir," &c.: — The dash at the end of this imperfect line appears in the original, where that sign is very rare. 'Woo' is plainly the word on *Gremio's* tongue. Why he is not allowed to utter it, it is difficult to perceive. No part of this Scene was, in my judgment, written by Shakespeare.

" "—— *gratify* this gentleman": — That is, spend money freely upon him. Of old a fee was called a gratification.

p. 420. "—— we may *contrive* this afternoon": — "To con-

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trive," says Mr. Singer, "is to wear out, to pass away, from *contrivi*, one of the disused Latinisms. So in *Damon and Pithias*, 1571:—

'In travelling countries, we three have contrived
Full many a year.'"

p. 420. "—— as *adversaries* do in law":—The counsel of adversaries in law are plainly meant, not the adversaries themselves.

" "*Exeunt.*"—Here in the old play the Presenters speak, thus:—

"*Then* SLIE *speaks.*

Slie. Sim, when will the foole come againe?
Lord. Heele come againe my Lord anon.
Slie. Gis some more drinke here, souns where's
The Tapster, here Sim eate some of these things.
Lord. So I do my Lord.
Slie. Heere Sim, I drinke to thee.
Lord. My Lord heere comes the Plaiers againe.
Slie. O brave, heers two fine gentlewomen."

ACT SECOND.

p. 421. The original has no indication of the close of the first Act or the beginning of the second. Rowe made the present judicious division.

SCENE I.

" "—— But for these other *gauds*":—The original has "these other *goods*," which, as Mr. Dyce remarks, is "all but nonsense," and which might be easily misprinted for the word in the text.

" "—— here I charge [thee] tell":—The first folio omits 'thee:' it was supplied in the second.

p. 422. "—— thou *hilding*":—This word, which means 'a low wretch,' was applied to both sexes. Horne Tooke derives it from the Saxon *hyldan* = to crouch. May it not have some connection with 'vild,' or 'vile,' the etymology of which is not certain?

" "I must *dance barefoot*":—"To dance barefoot," says Mr. Halliwell, "is an old proverbial phrase for being an old maid." Its origin, like that of 'lead apes in Hell,' remains to be discovered.

" "Call'd *Katharina*":—Here and elsewhere the original has Katerina, sometimes Katerine, at others Katherine.

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Of old the *th* in this name, as in so many other words remarked upon in these Notes, was hard; hence we have Kate as its abbreviation.

p. 423. "*Backare!*" — An old cant word, meaning 'go back.'

p. 424. "—— [I] freely give unto [you]": — The original, which is here very carelessly printed, omits 'I' and 'you,' — both necessary to the sense. The third folio has "Free *leave* give," &c., which was accepted until Tyrwhitt's suggestion of the reading in the text.

" "*Lucentio* is your name?" — Malone asked, "How should *Baptista* know this?" and suggested that perhaps a line was lost, or the author was negligent. The latter was probably the case.

p. 425. "And 'every day I cannot come to woo'": — There are several old ballads with this burthen.

" "Her *widowhood* . . . In all my lands," &c.: — *Petruchio* means what ladies are fond of calling their 'thirds.'

" "—— two raging *fires*": — Here 'fire' is a dissyllable.

p. 426. "—— her *frets*": — Guitar players do not need to be told that 'frets' are the ridges on the neck of the instrument upon which the string is stopped.

p. 427. "—— but something *hard* of hearing": — Malone says, "This is a quibble upon *heard*, which was then pronounced *hard*." The quibble is manifest; but I am not so sure that 'heard' was, in Shakespeare's time, pronounced as we pronounce 'hard.' The spirit of this Scene and some of its coarse jests are furnished by the old play; but it is there much shorter.

p. 428. "No such *load* as you," &c.: — The original has "*jade*," — a manifest misprint for the word in the text, which was strangely left to be restored by Mr. Singer.

" "—— should — *buz*": — 'Buz' was used as an exclamation of great contempt. It occurs again in *Hamlet*, Act II. Sc. 2.

p. 431. "—— a second *Grissel*": — It can hardly be necessary to point out that the allusion is to Chaucer's *Griselda*, in the Clerk of Oxenford's Tale. But Chaucer got the story from Boccacio, who himself had it from those who lived long before him. See the *Introduction* to *The Merchant of Venice*.

" "She *vi'd* so fast": — See Note, below, on "Gremio is out-vied."

" "A *meacock* wretch": — i. e., a spiritless wretch. Steevens quoted in illustration, among other passages,

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"As stout as a stock-fish, as meek as a meacock."
Webster's *Appius and Virginia*, 1575.

p. 432. "—— we will be married o' Sunday": — This seems to have been of old a popular song-burden. Mr. Collier quotes, in illustration of the passage, the following lines, which were taken down from the recitation of an old lady, who heard them from her mother more than sixty years ago: —

"To church away!
We will have rings
And fine array,
With other things,
Against the day
For I'm to be married on Sunday."

" "—— quiet *in* the match": — It is just worth while to notice the misprint of the folio, "quiet *me*," &c.

p. 433. "—— my arras, *counterpoints*": — We call them now counter*panes*. Mr. Singer says that they were "*anciently* composed of patchwork, and so contrived that every pane or partition of them was contrasted with a different colour!" There are enough of such in New England at this present writing to make a canopy for Old England from John o' Groats to Land's End and from Yarmouth to Holy-head.

" "—— shall be her *jointure*": — This word is spelled "*joynter*" in the folio. See Note on the pronunciation *lecturs*, "read many lectures." *As You Like It*, Act III. Sc. 2.

" "Two thousand *ducats* by the year": — As to the value of the ducat, see Note on "three thousand ducats." *Merchant of Venice*, Act III. Sc. 2. But Coryat, 1611, says that "the Venetian dukat is about four shillings eight pence." P. 293, Vol. I. ed. 1776. Money is now worth about seven times as much as it was in Shakespeare's day.

" "—— in *Marseilles'* road" — 'Marseilles' is here a trisyllable. The folio prints "*Marcellus*."

p. 434. "Nay, I have *offer'd* all": — The original prints "*off'red*." See Note on "Shall we be sunder'd." *As You Like It*, Act I. Sc. 3.

p. 434. "Gremio is out-*vied*": — 'Vie' was cant of the card-table, which the English commentators explain as equivalent to 'challenge;' but it seems rather to correspond to our Western word 'bluff,' as used in the game of brag.

" "Sirrah, young *gamester*": — No reproach of the sup-

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posed *Lucentio* as a gambler is intended. Old *Gremio* means merely to call his young rival gamesome.

p. 435. "—— if I fail not of my *cunning*": — A rhyme seems to have been hopelessly corrupted here. Steevens suggested, "if I fail not of my *doing*;" and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 makes a poor change, suggested by Capell, in the first line — "this case of *winning*."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

" "But, wrangling pedant," &c.: — This imperfect line Theobald amended by reading, "*She is a shrew*; but, wrangling pedant," &c. Hanmer read, "But, wrangling pedant, *know* this *lady* is." Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "*Tut*, wrangling pedant, *I avow* this is."

p. 436. "*Hac ibat Simois*": — These verses are from Ovid; Epist. Her. *Penelope Ulyssi*, v. 33.

" "*Conster* them": — 'Conster' is the old form of construe.

" "How fiery and forward," &c.: — In the original this and the two following lines are erroneously assigned to *Lucentio*; and there is great confusion in the prefixes throughout the Scene.

p. 437. "To teach you *gamut*": — 'Gamut' occurs here four times in the course of a few lines, and in every case is spelled with *th* instead of *t* — *gamoth* or *gamouth*.

" "To *change* true rules for *odd* inventions": — The original has "To *charge*" and "for *old* inventions." But as *Bianca* has just said that old fashions please her best, it is plain that there were two typographical errors. The first was corrected in the second folio, the second by Theobald.

p. 438. "*Servant*. Mistress, your father prays," &c.: — In the original this speech has the prefix *Nicke* — a transfer from the prompter's book. There was a Nicholas Tooley in Shakespeare's company, as we learn by the list published in the first folio, (See the preliminary matter to Vol. II.;) but he must have been a man of too much consequence to be made a mere messenger. Possibly, however, as Mr. Collier suggests, he doubled his part in order to summon *Bianca*.

Scene II.

p. 439. "Unto a mad-brain *rudesby*": — It can hardly be necessary to point out that this means a rude fellow.

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p. 439. "Make friends *invited*" : — that is, 'cause friends to be invited.' The original has "in*vite*" — the *d* having dropped out, as I think. The second folio completes the rhythm by reading "Make friends, invite, *yes, and* proclaim," &c. Malone and others insert 'them,' and read "Make friends, invite *them*," &c. But why should *Kate* say that *Petruchio* would *make* friends on the eve of his appointed marriage? She means that he would invite those he had.

" "—— a shrew of [*thy*] impatient humour" : — The original omits 'thy,' which is found in the second folio, and which is required both for sense and rhythm.

" "—— news, [*old* news]" : — The folio omits 'old news,' which *Baptista's* question requires, and *Tranio's* speech, just below, repeats. 'Old' was commonly used in Shakespeare's day as a hyperbolical epithet. It frequently occurs in these plays.

p. 440. "—— and *chapeless*" : — The 'chape' was the catch or hook of the scabbard. The *fashions*, or farcins, and the *fives*, were horse diseases mentioned in many old authors. "*Near*-legg'd," the reading of the original, means, I think, knock-kneed; but other editors read '*ne'er*-legg'd,' in the sense of 'not a leg to stand upon.' What "like to *mose in the chine*" means, I cannot even conjecture; and no editor has undertaken to explain it.

" "—— a linen *stock*" : — The 'stock' was the hose, the long close garment which has been replaced by trousers.

" "*The humour of forty fancies*" : — "The *Humour of Forty Fancies*," says Steevens, "was probably a collection of those short poems which are called *Fancies*, by Falstaff, in the Second Part of *King Henry IV.* : — 'sung those tunes which he heard the carmen whistle, and swore they were his *Fancies*, his good-nights.'" A collection of penny ballads twisted together would make much such a feather as is stuck in many a boy's 'soldier-cap' now-a-days.

p. 441. "Nay, by St. Jamy" : — Mr. Collier supposes that these lines are part of an old ballad, now lost, and was the first to print them in their present form. In the original the passage is printed as prose.

p. 442. "But [to] her love," &c. : — The folio has "But *sir* love," &c. The preposition is necessary; and 'sir,' spelled with a long *ſ*, was probably a misprint of 'her.' Malone read "sir, *to her*," on Tyrwhitt's suggestion; but this needlessly destroys the rhythm. In the second line below the folio omits 'I.'

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p. 444. "And threw the *sops*": — A cup of wine with a sop in it was ceremoniously drunk at marriages of old. Muscadel, or muscadine, was a sweet wine which was brought from the East, as appears by the following rhyme in Heylin's *Little Description of the Great World.*

"Hence come our Sugars from Canary Isles,
From *Candie*, Currants, Muskadels and Oyles."

The whole of this speech is printed as prose in the folio.

p. 446. "—— there want no *junkets*": — Sweetmeats and other confections were called 'junkets.' "For there were many places, whereof each yeelded allowance of variety of wine and cakes and some other pretty junkats," &c. Coryats Crudities, (1611,) Vol. I. p. 291. Ed. 1776.

ACT FOURTH.

p. 447. In the original the third Act closes with the scene between *Tranio* and the Pedant, (Sc. II. of this Act;) and the fourth begins with the prayers of the famished *Katharina* for food, and continues until the entire subjugation of the shrew when she kisses her husband in the street; the fifth Act consisting solely of the long banquet Scene in which the results of the previous action are brought out. The present arrangement, which was made by Theobald, — not Malone, as Mr. Collier says, — is more consonant, perhaps, with the probabilities of time and place; but that of the original preserves, what this violates, the unity of dramatic interest. Were it not for disturbing, in a matter not absolutely essential, an order which has obtained for a century and a half, and producing a disagreement with that admirable work which claims grateful consideration from every student of Shakespeare, — Mrs. Clarke's Concordance, — the arrangement of the folio would have been given in this edition, as being both that of the original and the best.

SCENE I.

p. 447. "—— was ever man so *ray'd*": — i. e., so fouled.

p. 448. "Jack, boy! ho, boy!" — This is the first line of an old round in three parts; the music of which may be found in Sir John Hawkins' *History of Musick* and in the *Variorum* Shakespeare.

" "Be the *jacks* fair within, the *jills* fair without": — 'Jacks' were leathern drinking vessels. It is hardly necessary to explain *Grumio's* double pun upon Jack and

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Jill. The *carpets* which were to be laid were table covers. Floors were strewed with rushes in Shakespeare's day.

p. 449. "Both *of* one horse": — Until Mr. Collier restored the original word, all the editors read "*on* one horse," thereby destroying a characteristic textual trait. See Note on "not spoke us yet of torch-bearers." *The Merchant of Venice*, Act II. Sc. 4.

"—— their *blue coats* brushed": — Serving-men wore blue so generally of old that they were called blue-coats.

p. 451. "—— *no link* to colour Peter's hat": — Steevens quoted, in illustration, the following passage from *Mihil Mumchance*, an old tract ascribed to Robert Greene: "This cozenage is used likewise in selling old hats found upon dung-hills, instead of newe, blackt over with the smoake of an old linke." A link is a torch made of pitch and tow.

"*Soud, soud,*" &c.: — This is probably a word coined to express impatience.

"Out, you rogue!" — Pope read, for rhythm's sake, "Out, *out*, you rogue!"

p. 452. "—— will you *let it fall?*" — It seems that the servant here, through awkwardness or agitation, spills some of the water. But possibly he dropped the basin; for *Petruchio's* question does not necessarily mean 'are you about to let it fall?' as Mr. Collier supposes, but may be idiomatic for 'what do you mean by letting it fall?' There is no direction here in the original; but the tradition of the stage is, that the basin falls.

p. 452. "Be *patient*": — 'Patient' is here a trisyllable.

p. 453. "—— these kites that *bate* and *beat*": — A hawk was said to 'bate' when she fluttered uneasily, and to 'beat' when she struck angrily with her wings.

Scene II.

p. 454. "I read that I profess": — In the original this speech is assigned to *Hortensio*. The errors in the prefixes here and elsewhere are so many and so patent that it would be alike tedious and needless to notice them in detail.

" "Quick *proceeders*": — *Hortensio* refers to the rapidity with which *Bianca* would have *Lucentio* proceed Master of Arts.

" "—— such a *cullion*": — i. e., a cully, a gull, a booby.

" "Lov'd *none* in the world": — The folio misprints "Lou'd *me*," &c. Rowe made the correction.

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p. 455. "—— flattered *her* withal": — The folio has "flattered *them*" — an obvious error, which was corrected in the third folio, of 1664.

" "—— had quite forsworn [*her*]": — The original reads "quite forsworn:" 'her' is added in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. There seems to be no doubt that it should be received into the text. *Hortensio*, in his previous speech, vows to "forswear her," and in the next lines of this says, "that I may surely keep mine oath, I will be married," &c.

p. 456. "An ancient *angel*": — There was much doubt about the meaning of this word, and various conjectural emendations of it were suggested, until the question was settled in favor of the original text by the following passage, first quoted from Cotgrave's *French Dictionary*, 1611, by Mr. Singer: "*Angelot à la grosse escaille.* An old Angell; and by metaphor, a fellow of th' old, sound, honest, and worthie stamp." The *Tranios* of now-a-days would say 'ancient fogy.' In the corresponding passage of Gascoigne's *Supposes* the Pedant's counterpart is called "a man of small sapientia;" and the servant says "he looks like a good soul; he that fisheth for him might be sure to catch a cod's-head."

" "Take *in* your love": — The folio gives this line with another prefix, thus: "*Par.* Take *me* your love," &c. Theobald made the correction.

Scene III.

p. 459. "—— the mustard is *too hot*": — This passage and the former in which Petruchio objects to over-roasted meat are in accordance with the whim of the time. Reed quoted from *The Glasse of Humours*, p. 60, a passage in which a choleric man is warned "to abstain from all salt, scorched, dry meats, from mustard, and such like things as will aggravate his malignant humours."

" "What, sweeting, all *amort?*" — This word was in common use in Shakespeare's day, and means dead, dispirited — from the French *mort*.

p. 460. "—— are *sorted* to no 'proof": — that is, says Douce, "'all my labour is adapted to no approof,' or 'I have taken all this pains without approbation.'"

" "*Hab.* Here is the cap": — This speech has the prefix *Fel.* in the original, which is probably the beginning of some actor's name, or possibly, as Mr. Collier suggests, an abbreviation of 'Fellow' — a term commonly applied to actors of old.

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p. 460. "—— 'tis *lewd* and filthy": — 'Lewd' here means 'vulgar.' See Note on "with this lewd fellow." *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act V. Sc. 1.

" "—— 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell": — Very small velvet caps, which covered not much more of the top of the spine than a lady's bonnet now-a-days, were worn by our fore-mothers about 1600. The Kates of any period never fail to minister occasion to their Petruchios.

p. 461. "A *custard-coffin*": — This was the name given by cooks to the mould of pastry in which a custard pie was baked.

" "—— *slash*, like to a *censer*," &c.: — A 'censer' here means what we now call a brazier, the sides of which are generally cut into ornamental open work.

p. 464. "So honour *'peareth*": — The folio prints, in the loose orthography of the time, "So honor *peereth*," &c., and, the editors taking this for the verb 'to peer,' in spite of the pitiful sense, or rather nonsense, which it gives, and in spite of what *Petruchio* says about the inability of clouds to hide the sun, that orthography has been hitherto retained. Were the line 'So honor peereth *from* the meanest habit,' there would be some excuse for the reading; but the idea of 'honor peering *in* the meanest habit' is too absurd to merit a moment's attention.

" "If thou *account'st* it shame": — The folio misprints "If thou *accountedst*," &c.

p. 464. "*Exeunt.*" That the reader may see how much this comedy is indebted to the old one for the humor, the incidents, and the very language of this Scene, it is here reproduced, as it stands in the latter: —

"*Enter* FERANDO *and* KATE, *and* SANDER.

Sander. Master, the Haberdasher has brought my Mistris home hir cap here.

Ferando. Come hither sirha: what have you there?

Haberdasher. A velvet cap sir, and it please you.

Ferando. Who spoke for it? didst thou Kate?

Kate. What if I did? come hither sirha give me The cap, ile see if it wil fit me. [*She sets it on her head.*

Ferando. O monstrous: why it becomes thee not, Let me see it Kate: here sirha take it hence, This cap is out of fashion quite.

Kate. The fashion is good inough: belike you Meane to make a foole of me.

Ferando. Why true, he meanes to make a foole of thee, To have thee put on such a curtald cap: Sirha begone with it.

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Enter the Taylor *with a gowne.*

Sander. Here is the Taylor too with my mistris gowne.

Ferando. Let me see it Taylor: what, with cuts and jags?

Sounes thou vilaine, thou hast spoil'd the gowne.

Taylor. Why sir, I made it as your man gave me direction.

You may read the note here.

Ferando. Come hither sirha: Taylor read the note.

Taylor. Item a faire round compassd cape.

Sander. I thats true.

Taylor. And a large truncke sleeve.

Sander. Thats a lie master, I said two truncke sleeves.

Ferando. Well sir, go forward.

Taylor. Item a loose bodied gowne.

Sander. Maister if ever I said loose bodies gowne,
Sew me in a seame, and beat me to death
With a bottome of browne thred.

Taylor. I made it as the note bade me.

Sander. I say the note lies in his throate and thou too,
And thou saist it.

Tailor. Nay, nay, ne'r be so hot sirha, for I feare you not.

Sander. Doost thou heare Tailor, thou hast braved
Many men: brave not me,
Th' ast fac'd many men.

Tailor. Wel sir.

Sander. Face not me, ile neither be fac'd nor braved
At thy hands I can tell thee.

Kate. Come, come, I like the fashion of it wel inough,
Heere's more adoe than needes, I'le have it, I,
And if you doe not like it hide your eies,
I thinke I shall have nothing by your will.

Ferando. Go I say, and take it up for your maisters use.

Sander. Sounes villaine, not for thy life, touch it not:
Souns, take up my mistris gowne to his
Maisters use!

Ferando. Well sir, what's your conceit of it?

Sander. I have a deeper conceit of it than you
Think for, take up my mistris gowne
To his maisters use.

Ferando. Tailer, come hither, for this time make it:
Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.

Tailer. I thanke you sir. [*Exit* Tailer.

Ferando. Come Kate, wee now will goe see thy fathers house
Even in these honest meane abiliments.
Our purses shal be rich, our garments plaine,

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To shrowd our bodies from the winter rage,
And thats inough, what should we care for more.
Thy sisters Kate, to morrow must be wed,
And I have promised them thou should'st be there,
The morning is well up, lets haste away,
It wil be nine aclocke ere we come there.
Kate. Nine aclocke, why tis already past two
In the afternoone by al the clockes in the towne.
Ferando. I say tis but nine aclocke in the morning.
Kate. I say tis two aclocke in the afternoone.
Farando. It shal be nine then ere you go to your fathers:
Come backe againe, we will not goe to day:
Nothing but crossing me stil?
Ile have you say as I doe ere I goe. [*Exeunt omnes.*"

SCENE IV.

p. 465. "Where we were lodgers," &c.: — In the folio this line erroneously makes part of *Tranio's* speech.

" "*Enter* BAPTISTA *and* LUCENTIO": — The old stage direction adds here "Pedant *booted and bare headed.*" A man who professed to have just arrived from a journey might well be booted, but why bare-headed, it is difficult to perceive.

p. 466. "Me shall you find," &c.: — Hanmer gave the full complement of syllables to this imperfect line, by reading 'out of his own head,' "Me you shal find *most* ready and *most* willing;" and at the close of *Baptista's* next speech he read, "The match is *fully* made and all is done."

" "—— where then do you *know* best": — The use of 'know' here is obscure and awkward; and there is much plausibility in the reading of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, "Where then do you *hold* best."

" "And *happely*": — That is, 'by hap.' The folio has "*happily*," a manifest and an easy misprint. See Note on "Happely," *Measure for Measure*, Act IV. Sc. 2.

p. 467. "*Luc.* I pray the gods," &c.: — In the folio this line is assigned to *Biondello;* but it plainly belongs to *Lucentio*, to whom Rowe gave it.

" "Dally not with the gods": After this line there is in the folio a stage direction, "*Enter* PETER;" but, as Mr. Collier says, he comes in only to usher out *Tranio*, *Baptista*, and the supposed *Vincentio*.

p. 468. "I cannot tell; *expect* they are busied," &c.: — The second folio has "*except* they are busied," which reading,

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inconsequential though it is, has been generally adopted, *Biondello* tells his master to expect (using the word loosely for 'consider') that the old people are busied about a counterfeit 'assurance,' and to take himself assurance of his mistress, &c., &c. Malone read, "I cannot tell; expect; [i. e., wait;] they are busied," &c.

SCENE V.

p. 469. "[What] company is coming here?" — 'What' is not in the folio. It was inserted by Steevens, on Ritson's suggestion; and seems to be required by the sense, to say nothing of the rhythm. The correction is sustained by the corresponding passage in the old play: —

"But soft, who's this thats comming here?"

" "Good-morrow, gentle mistress": — The following lines, from the corresponding passage of the old play, are a favorable specimen of that performance, and will give the reader an opportunity to compare the styles of the original and the imitation, in those passages in which they are most unlike: —

"*Duke.* Thus al alone from Cestus am I come,
And left my princely court and noble traine,
To come to Athens, and in this disguise,
To see what course my son Aurelius takes.
But stay, heres some it may be travels thither;
Good sir, can you direct me the way to Athens.
[FERANDO *speaks to the old man.*
Faire lovely maide, yong and affable,
More cleere of hew and far more beautifull
Then pretious Sardonix or purple rockes
Of Amithests, or glistering Hiasinth,
More amiable far then is the plain,
Where glistering Cepherus in silver boures,
Gaseth upon the Giant Andromede;
Sweet Kate entertaine this lovely woman.
Duke. I thinke the man is mad; he cals me a woman.
Kate. Faire lovely lady, bright and Christaline,
Bewteous and stately as the eie-train'd bird,
As glorious as the morning washt with dew,
Within whose eies she takes her dawning beames,
And golden sommer sleepes upon thy cheekes,
Wrapt up thy radiations in some cloud,
Lest that thy bewty make this stately towne
Inhabitable like the burning Zone,
With sweet reflections of thy lovely face.
Duke. What, is she mad too? or is my shape transformed,

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That both of them persuade me I am a woman;
But they are mad sure, and therefore ile be gone,
And leave their companies for feare of harme,
And unto Athens haste to seek my son. [*Exit* DUKE.
Fernando. Why, so, Kate, this was friendly done of thee,
And kindly too: why thus must we too live,
One minde, one heart, and one content for both;
This good old man dos thinke that we are mad,
And glad is he I am sure, that he is gone;
But come, sweet Kate, for we will after him,
And now persuade him to his shape againe. [*Ex. omnes.*"

p. 470. "—— to make *a* woman": — The original has "to make *the* woman," which was corrected in the second folio.

" "—— or *where* is thy abode?" — The folio has "or *whether;*" an error which arose from the supposition, that the word in the text was 'whe'r' — a contraction of 'whether' which often occurs in the literature of Shakespeare's day.

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE I.

p. 472. "Thou liest; his father is come from *Pisa*": — The original has "from *Padua*," a manifest error, which was strangely left to be corrected by Tyrwhitt. The folio also omits 'is' in the latter clause of the Pedant's reply, which still more strangely has not been restored until now.

p. 473. "—— thy *master's* father": — The folio has "thy *mistris* father," owing probably to a misapprehension of the common contraction, M. in the MS.

p. 474. "—— and a *copatain* hat": — It is not surely known what a "copatain hat" was; but it is supposed to have had a high conical crown. Mr. Halliwell quotes Kennet as saying, that "in his time a hat with a high crown was called a copped crown hat."

"Why, sir, what *concerns* it you": — The original has "what *cerns*," which Mr. Knight retains as an intentional abbreviation of 'concerns.' It is merely not impossible that this may be the case.

" "Stay, officer, he shall not go to prison": — In the old play the characters of the *Induction* — the Presenters — here break in upon the performance in this fashion: —

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"*Duke.* Peace villaine, lay hands on them,
And send them to prison straight.
[PHYLOTUS *and* VALERIA *runne away.*
Then SLIE *speakes.*
Slie. I say weele have no sending to prison.
Lord. My Lord this is but the play, they're but in jest.
Slie. I tel thee Sim weele have no sending,
To prison thats flat: why Sim, am I not Don Christo Vari?
Therefore I say, they shal not goe to prison.
Lord. No more they shal not my Lord,
They be runne away.
Slie. Are they run away Sim? thats wel.
Then gis some more drinke, and let them play againe.
Lord. Here my Lord.
[SLIE *drinkes and then fals asleepe.*"

p. 472. "*Exit* BIONDELLO, TRANIO, *and* Pedant, *as fast as may be*": — This is the old stage direction, which has not been improved by being changed to 'BION., &c., *run out quickly.*'

SCENE II.

p. 477. "My *banquet* is to close our stomachs up," &c.: — A banquet of old meant, not a feast, but a slight repast of sweetmeats, confections, and wine, something like our dessert, served after the "*great* good cheer," but in another room. Sometimes it was served by itself, no dinner or supper having preceded it. At a 'solemn banquet,' i. e., a formal one, set speeches were made; and if any one doubts that our ancestors could almost equal their posterity in the unutterable borement of these performances, let him read the Fourth Book of Guazzo's *Civile Conversation*, "in the which is set downe the fourme of Ciuile Conversation, by the example of a Banquet made in Cassale, betweene sixe Lords and foure Ladies." The word was pronounced *banket*, and in the passage which is the occasion of this note, is so printed.

" "—— *fears* his widow": — In this and the two following speeches 'fear' is used in both its transitive and intransitive sense, the former of which has long been obsolete.

p. 478. "Have at you for a *better* jest": — Many editors, following Capell, unwarrantably and needlessly, though plausibly, read, "a *bitter* jest."

p. 479. "I thank thee for that *gird*": — i. e., for that gibe. So *Falstaff* says, "all men take pride to gird at me." *Henry IV.* Part II., Act I. Sc. 2.

" "—— it maimed you *two*": — The folio prints "*too*;"

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and it is barely possible that this reading may have been intended.

p. 479. "—— and therefore, *for* assurance": — The folio misprints "*fir* assurance."

p. 481. "Now by my halidom": — See Note on the same oath. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act IV. Sc. 2.

p. 482. "Hath cost me *an* hundred crowns": — The folio has "*five* hundred," — a manifest error, which Pope corrected.

" "And, for thy maintenance, commits," &c.: — In the original this passage appears thus, —

"One that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance. Commits his body," &c.,

and it has hitherto been punctuated in this or a similar manner. But an examination of the context can hardly fail to convince the intelligent reader, that the author intended *Katharine* to say that the husband commits his body to painful labor for the maintenance of his wife.

p. 484. "—— thou hast tam'd a curst *shrew*": — Some editors spell this word here '*shrow*,' because it rhymes with 'so' in the next line. But there is no warrant for the change. 'Shrew' was pronounced *shrow* in Shakespeare's day, and sometimes even so written. The pronunciation still survives in 'strew,' in 'sew,' and in 'shew,' although the latter is now generally spelled *show*. In the last lines of Act IV. Sc. 2, 'shrew' and 'shew,' both of course to be pronounced to rhyme with 'so,' are spelled by some editors *shrow* and *show*; and certainly if one be so spelled, so must the other. But there is no propriety in the latter case, and if none in that, none in the former. The pronunciation of the present time is not to be considered, unless we wish to do something more than regulate the orthography of these works, and have a Shakespeare according to Noah Webster. But even then the question must needs arise, Shall we conform to the Webster of the first edition, of the second, or of the third; or shall we not wait a little while and conform to that which is about to appear with all the recent improvements?

' "*Exeunt*": — Here in the old play *Sly* finishes as he began the performance, and in the same condition of life, at least, if not of faculty: —

"[*Then enter two bearing of* SLIE *in his owne apparrell againe, and leaves him where they found him, and then goes out: then enters the* Tapster.

Tapster. Now that the darkesome night is overpast,
And dawning day appeares in cristall skie,

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Now must I haste abroade: but soft, who's this?
What Slie, o wondrous! hath he laine heere all night?
Ile wake him, I thinke hee's starved by this,
But that his belly was so stufft with ale:
What now Slie, awake for shame.

Slie. Sim, gives some more wine, what all the Players gone? am not I a Lord?

Tapster. A Lord with a murrin: come art thou drunken still?

Slie. Who's this? Tapster, O Lord sirha, I have had the bravest dreame to night, that ever thou heardest in all thy life.

Tapster. Yea mary, but you had best get you home, For your wife will course you for dreaming heere to-night.

Slie. Wil she? I know now how to tame a shrew,
I dreamt upon it all this night till now,
And thou hast wakt me out of the best dreame
That ever I had in my life: but Ile to my wife presently,
And tame her too if she anger me.

Tapster. Nay tarry Slie, for Ile goe home with thee,
And heare the rest that thou hast dreamt to night.

[*Exeunt omnes.*"

END OF VOL. IV.

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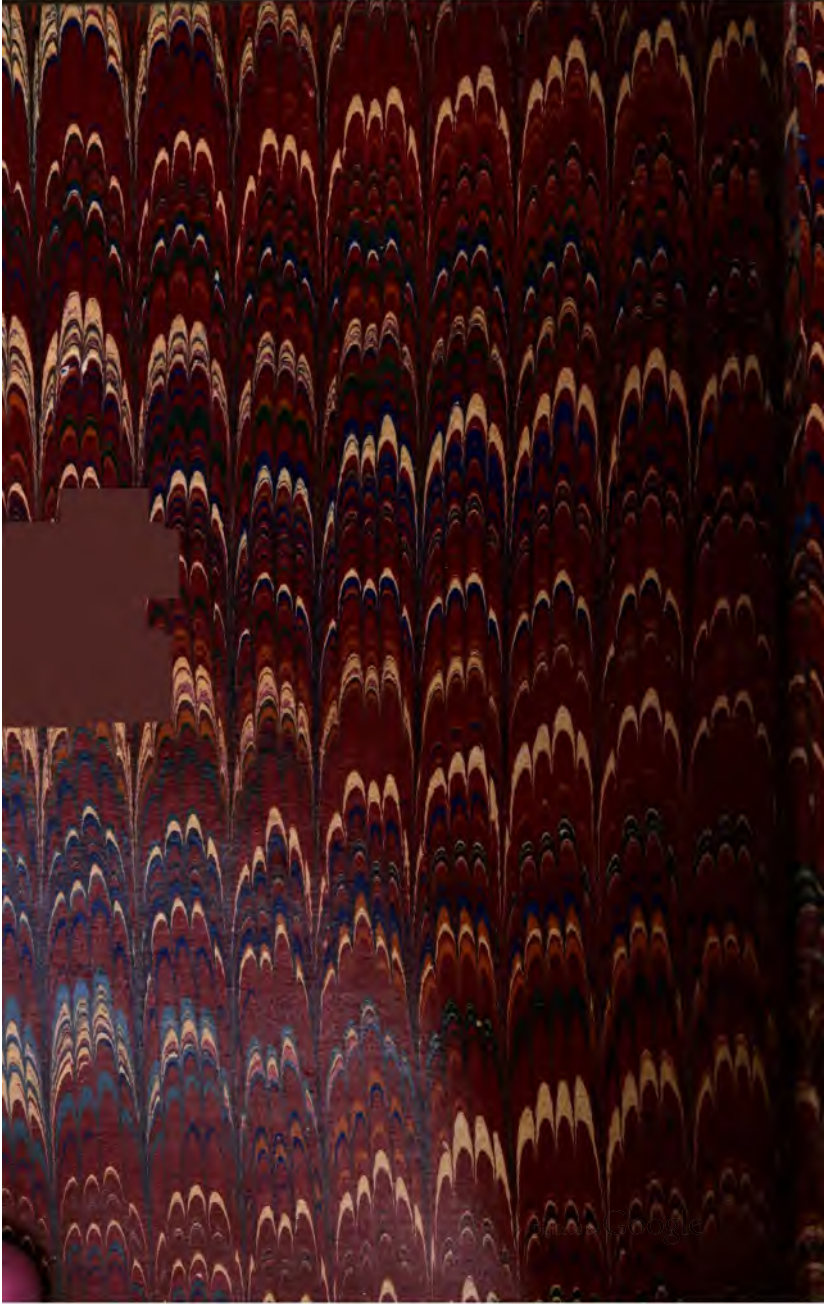

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